



AN ENTIRE
NEW VERSION
OF THE
BOOK OF PSALMS.



AN ENTIRE
NEW VERSION
OF THE
BOOK OF PSALMS;
IN WHICH
AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO ACCOMMODATE THEM
TO THE
WORSHIP OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH,
IN A VARIETY OF MEASURES NOW IN GENERAL USE:
WITH
ORIGINAL PREFACES AND NOTES,
CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY.

BY THE
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PREFACE.

WHEN the Author of the following Work first entered on the studies, which ultimately led him to it, he had not the least intention of undertaking a *New Version* of the Book of Psalms; his only design was to modernize some passages of the *Old Version*: having observed that the true sense of the originals is oftentimes more exactly retained in that Version than in any other; though the language is now become obsolete, and the style disgusting to modern taste. He was, however, soon induced to extend his views beyond his primary object, from a conviction, long felt in his own mind, and in which he does not appear to be singular, that a *regular Version* of the Psalms, suited to a Christian Congregation, was as yet a *desideratum* in the Christian Church; and apprehending, that, to succeed in the attempt, required neither great poetical genius, nor originality of invention (the sallies of imagination being necessarily restricted by the ideas of the Psalm), but only a clear discernment of the true sense, and some facility in harmonizing numbers.

In the *New Version*, which is now in common use in our churches, though some detached passages are beautiful and devotional, there are faults which render it as a whole very defective, and in many parts unsuitable for Christian Worship. It often departs from the true sense of the original, and introduces both language and sentiments which ought not to arise from the lips of the New Testament Church.—See *Psalms* xxvi. 6, and others.

The *Version* of Mr. MERRICK is too poetical, elegant, and intricate, for a general Christian Congregation; for which, indeed, as he himself professes, it was not his design to write. And in none of our Versions is that true sense of many of the Psalms retained, which the clearer light of the Christian Dispensation enables us to discern; nor that application of them made, which the language of our LORD Himself, and of His Apostles, will clearly justify.

There is, indeed, another Version, which is both simple and elegant, and accommodated to New Testament views; nor would it be easy to stand as a competitor with Dr. WATTS, in the line which he has chosen to pursue. But it must be acknowledged, that we here find more frequently beautiful *Hymns* upon the subjects of the Psalms, than a *regular Version* of the Psalms themselves; which, though more cumbersome to the writer, would be, without doubt, more respectful to the Divine Originals. Of this the Doctor himself seems perfectly aware, and, with great fidelity, professes to have attempted only “*An Imitation of the Psalms of David, in New Testament language.*”

Though many other Versions of the whole, or part of the Book of Psalms, have been made and published,

ever since the Reformation gave a taste for such studies; they have now either altogether sunk into oblivion, or remain only in those publications, which have selected and combined, according to the taste of the various Editors, the scattered beauties of the different works.

In perusing these pages, let it then always be remembered, that the Author designedly writes for the *many*; that he has attempted what Mr. MERRICK declares was not his design, “to accommodate the
“ Psalms to the uses of *Public Worship*, and a *general*
“ *Christian Congregation*; to write in such language as
“ the *common sort of people* may understand; and to
“ confine himself to *stanzas*;” adopting the *variety of measures* now in general use. These considerations will justly bespeak the *candour* of his readers, as they necessarily lead him, at times, to the neglect of *elegant composition*, though not, he trusts, of *easy versification*, the object which he principally had in view, as most adapted to his purpose. Contrary, also, to the plan of Dr. WATTS, he has regularly followed the *order of ideas*, as they presented themselves in the Psalms.

In pursuing these objects, he has *endeavoured*, at least, to observe the following rules:—

1st, *To keep as closely as possible to the Originals, in the language and sentiment of the Psalms.* Where a leading word, used in the common translation, could be retained with propriety, it has been done, because more familiar to the ear, and more adapted to recall the idea to which the Reader has been accustomed. He has, therefore, allowed, at times, the continuance of lines, which, he is sensible, run rather harshly, though others, more pleasing, presented themselves to his

mind, from an unwillingness to introduce any thing of his own, by way of explanation, *further than was absolutely necessary*. For the same reason the term **Jehovah** is very frequently retained; and, especially, because it is the more *appropriate* and *august name* of **Deity**. It was also, in his own view, a further inducement to do this, because, in those **Psalms** which have a reference to the *Person of the Redeemer*, it is easily convertible into the term—the **Saviour**—at the judgment of the Reader.

2dly, *To preserve the utmost simplicity of language, and, as far as possible, to exclude every word which might be unintelligible to a common capacity*. This, indeed, he found it at times impossible to do, without greatly lowering both the sense and the composition. It may here, however, be observed, that, where there are more Versions than one of the same Psalm, the first Version is always in the most *simple measure*; and, as this will be more generally sung in a common congregation, a greater attention has been paid in it to this *simplicity of language*; while, in those which follow, which are frequently in *more complex measures*, and therefore further removed from the simple melody of a general congregation, a further latitude in this respect has been admitted. On this account, also, those parts of a Psalm, which are not suited for common use, are often designedly rendered in measures *uncommon or peculiar*, to prevent their improper introduction into Divine Worship; and to distinguish, by a suitable measure, the parts which are adapted to the purposes of devotion. This liberty has also been taken, as to the measure and language of those whole Psalms, which, from the nature of their subject, did not appear capable of adaptation to congregational worship.

3dly, *To express with clearness the typical intent of the Psalm in the corresponding view of the New Testament Dispensation:* convinced that the only method of making the Psalms acceptable and enlivening to a Christian Congregation is to make them Christian; by losing the *Type* in the *Antitype*, and showing wherein they “*testify of CHRIST.*” Without this, indeed, we can never enter into the true and *original* sense of the greater number of them. This may, perhaps, in some places, have led to a more *paraphrastical explication* than might otherwise be justifiable, but this, he trusts, has occurred only in the *Prophetic Psalms*, and in those as seldom as possible, and unconnected with any extraneous matter.

On this subject the Author’s views will be found, in general, to agree with those of Bishop HORNE, in his admirable Commentary on the Book of Psalms. And, though he has not been able to follow that pious writer in every particular, it will be evident that his Version is formed upon the same principles as those of the Bishop, in which principles some of the best writers of the Christian Church concur, both of antient and modern times.

Here also it may be proper to observe, that, in many of the *Prophetic Psalms*, in order to accommodate them to the New Testament Church, the things *predicted* have been considered as *fulfilled*, and are therefore rendered in the *past*, rather than in the *future tense*: this, after their accomplishment, appears not only allowable, but proper. The prophecies of the *work* and *sufferings* of CHRIST must necessarily, in the *Jewish Church*, have been delivered in the language of *prediction*; but cannot bear the same relation to us in the

Christian Church, as they did to them originally, unless rendered in such manner as to direct our views to the same subjects, as now accomplished.

The variety of *measures*, beyond what has ever been before attempted in a similar work, is designed for the accommodation of those congregations which are in the habit of more extensive singing: that they may not be compelled, which is now no uncommon case, to depart from the use of the Psalms, in order to find a measure adapted to some favourite tune. And, as the different Versions of the same Psalm were only intended for this purpose, the writer has not been careful to prevent always the recurrence of the same line, if adapted to convey more clearly the sense of the original; apprehending that any anxiety on that account would be rather fastidious than useful. But, in the longer Psalms, instead of *different Versions*, each *part* has been rendered in a *different measure*; which, while it distinguishes its proper divisions, has, it is apprehended, given a variety to the whole. The advantages of this must be evident; for it is a fact which deserves serious attention, that *variety* and *energy* in singing have oftentimes formed the greatest attraction to those places of worship, which have departed from the regular order of the Church, rather than any superior excellence in conducting the other parts of the service. At the same time, the cold and lifeless manner of performing this high part of Divine Worship in the Churches has accelerated the effect, and acted with a repulsive influence upon those who are fond of devotional harmony. Hence such congregations have found the value and reaped the advantages of *good singing*, while we have been left only to feel and deplore the mischievous effects of *bad*. But, that it is difficult to

remedy this inconvenience, while the present Versions continue in use, it must be generally allowed.

Each Psalm is divided into *parts*, as short as the nature of its subjects would permit, to prevent the inadvertent selection of unconnected verses; by which, not unfrequently, the Psalm itself has been burlesqued, and made to speak whatever language the selector has pleased. This has rendered it necessary, in some places, though very seldom, to admit an explanatory line or two, suited to the idea of the passage, to close the sense of one part, or to introduce the following.

The Author is conscious that he has attempted a work in which he shall have to encounter more prejudices than in almost any similar undertaking; a work in which few, if any, who have attempted it before him, have succeeded, though in learning and abilities by far his superiors.

They, who have been used to a more *free imitation* of the Psalms, will no doubt object to the very *attempt itself*.

He would request such persons to consider that *deference which is due to the Divine Originals*; which seems to require that they should be treated with strict fidelity, not only as to the *matter*, but also as to the *collocation of their parts*. And though, upon this plan, and indeed upon any plan, it is impossible to render the whole so as to be suitable to Christian worship, it will be found, he trusts, that more parts of the Psalms are adapted to this purpose in the present Version, than in any hitherto published.

To some, the *style* of those parts which are most adapted to common use will appear perhaps insipid.

But, without such *simplicity of language*, the subjects could not be suited to the use of a *general Christian congregation*. The *elegance* and *intricacy* of a more elevated poetic diction, however grateful to a cultivated mind and refined ear, would have rendered the work unfit for its design, and to such totally useless. The sublime and poetic beauties of composition, with which the Psalms abound, must therefore oftentimes be neglected, to accommodate them to such a purpose. Not to say that the very circumstance of their being formed into *stanzas*, and adapted to our usual tunes, must produce somewhat of a monotony, as it requires a greater *equability*, and *less variety of cadence*, than would otherwise be desirable.

To others, the *frequent allusions to Christian subjects* from the language of *Jewish figures*, or the description of *Jewish facts*, will appear exceptionable.

This objection must surely be made with much latitude. The Author is not conscious of any *fauciful* application, nor of any but that (as will appear from the notes subjoined), in which he is supported by the suffrages of some of the best writers, antient and modern. That many of the Psalms *testify of CHRIST* we have His own authority to prove. Many of them are evidently *prophetical*: and, without considering them as fulfilled in Him, and in New Testament facts, we voluntarily remove ourselves back into the darkness of those times, and refuse to profit by the clearer light which shines around us. With all the advantages of the *New Testament*

Dispensation, we wilfully involve the Church again in the shadow and obscurity of the *Old*. Nor can the Psalms ever be sung in the *Christian Church*, with *only* the *same* advantages as they were sung in the *Jewish*, but by considering them in reference to things *already past*, as they considered them in the faith of *things to come*. We cannot embrace or renew their *prospective* views, and, if we refuse to realize the accomplishment of their objects, by the *retrospective* view of those wonders which are now fulfilled, the discovery of which is the glory of the New Testament times, the Psalms must have a very diminished influence upon the Christian mind, and will necessarily, whatever efforts may be made to the contrary, sink into disuse.

The Author cannot indeed expect that those, who in these respects disapprove of his views, should approve of the work itself, while thus differing as to the design and meaning of the Psalms themselves. But sufficient, he trusts, has been said to convince the candid, whose minds are formed to relish the *antitypical subjects*, which are here so beautifully shadowed forth, of the propriety and utility of such an attempt. How far he has succeeded therein must be left to the judgment of others. If the songs of the Christian Church be hereby rendered more intelligible, and the interests of true devotion promoted, his design will be answered. And, should his efforts only prove the means of leading some one, more capable, to execute in a superior manner, and more accommodated to general use, a Work so greatly desirable, in this he will rejoice.

Such as it is, the Work is now before the public eye. It has at least afforded the Writer a pleasure equal to the labour which it has occasioned him. That

candid criticism, which is consistent with its avowed design, will be received with thankfulness; but censures arising from comparisons, except with a *regular Version*, and that designed for common use, must evidently be unjust. Should, however, the attempt meet with such approbation and countenance, as to induce a hope of general utility, it is his wish to avail himself of every suitable observation, in preparing a *cheap Edition* for that purpose.

He, himself, estimates highly the effect of a Version of the Psalms, upon Christian principles, brought into common use, as tending greatly to the diffusion of Christian knowledge. This has induced him to make the attempt, and to persevere through it, amidst a multiplicity of official engagements.

It may be proper here to add a few words as to the style and manner of printing, the design of which might otherwise not be understood. In order to mark with a peculiar emphasis the essential names of DEITY, such as JEHOVAH, LORD, GOD, the FATHER, the SON, the HOLY GHOST; and the personal names of the REDEEMER, such as JESUS, CHRIST, MESSIAH; they are printed in Roman Small Capitals. The relative names of DEITY, those which mark the relation of *each* to the *other* in the *adorable* TRINITY, such as His FATHER, Thy SON, Thy SPIRIT; and the names of each Person expressing relation to the *Church*, such as FATHER, REDEEMER, SAVIOUR, COMFORTER; &c. are printed in Italic Small Capitals. And the *personal* and *relative pronouns*, which have reference to any of the *Divine Persons*, always begin with Capitals. This may perhaps fix the mind in more frequent and solemn at-

tention upon the glories of the **DIVINE MAJESTY**: and will sometimes be found to give a decided sense to a passage, which might otherwise be uncertain.

The Author now commits his labours to the *favour* and *blessing* of the great **HEAD OF THE CHURCH**, and to the *candour* of his *Superiors*, *Brethren*, and *Fellow-Christians*. Should he be entirely unsuccessful, it will be his *Solace* that he fails amongst names the most respectable in the annals of *piety*, *literature*, and *taste*. It will also be his *Apology*, that he has attempted a Work which others, more capable of accomplishing it, have so long neglected, though the want thereof has brought the usual singing of our Church into contempt, and oftentimes been the means of driving away its members from her worship.



ERRATA.

- VOL. I.** Page 161, for Psalm XXIV. read XXXIV.
Page 184, line 4, for *secure*, read *ensure*.
Page 301, line the last, for *Let*, read *If*.
Page 327, line 4 from the bottom, dele *der*.
Page 339, line 19, for *chastisements*, read *chastisement*.
Page 360, line 9, for *and*, read *or*.
Page 374, line 16, for *So now*, read *Now shall*.
VOL. II. Page 203, line 8, for *belong*, read *prolong*.
Page 262, line 3, for *while*, read *if*.
Page 296, line 4, for *pow'rs*, read *pow'r*.
Page 367, line 17, for *Ye, monsters*—read *Ye monsters*,—

The Reader may perhaps find a few others of a trivial nature, and here and there a *point* misplaced, which he will kindly correct.

AN ENTIRE

NEW VERSION

OF THE

BOOK OF PSALMS.

PSALM I.

THE First Psalm is a description of the *Perfect Man*, under the image of a Tree, supplied with continual moisture for vegetation, from the running stream, by the side of which it is planted ; and therefore flourishing in continual verdure to its topmost branches.—It is applicable in its full extent only to the GOD-MAN, the REDEEMER, the true *Tree of Life*, and to His people, as united with Him, and deriving life and grace from Him. With him the ungodly are contrasted, light and unsubstantial as the chaff, and rapidly borne, by the judgments of GOD, to destruction. It should be sung in a consciousness of dependance upon CHRIST, and with prayer for the grace of His SPIRIT to conform us to His pattern.—*John* xv. 1. *Gal.* ii. 20. *Rev.* xxii. 2.

PART THE FIRST.

HAPPY the man who fears to stray
Where men *ungodly* meet ;
Nor stands where *sinner*s crowd the way ;
Nor fills the *scorner's* seat.

Thy *Word*,^a my GOD, his chief delight,
There all his thoughts abide ;
His solace thro' the glooms of night,
By day his constant guide.

^a Verse 3.—The term תורה, rendered *law*, ought rather to be thus translated, as it includes all the *doctrines, truths, and precepts*, of GOD's revelation to man ; and is not restricted to that which we generally un-

Like some tall Tree, in strength array'd,
 By copious rivers^b fed,
 Large swells its fruit; broad spreads its shade;
 And verdant is its head.

Thus, with the LORD in union join'd,
 The happy Christian grows :
 While holy influence fills the mind,
 His works his state disclose.^d

With full supplies to bless his roots,
 His verdure never dies :
 Laden with leaves and timely fruits,
 He ripens for the skies.^e

PART THE SECOND.

Not so the ungodly—as the wind
 Drives the light *chaff* on high,
 Urg'd swiftly on, to wrath consign'd,
 Their hopes and honors die.

In judgment, 'waking from the dust,
 Behold the impious band !
 Say, in th' assembly of the just
 Shall such presume to stand ?

derstand by *the law* ; i. e. the Ten Commandments, or at most the moral precepts of the Scriptures.—*Aianworth, Doctrine.*—Literally, *Teaching, Instruction.*—See Is. xlii. 4; also note, Psalm xix. 7.

^b Verse 3.—*Rivers.* Ps. xlii. 4. Jer. xvii. 8.

^c John xv. 1—8.

^d Matt. xii. 33.

^e The Author trusts that this more enlarged paraphrase on verse 3. will not be considered as improper, since it entirely corresponds with the spirit and design, if not the letter, of the Psalm, and renders it more suitable for Christian worship; nor will he often have need to request such an indulgence, except where the prophetic language of the Psalm will evidently justify such an interpretation.

No—for the LORD His saints discerns,
 And crowns with endless days :
 But sinners to destruction turns,
 To perish in their ways.

PSALM I.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

How blest the man, by grace inclin'd,
 Who from *base counsels* turns his mind ;
 Who shuns the *sinner's* beaten road ;
 Nor sits where *scorners* mock their God.

His heart renew'd the law approves,
 His heart the sacred precept loves :
 There finds by day its sweet delight,
 There rest his happiest thoughts by night.

So, planted where the river flows,
 Some Tree in constant verdure grows,
 Lifts on its top^f its vig'rous shoots,
 Enrich'd with seasonable fruits.

[Thus JESUS prov'd His holy love ;^g
 Thus the blest *Tree of Life* above,
 Where streams of Paradise abound,
 Spreads its wide shade and fruits around.]

^f May not עלה, translated *leaf*, from עלה, to *ascend*, be rendered the "*top-shoot*," which, when flourishing in vigour, discovers the full power of vegetation in the tree.

^g As an apology for this paraphrastic and explanatory verse, see note ^f, page 2, or the whole verse may be omitted.

So this blest man his branch shall raise,
 Water'd by ceaseless streams of grace :
 The *Church* his prosp'rous state shall see,
 Till fruits of glory load the tree.

PART THE SECOND.

Not so the wicked—from his head
 Hope's faithless blossoms quickly fade ;
 Like *chaff* before the wind he flies,
 Borne swift—and in a moment dies !

But, when the sov'reign *JUDGE* commands,
 When round His throne creation stands,
 No sinner then shall venture near,
 Nor midst the righteous throng appear.

He knows His saints, their ways approves ;
 Then will He own the souls He loves ;
 Sinners shall see *their* crowns of light,
 And sink—o'erwhelm'd in endless night.

PSALM I.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

HAPPY he who fears to stray
 Where th' *ungodly* lead the way ;
 Shuns the path where *sinner*s meet ;
 Nor supplies the *scorner*'s seat.

On Thy *Word* his thoughts abide,
 This, my GOD, his constant guide,
 Thro' the day his chief delight,
 Solace thro' the glooms of night.

See yon Tree, by rivers fed,
 How aloft it lifts its head !
 Timely fruits its boughs supply,
 Nor its beaut'ous leaves shall die.

Thus the man, by grace restor'd,
 Join'd in union with the LORD,
 From His virtue fruitful grows,
 Pious works his state disclose.

From the fountain round him pour
 Streams of grace, that life secure ;
 Leaves and fruits, which timely rise,
 Shew him rip'ning for the skies.

PART THE SECOND.

But as *chaff*, which tempests bear,
 Urg'd resistless thro' the air,
 Quickly drives and floats away ;
 So the sinners hopes decay.

Summon'd round the judgment seat,
 Soon the impious throng shall meet ;
 But, amidst His chosen band,
 Say, shall such presume to stand ?

No—the LORD, with endless love,
 Will His *Church*, His saints, approve ;
 While, impell'd by vengeance down,
 Sinners perish at His frown.

PSALM II.

THE first of those Psalms which are properly called prophetic; representing the certain exaltation of the LORD JESUS CHRIST to the throne of glory, in the face of all opposition, and over all His enemies. Let us sing it with faith in the Kingdom and Government of the risen and ascended REDEEMER; and with that entire submission to His authority, which is required in the latter verses. For this purpose it is appointed by the Church to make part of its worship on *Easter Sunday*, to express our adoration of the risen SAVIOUR.—*Acts iv. 24—28.*

PART THE FIRST.

WHY did the *Gentiles*, in disdain,

With *Israel's* race engage?

Rulers and kings exert in vain

Their impotence of rage?

Their tongues JEHOVAH's pow'r defy;

Their hands th' ANOINTED slay;

“Come, let us break Their bands,” they cry,

“And cast Their cords away.”

The LORD shall all their rage deride,

He mocks their vain design;

From Heav'n He scorns their impious pride,

Tho' angry crowds combine.

^a Verse 2.—*Anointed*, spoken here of CHRIST as KING. But kings, priests, and prophets, were anointed; and He was anointed in all these offices together.—*Dan. ix. 24, 26. Ps. xlv. 7.*

He speaks—and vengeance from His throne

Shall all His foes confound :

“ Let men th’ anointed *SAVIOUR* own,

“ Ere judgments pour around.”

“ Yet,” says the *LORD*, “ on *Zion’s* hill,

“ My *KING* His throne maintains :^b

“ ’Tis fixt—My purpose I’ll fulfil ;

“ *JESUS, MESSIAH*, reigns !”

PART THE SECOND.

Now I’ll declare, says *Zion’s KING*,

Th’ immutable decree ;^c

The *LORD* commands, your off’rings bring,

Let earth submit to Me.

“ Thou art My *SON*; *this day* I own

“ Thy glory thro’ the skies :

“ Up from the grave, to fill the throne,

“ My *First-begotten* rise.

“ Ascend Thy seat ; before Me live ;

“ And claim the heathen race :

“ Ask^d—and th’ inheritance I’ll give,

“ Ask—and the earth possess.

“ Thine arm shall all Thy foes dismay,

“ Thy iron rod subdue,

“ Crush’d as the brittle vase of clay,^e

“ Which art can ne’er renew.”

^b Verse 6.—*Set*, Heb. *anointed*, i. e. *authorized, fitted, &c.* ; all which were represented by the pouring out of the anointing oil.

^c Verse 7.—Fulfilled in His resurrection, Acts xiii. 33. Rom. i. 4. and in His ascension to the throne, as the mediatorial *PRIEST* and *KING*.—Heb. v. 5.

^d Verse 8.—Isaiah liii. 10.

^e Verse 9.—See *Horne*. Dan. ii. 44.

Lo ! at Thy feet, eternal *KING* !
 Thy pow'r and grace we own ;
 Let the whole earth their off' rings bring,
 Submissive to Thy throne.

PART THE THIRD.

Ye Kings be wise :—and ye that bear
 The *sceptre* or the *sword* :
 His *image* and His *pow'r* ye share,
 Yet bow beneath the *LORD*.

With sacred fear before Him sit,
 Ye rulers of the land ;
 Your *sceptres* to His *cross* submit,
 Your *swords* to His command.

With holy *joy* approach His throne,
 With sacred *fear* draw nigh,
 Do homage to th' *INCARNATE SON*,^f
 Lest in His wrath ye die.

His anger, kindling to a flame,^g
 In ruin shall descend :
 Blest are the men who trust His name,
 And on His grace depend.

^f Verse 12.—“*Kiss the SON*.” This was the usual token of respect, and of submission to acknowledged authority ;—of obedience, Gen. xli. 40. 1 Sam. x. 1. ;—of worship, 1 Kings xix. 18. Hos. xiii. 2. Job. xxxi. 27. Prov. xxiv. 26.

^g Verse 12.—כִּסּוּת (כס), videtur idem fere esse ac illico, i. e. subito. See *Bishop Hare's Psalmi in Versiculos metricè divisi*, &c. who therefore reads it, et pereatis illico. Then beginning a fresh sentence, Quia exardescet brevi ira ejus, beati, &c. See also *Poli Synopsis Criticorum*, &c.

PSALM II.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Tho' sinners boldly join,
 Against the LORD to rise,
 Against His *CHRIST* combine,
 Th' *ANointed* to despise ;

Tho' earth disdain,		Vain is their rage,
And hell engage,		Their counsel vain.

“ We hate the LORD's commands,”
 The bold transgressors say ;
 “ We'll break Their odious bands,
 “ And cast Their cords away :”

From Heav'n shall God,		And bow their pride,
Their wrath deride,		Beneath His rod.

JESUS the *SAVIOUR* reigns !
 On *Zion* is His throne ;
 The LORD's decree sustains
 His *own begotten SON* :

Up from the grave		And mount the skies,
He bids Him rise,		With pow'r to save.

His kingdom is complete,
This day exalts His name ;
 Before His *FATHER's* seat,
 He makes His righteous claim :

Gentiles adore,		His hands possess
His pow'r confess,		From shore to shore.

Beneath His vengeance broke,
 His arm His foes shall slay,
 As, crush'd beneath the stroke,
 The vase of brittle clay :

Before His face		For mercy call,
Let sinners fall,		And trust His grace.

PART THE SECOND.

Ye sov'reign Kings be wise,
 And ye who bear the sword ;
 When ye to judgment rise,
 Instructed by the LORD ;

Low at His feet,		O'er all His name,
Who reigns supreme,		Your praise repeat.

O serve the LORD with fear,
 And rev'rence His command ;
 With sacred *joy* draw near,
 With solemn *trembling* stand ;

Kneel at His throne,		His pow'r declare,
Your homage bear,		And kiss the SON.*

If e'er by vengeance seiz'd,
 Who can His wrath allay ?
 His anger slightly rais'd,
 Ye perish from the way :

They, they are blest,		Who on His grace
O'er all their race,		Securely rest.

* See note †, page 8.

PSALM III.

AMIDST the accusations and assaults of numerous enemies, the Christian is here instructed where to fly, and on whom he may place his trust. The Psalmist records his own success, and gives us an example of that peaceful serenity, which faith produces in the mind, when reposing itself upon the God of Salvation.—2 Sam. xv. 30, &c. xix. 15—43.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, view my num'rous foes,
 Against my soul they rise ;
 “ Where is his help ?” they boasting cry ;
 “ His GOD no help supplies.”

But thou, O LORD, my *SHIELD*,
 Thine arm shalt round me spread :
 Thy glory shall adorn my soul,
 Thy hand exalt my head.

Now shall my voice ascend,
 Till GOD my cries fulfil :
 Behold, He hears, He bows to save,
 From Heav'n, His holy hill.

Safe thro' the shades of night
 I laid me down and slept ;
 Thy wakeful eyes survey'd me round,
 And all my slumbers kept.

My frame, to life renew'd,
 Thy morning call obeys ;
 Thy watchful care my life sustain'd,
 And claims my morn'ing praise.

Beneath His vengeance broke,
 His arm His foes shall slay,
 As, crush'd beneath the stroke,
 The vase of brittle clay :

Before His face		For mercy call,
Let sinners fall,		And trust His grace.

PART THE SECOND.

Ye sov'reign Kings be wise,
 And ye who bear the sword ;
 When ye to judgment rise,
 Instructed by the LORD ;

Low at His feet,		O'er all His name,
Who reigns supreme,		Your praise repeat.

O serve the LORD with fear,
 And rev'rence His command ;
 With sacred *joy* draw near,
 With solemn *trembling* stand ;

Kneel at His throne,		His pow'r declare,
Your homage bear,		And kiss the SON. ^s

If e'er by vengeance seiz'd,
 Who can His wrath allay ?
 His anger slightly rais'd,
 Ye perish from the way :

They, they are blest,		Who on His grace
O'er all their race,		Securely rest.

^s See note ^t, page 8.

PSALM III.

AMIDST the accusations and assaults of numerous enemies, the Christian is here instructed where to fly, and on whom he may place his trust. The Psalmist records his own success, and gives us an example of that peaceful serenity, which faith produces in the mind, when reposing itself upon the GOD of Salvation.—2 Sam. xv. 30, &c. xix. 15—43.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, view my num'rous foes,
 Against my soul they rise ;
 “ Where is his help ?” they boasting cry ;
 “ His GOD no help supplies.”

But thou, O LORD, my *SHIELD*,
 Thine arm shalt round me spread :
 Thy glory shall adorn my soul,
 Thy hand exalt my head.

Now shall my voice ascend,
 Till GOD my cries fulfil :
 Behold, He hears, He bows to save,
 From Heav'n, His holy hill.

Safe thro' the shades of night
 I laid me down and slept ;
 Thy wakeful eyes survey'd me round,
 And all my slumbers kept.

My frame, to life renew'd,
 Thy morning call obeys ;
 Thy watchful care my life sustain'd,
 And claims my morning praise.

PART THE SECOND.

Now I forbid my fears,
 Now shall my faith be strong;
 Against my soul let thousands rise,
 Ten thousands round me throng.

Arise, O LORD, to save,
 My GOD, Thy pow'r display,
 Crush'd by Thine arm, my conquer'd foes
 Thy word of pow'r obey.

Salvation, LORD, is Thine,
 And on Thy word attends :
 Thy blessing, endless as Thy love,
 On all Thy saints descends.

PSALM III.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, how my num'rous foes increase !
 Excite my fears ! disturb my peace !
 The pow'rs of hell against me rise,
 And " GOD," they cry, " His help denies."

But Thou, my *GLORY* and my *SHIELD*,
 My GOD, Thy pow'rful aid shalt yield:
 On Thee my stedfast hopes repose,
 To lift my head o'er all my foes.

To GOD I cried, my ev'ning pray'r
 Humbly implor'd JEHOVAH's care :
 He bow'd, my wishes to fulfil,
 And heard me from His holy hill.

Then, with His guardian mercy blest,
 I laid my weary frame to rest;
 Sweet slumbers clos'd my peaceful eyes,
 Nor foes molest, nor fears surprize.

Again the shades of darkness flee,
 I wake, sustain'd, my GOD, by Thee :
 Thy guardian care renews my days,
 And claims my morning song of praise.

PART THE SECOND.

Now shall my heart its fears disclaim,
 I trust in faith JEHOVAH'S name :
 Tho' round my soul ten thousands rage,
 The LORD shall in my cause engage.

Rise, O my SAVIOUR, rise and spread
 Thy shield, the shelter round my head :
 Thy Cross the serpent's teeth hath broke,
 And Satan falls beneath Thy stroke.

Salvation to the LORD belongs,
 His victory claims my highest songs :
 His blessing all His saints shall share ;
 Then let His saints His praise declare.



PSALM IV.

FROM his former experience of God's goodness, the Psalmist rejoices in hope ; encourages the godly to confidence in the Divine favour and protection ; and calls sinners to retirement and reflection. In opposition to the general spirit of the world, he professes his conviction of the vanity of all its enjoyments, and the superior happiness of those who enjoy the Divine favour. They, like him, may lie down and sleep in peace, till they lie down as peacefully in their graves, waiting for the joyful morning of the resurrection.

PART THE FIRST.

HEAR me, O GOD, when near Thy throne
 My earnest cries ascend ;
 I plead Thy righteousness alone,
 And on Thy grace depend.

Oft has that grace enlarg'd my heart,
 Distress'd with anxious care ;
 Again Thy mercy, LORD, impart,
 Again regard my pray'r.

Why should the sons of men, in spite,
 To shame my glory try ?
 In scenes of vanity delight,
 And glory in a lie ?

Know, that, the man who loves the LORD,
 He marks him for His own :
 Soon shall His arm *my* help afford,
 My pray'r shall reach His throne.

Let the whole world before His face
 With holy awe draw near ;
 Revere His name ; implore His grace ;
 And all transgression fear.

PART THE SECOND.

When shades of night around me spread,
 I'll all my ways rehearse,
 In silent stillness on my bed,
 And with my heart converse.

To GOD my sacrifice shall rise
 Of righteousness and praise,^a
 While on His name my heart relies,
 And pleads the *SAVIOUR'S* grace.

“ Where—where shall *any* good be found !”
 The thoughtless *many* cry,
 LORD, let Thy light my soul surround,
 And lift my triumphs high.

Cheer'd by Thy face, my joyful heart
 Hath here confirm'd its choice :
 Nor *corn* nor *wine*^b can e'er impart
 Such pure, such heav'nly joys.

Safe in Thy guardian care, I close
 And rest my sleeping eyes :
 Safe shall my slum'bring dust repose,
 Till Thou shalt bid it rise.

^a Verse 5.—“ Returning sinners, whether Jews or Gentiles, are to offer the *sacrifices of righteousness*, not putting their trust in them, but in the LORD JESUS : through whose *SPIRIT* they are enabled to offer, and through whose *blood* their offerings are acceptable to GOD.”—*Horne in loc.*

^b Verse 7.—Isaiah ix. 3.

PSALM IV.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

HEAR when I call, Thou GOD *MOST JUST!*
 My GOD, Thy righteousness I trust :
 Oft has Thy grace reliev'd my care,
 Again let mercy hear my pray'r.

How long will men their counsel frame,
 To turn my confidence to shame ?
 How long their fruitless hopes renew,
 And vanities and lies pursue ?

Now let the world assured know
 The LORD regards His saints below ;
 He marks the men who fear His name,
 And bids their faith His mercies claim.

Hear, sinners hear—with holy awe,
 Before Him stand ; observe His law ;
 In silence on your bed rehearse
 His acts ; and with your heart converse.

Thus let your pray'r and praise arise,
 Thro' CHRIST, th' accepted sacrifice :
 And while His righteousness ye claim,
 Obey His will, and trust His name.

PART THE SECOND.

The world, with anxious toil and pain,
 Search far for bliss, but search in vain ;
 While, still deceiv'd, *the many* cry,
 " Who, who can *any* good descry ?"

They grasp the shadows in their flight,
 Delusive forms of false delight !
 But let Thy presence round me shine,
 My GOD, and nobler bliss is mine !

Thy *favour*, gracious LORD, impart,
 With sacred joy, to cheer my heart ;
 Then let their *corn* and *wine* increase,
 Earth ne'er can yield such heav'nly peace.

With Thy protection kindly blest,
 I'll lay me down in peace to rest,
 Safe in Thy care ; from danger free ;
 To wake on earth, or wake with Thee.



PSALM V.

THE solemn vows, and earnest supplications, expressed in this Psalm, are often in the heart, and upon the lips, of him who is devoted to prayer. And, while looking by faith to the *REDEEMER*, as the Psalmist to the Temple, that eminent type of His person, glories, and blessings, he may triumph with equal confidence over all the counsels and stratagems of his spiritual enemies, and in the assurance of Divine favour and protection.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, hear my words, my spirit see,
When wrapt in solemn thoughts of Thee:
My *KING*, my *GOD*, my cries attend,
To Thee my suppliant pray'rs ascend.

Whene'er the morning rays appear,
Thou, **LORD**, my early voice shalt hear;
To Thee my lifted hands shall rise,
And faith look up with longing eyes.

O *GOD*, Thy pure unsullied mind
In tents of sin no joy can find:
Far from Thy throne shall evil flee,
Nor e'er inhabit, **LORD**, with Thee.

Fools, who in vanity delight,
Shall ne'er continue in Thy sight:
And sinners, who Thy laws defy,
Are doom'd beneath Thy wrath to die.

Those who in lies their lips employ,
Shalt Thou, the righteous *JUDGE*, destroy:
Nor shall the persecutor flee
Thy just award, abhorr'd of Thee.

But I,—by boundless mercies led,
 Thy temple's sacred courts will tread;
 Up to Thy house with joy repair;
 Thy mercies shall surround me there!

Prostrate I'll bow—Thy fear imprest
 With awe profound inspires my breast:
 And faith, while yet my pray'rs arise,
 Firm on the *SAVIOUR'S* name relies.^a

PART THE SECOND.

Oh lead me, lest my footsteps stray,
 See how my foes observe my way:
 Thou, righteous LORD, my cause maintain,
 And make my path of duty plain.

Lo! how their lips from truth depart,
 For deep corruption fills their heart:
 Their throat sepulchral horror hides,
 And flatt'ry on their tongue resides.

O LORD, their ways Thy vengeance call,
 By their own counsels doom'd to fall:
 Their num'rous sins their doom shall seal,
 Their hearts untam'd rebellions steel.

^a Verse 7.—As the *Temple* of old was a type of the *body* or *person*, its *ministers* of the *offices*, and its *services* of the *work* of CHRIST, we find the antient believers constantly worshipping with their faces *towards the Temple*, when at a distance from it. This was no doubt intended to express their faith in its institutions, and their dependance for acceptance in all their services upon the sacrifices there offered, &c. In the language of the New Testament this would be no other than “offering spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to GOD through JESUS CHRIST.” This, it is apprehended, will justify the sense adopted in the present version, in this place, and wherever the same expression occurs.—Psalm cxxxviii. 2. Dan. vi. 10. John ii. 19—21. Heb ix. 11.

But happy they, with transports blest,
 Who stedfast on JEHOVAH rest !
 In shouts of joy their praise ascends,
 For Thine Almighty arm defends.

How blest,—whose love, a holy flame,
 Burns with delight to hear Thy name !
 Their heart with heav'nly joys shall glow,
 From Thee their boundless raptures flow !

Thy blessing, LORD, shall crown his days,
 Whom Thine own righteousness arrays :^b
 Thy *favour* as his *shield* be spread,
 With glory circling round his head.

PSALM V.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

MY gracious LORD, Thine ear incline,
 When, wrapt in thoughts of things divine,
 My words intreat Thy care :
 Oh hear my cries, which reach Thy throne,
 For Thee, my KING, my God, I own ;
 I'll raise to Thee my pray'r.

While yet the morning rays appear,
 Thou, LORD, my earnest suit shalt hear,
 My voice to Thee shall rise :
 I stretch my hands, by early light,
 And faith, Thy mercies to invite,
 Looks out with longing eyes.

^b Verse 12.—See *Horne* in *loc.*

My GOD, no guilt delights Thy mind,
 No sin can e'er indulgence find,
 Nor sinners near Thee stand :
 The men of falsehood and of blood
 Shall sink to death, abhorr'd of GOD,
 And fall beneath His hand.

But as for me—Thy courts I'll tread,
 There by Thy boundless mercy led,
 With all Thy mercies blest !
 With holy fear I'll worship there,
 In JESUS' name^c present my pray'r,
 And on Thy promise rest.

PART THE SECOND.

Thou, righteous LORD, my footsteps guide,
 In Thee, my *SAVIOUR*, I confide,
 My safety to maintain :
 Lo ! how my foes my steps survey !
 They watch my feet ; observe my way ;
 Oh ! make my duties plain.

For see, their lips from truth depart,
 Corruption dwells within their heart,
 Their throat's an open grave,
 Their flatt'ring tongues what lies employ ?
 Their counsels shall themselves destroy,
 Nor bold presumption save.

^c See note ^b, page 19.

How blest are they, whose hope relies
On Thee, my God ! their bliss shall rise,
And run thro' endless days :
In shouts of joy their praise ascends,
For Thine Almighty arm defends
The men who trust Thy grace.

How blest are they, who love Thy name !
Thy love their triumph shall inflame,
And ceaseless raptures yield :
Thy saints, with all Thy mercies crown'd,
Thy endless *favour* shall surround,
Their everlasting *shield* !



PSALM VI.

THE first of the penitential Psalms.—The penitent will find it suitable to his case under deep convictions of sin ; and the Christian in times of trial and temptations of the enemy. In the use of it the believer will find, like the Psalmist, that the prayer of *repentance* and *faith* will at length terminate in the songs of *praise*.

PART THE FIRST.

REBUKE me not, Thou gracious **LORD**,

While wrath directs Thy hand ;
Nor bid me, while Thine anger burns,
Beneath Thy chast'ning stand.

Let mercy guide th' afflictive stroke,
And soften ev'ry pain ;
Fast sinking to the grave, restore
My trembling bones again.^a

Behold, my contrite spirit fails,
With num'rous fears opprest ;
How long, Thou gracious **LORD**, how long !
O give the promis'd rest.

LORD, since Thy mercy's rich and free,
Return, my soul to save :
For who shall mention Thee in death,
Or praise Thee in the grave ?

PART THE SECOND.

Weary with groans, my spirit faints,
O'erwhelm'd with guilty fears ;
By night my restless bed is bath'd,
My couch bedew'd, with tears.

^a *My bones, נִכְהָלִי, are shaken, or made to tremble.*

Dark'ning with grief, my weeping eye
 Scarce feels the cheering ray,
 Grows dim, and sinks like with'ring age,
 While num'rous foes dismay.

But hence my enemies depart,
 Behold, my *SAVIOUR'S* nigh!
 He hears, He hears my plaintive voice,
 He sees my weeping eye.

The LORD, the LORD JEHOVAH hears,
 The LORD accepts my pray'rs :
 His *mercy* with deliv'rance flies,
 His arm *salvation* bears.

I'll triumph with the voice of praise,
 My guilt and fears are fled !
 Now shall my foes return asham'd,^b
 Salvation crowns my head !

PSALM VI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

O MY GOD, with anger burning,
 From Thy fierce rebukes refrain ;
 From Thy hot displeasure turning,
 LORD, Thy chast'ning hand restrain :

^b Verse 10, is here rendered *literally* in the *future tense*, as expressive of the *confidence of faith*, rather than the *desire of vengeance*. This has been adopted in all the similar passages (especially in the prophetic Psalms), as there can be little doubt but that it is the true sense of the divine originals.—See *Horne on the Psalms*, Preface, page 52, fourth edit. 8vo.

In the depths of Thy compassion,
 Pity, LORD, a frame so frail,
 Heal my soul with Thy salvation,
 Or my trembling bones will fail.^c

Guilt, and fears, and hell, oppressing,
 How my soul afflicted lies !
 When, my GOD, those fears releasing,
 Wilt Thou bid Thy mercies rise ?
 LORD, return, with grace infold me,
 Ere I die let mercy save ;
 For in death can none behold Thee,
 Nor adore Thee in the grave.

Weary with my ceaseless groaning,
 Night but aids my anxious fears ;
 On my bed my griefs bemoaning,
 Water'd with my floods of tears ;
 While my pow'rful foes assail me,
 Trembling at their mighty rage,
 LORD, mine eyes with weeping fail me,
 Sink depress'd like with'ring age.

But my faith shall trust my SAVIOUR,
 Fly, ye foes of Zion, fly !
 He surrounds me with His favour,
 He hath watch'd my weeping eye :
 Now the LORD, my GOD, will hear me,
 Now the LORD receives my pray'r,
 Fled asham'd, my foes shall fear Thee,^d
 And confess my soul Thy care.

^c See note ^a, page 23.

^d See note ^b, page 24.

PSALM VII.

THE writer appeals, from the malice and false accusations of his enemies, to the truth and justice of the heart-searching GOD ; who knew him to be clear from that particular fault which they laid to his charge.—Verse 3. Though the *REDEEMER* alone can make this appeal in its full extent, 1 *Pet.* ii. 22. the Christian, conscious of *sincerity*, amidst many imperfections and failings, shall rise above the false charges of the great accuser, or his malicious enemies.—The LORD, the *JUDGE*, will vindicate His saints, and manifest their faith and love to be genuine, by bringing their effects to light before the assembled world ; *Matt.* xxv. when the wicked have prepared themselves, by their wickedness, for their own destruction. Thus shall the righteousness of GOD be manifested in all His ways towards His people ; and the believing expectation of it should excite their songs of praise.—Verse 17.

PART THE FIRST.

O LORD, my God, my hopes repose
Firm on Thy name ; from all my foes,
Who rage with persecuting breath,
Rescue my soul, and save from death.

Like the fierce *Lion*, rous'd to rage,
Behold, th' unequal war they wage,
On death intent :—my dangers see,
For none can rescue, LORD, but Thee.

O LORD, my God, their censures view,
Say, did I e'er such acts pursue ?
Shall their false charge unnotic'd stand ?
Was e'er such evil in my hand ?

If e'er my soul, in treach'rous part,
Dealt falsely with the friendly heart——
(How base the charge ! I boast to shew
Compassion to my causeless foe.)

Then might they hate, pursue, surround,
And tread my life out on the ground,
Might lay, with indignation just,
My deep-stain'd honour in the dust.

Rise then, O LORD, with just disdain,
The anger of my foes restrain ;
To judgment wake : on Thy command
Justice and Truth securely stand.

Rise—and the people round Thy seat,
In crowds, with holy joy shall meet :
And, since on Thee our hopes rely,
Return, and fix Thy pow'r on high.

PART THE SECOND.

The LORD is *JUDGE* : before His throne
All nations shall His justice own :
O may my soul be found sincere,
And stand approv'd with courage there.

Then shall th' ungodly sinners fall,
Nor e'er their thoughts or hopes recall ;
No more their deeds the just annoy,
Confirm'd in everlasting joy.

The LORD, in righteousness array'd,
Surveys the world His hands have made ;
Pierces the heart, and tries the reins,
And judgment from on high ordains.

My GOD, my *SHIELD* ! around me place
The shelter of the *SAVIOUR'S* grace ;
Then, when Thine arm the just shall save,
My life shall triumph o'er the grave.

PART THE THIRD.

Our God, unchangeable His reign !
 Shall in his cause the just maintain,
 While daily, jealous of His name,
 His anger kindles to a flame.

For sinners, who beneath His word
 Refuse to turn, He'll whet the sword ;
 Lo ! vengeance waits His just command,
 The bow already feels His hand.

See, His high arm indignant rear'd !
 For death the instruments prepar'd !
 On the drawn string His arrows wait,
 Ordain'd to fix th' oppressor's fate !

Th' oppressor!—mark ! with lab'ring throes,
 Guilt in his breast to vigour grows :
 Mischief and crimes conceiv'd within,
 The birth is vanity and sin.

In the same pit his hands have made,
 In just return, behold him laid :
 Aim'd to disturb a brother's breast,
 His mischiefs in his own shall rest.

LORD, as Thy righteousness, I'll raise
 To Thee th' eternal song of praise :
 JEHOVAH, LORD MOST HIGH ! Thy name
 With endless honours I'll proclaim !

PSALM VIII.

THE design of this Psalm may be seen in *Heb. ii. 6, &c.* where the Apostle refers it to the humiliation of the *REDEEMER*, and His exaltation in our nature, as a pledge of the exaltation of His *Church*, to eternal dominion over all creation, in the kingdom of Heaven. Well may we, in consideration of these wonderful subjects, join in the adoring exclamation, “O LORD, our LORD *JESUS*, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth !” Our Church doubtless considered it, and intended to direct our views to it, in the same light, when she appointed it to be read on *Ascension Day*; for the services of which it is thus peculiarly suited.

PART THE FIRST.

O LORD, our LORD,^a exalted high,
How wondrous is Thy name !
Abroad through earth Thy glories fly,
And fill the heav’nly frame.

Ordain’d from infant lips,^b Thy praise
In sweetest strains shall flow,
Thy arm the feeblest saint can raise,
To sink th’ oppressor low.

When heav’n, with all its orbs of light,
Detains my wond’ring eyes ;
The moon that silvers o’er the night ;
And stars that deck the skies :

(These are Thy works ! Thy fingers wrought
The vast stupendous plan !)
Surpriz’d, in ecstasy of thought,
What, LORD, (I cry) is man !

^a Verse 1.—יהוה אדונינו, JEHOVAH, our ADONI ; a usual name of MES-
SIAH.—(See *Ainsworth*.)

^b Verse 2.—Matt. xxi. 16.—“ Qui per infantes potentiam tuam miris
modis ostendisti ; ultimus versiculus ostendit ad rem contra potentissimos
hostes, exiguis, imbellibus et infirmis copiis, præter spem feliciter gestam
alludi, &c. Golizæ forte historia hic tangitur, &c.—*Bishop Hare*.

Why should his sons, from antient date,
 Thy thoughts of love employ ?
 Why (condescension vast and great !)
 Thy visits here enjoy ?

PART THE SECOND.

But next beneath the angels made,
 His race enjoys Thy cares ;
 Yet greater mercy stands display'd !
 Thy *son* his nature wears !

Awhile beneath th' angelic^c forms
 He stoops, the race to save,
 Allied to dust, allied to worms,
 And humbled to the grave.

But rais'd by *THEE*, with glory crown'd,
 He re-ascends His throne :
 What honours shall that race surround,
 In nature like His own !

O'er all Thy works, Thy high commands
 Exalt the *Man* to reign !
 Which wing the skies, or range the lands,
 Or glide the wat'ry plain.^d

JESUS, our *LORD*,^e exalted high,
 How wondrous is Thy name !
 Thy glories thro' the earth shall fly :
 Let earth resound Thy fame.

^c Verse 5.—Heb. ii. 7. *Margin*, “a little while,” for a short time.—Heb. *than the gods*; but the Apostle thus explains it.

^d Verse 5 to 8.—Heb. ii. 8. Matt. xxviii. 18. 1 Cor. xv. 27. Phil. ii. 10.

^e Verse 9.—Rev. v. 11---14. vii. 9, 10. See note ^a, page 29. *Sensu mystico et prophetico de CHRISTO interpretatur scripto: ad Hebræos; apud quos illa interpretandi ratio dudum recepta, &c. Bishop Hare.*

PSALM VIII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

O LORD, our LORD, in pow'r divine,
 How great is Thy illustrious name !
 Thro' all the earth Thy glories shine,
 Plac'd high above the heav'nly frame.

The lisping babes proclaim Thy praise,
 Ordain'd by Thee Thy strength to shew :
 Thy arm the feeblest saint can raise,
 To lay the proud oppressor low.

When to Thy heav'ns I turn my eyes,
 The work Thy skilful fingers wrought ;
 And view the *moon* adorn the skies,
 Or *stars* beyond the reach of thought :

LORD, what is man ! amaz'd, I cry,
 Thus notic'd with Thy kindest love ?
 Why should his sons, but born to die,
 Thy condescending visits prove ?

PART THE SECOND.

Down from His throne Thy SON descends,
 A *little time*^f his form to wear :
 Beneath th' angelic hosts He bends,
 His suff'rings and his guilt to bear.

But lo ! Thy pow'r exalts Him high,
 In glorious dignity enthron'd !
 He bears that nature to the sky,
 O'er all Thy works the ruler crown'd.

^f See note ^c, page 30.

JESUS, the *Man*, in glory sits,
 Creation at His feet obeys ;
 To Him each living tribe submits,
 Natives of earth, or air, or seas.
 JESUS, our *LORD*, in pow'r divine,
 How great is Thy illustrious name !
 Thro' all the earth Thy glories shine:
 Let the whole earth resound Thy fame.

PSALM VIII.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

JEHOVAH, wondrous name !
 Thro' all the earth ador'd ;
 The heav'ns Thy glories shall proclaim,
 O LORD, our *LORD* !
 From infant lips Thy praise
 In highest strains shall flow,
 Thy arm the feeblest saint can raise,
 T' avenge the foe.
 When o'er those orbs of light
 Thro' heav'n I turn my eyes,
 The *moon* and *stars* which gild the night,
 And deck the skies ;
 (Thy skilful fingers wrought
 The vast majestic plan !)
 I cry—in ecstasy of thought,
 “ What, LORD, is *Man* ! ”
 Why should his feeble race
 Thy thoughts of love employ ?
 Thy condescending acts of grace,
 On earth enjoy ?

Th' angelic *hosts of light*,
 Those ever glorious forms,
 But next above (though heav'nly bright)
 Such dust and worms !

But, Oh ! the love, how great !
 When stooping from His throne,
 The Son of GOD, in humble state,
Awhile comes down !
 He bows, He dies—to save,
 Our suff'ring nature wears,
 Our guilt, beneath the *cross* and *grave*,
 The Victim bears.

But *glory* crowns His head !
 The LORD exalts Him high :
 JESUS, from regions of the dead,
 Ascends the sky :
 Lo ! on the throne He sits,
 The *Man* the sceptre sways ;
 All nature at His feet submits,
 The world obeys !

O'er all, at Thy command,
 The *Man* exalted reigns,
 Which wing the air, or range the land,
 Or wat'ry plains :
 JESUS, Thou wondrous name !
 High o'er the heav'ns ador'd :
 Let the whole world resound Thy fame,
 O LORD, our LORD !

PSALM IX.

A Psalm of praise for victory. But it is only in the victory of the REDEEMER upon Mount *Calvary*, and in His eternal government upon Mount *Zion*, that the destructions of the enemy are completed, or “*brought to a perpetual end.*”—Verse 6. Hence He is held up as the REFUGE of His Church in every time of trouble. The Psalmist concludes with a triumphant exultation in the righteous judgment of GOD, and in the destruction of all the spiritual enemies of His people. The believer, raised from the *gates of death*, to rejoice in the *gates of Zion*, will with his whole heart join the song.^a

PART THE FIRST.

WITH my whole heart, eternal LORD !

My lips shall celebrate Thy praise,

The wonders of Thy love record,

In all its varied acts of grace.^b

On Thee, my joys’ *unfailing spring!*

With holy transport I rely ;

The praises of Thy name I’ll sing,

SAVIOUR ALL GRACIOUS! LORD MOST HIGH!

Thy arm my humbled foes subdu’d,

On *Calv’ry’s* consecrated ground :

They turn’d—they fled—(Thy presence view’d,)

And perish’d—scatter’d all around.^c

^a “ This Psalm is of the destruction of Antichrist.—*Ainsworth.*”

^b Verse 1.—The wonders of Redeeming power and love, wrought by GOD our SAVIOUR.

^c Verse 3.—“The grand enemy of our salvation, first vanquished by CHRIST “ in the wilderness, and driven back with the words, “Get thee behind me, “Satan.” The same Blessed Person afterwards completely triumphed “ over him upon the cross, when the prince of this world was cast out.” —*Horne in loc.*

JESUS, Thy mighty arm alone
 There in Thy grace maintain'd my cause :
 The LORD avenging, from His throne,
 The injur'd honour of His laws.^d

Thro' heathen lands Thy pow'r has spread,
 Beneath Thy hand their idols fall ;^e
 On their proud necks Thy feet shall tread,
 Nor time their impious names recall.

PART THE SECOND.

Great Tyrant o'er a fallen race !
 Hear from the *cross* thy final doom :
 " On *Calv'ry* all thy triumphs cease,
 " Thy long-predicted end is come !
 " Oft have we seen (thy arts employ'd)
 " Proud cities to the dust recline ;
 " Their mem'ry with their place destroy'd,
 " But now th' eternal ruin's^f thine !"

^d Verse 4.—"CHRIST, as the *Church's* representative and advocate, made
 " the satisfaction required, paid down the price of redemption, took
 " the prey from the mighty, and delivered the lawful captive ; Is. xlix.
 " 24. ; thus was our right and our cause maintained ; thus were we rescued
 " from the oppressor," &c. &c.—*Horne in loc.*

^e Verse 5.—"To the victory of CHRIST succeeded the overthrow of
 " *Satan's* empire in the pagan world."—*Horne in loc.* &c.

^f Verse 6.—*Destructions are finished, נִסְּתָהּ, in victory ;* so rendered
 Is. xxv. 8 ; so also Amos viii. 7. Dan. v. 20. in *Septuagint*. I see no reason
 for altering the translation, with Bishop *Lowth*, who reads, "Thou, O GOD,
 " hast destroyed cities," &c. The present reading is certainly the most lite-
 ral, and capable of a very important meaning (as above), suitable to the
 design of the Psalm. But see note ^h, p. 39.

Behold the LORD; the *SAVIOUR*, rise,
 Triumphant in His arm alone !
 His reign the waste of time defies,
 For judgment He prepares His throne.

Hail, righteous *JUDGE* ! array'd in pow'r,
 The world Thy righteousness shall prove :
 Thy justice shall Thy foes adore,
 But saints behold Thy richest love.

PART THE THIRD.

In Thee th' oppress a *REFUGE* find,
 Thou LORD of boundless majesty !
 When troubles roll, th' afflicted mind
 Still finds its *REFUGE TOWER* in THEE.

In Thee will all Thy people trust,
 Who know Thy name, all-gracious LORD !
 Since Thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
 Who seek Thy face, and love Thy word.

Sing to the LORD, His glories tell,
 Wide let His fame and praise resound,
 In *Zion*, where His glories dwell,
 And spread thro' all the nations round.

To judge the oppressor and th' oppress,
 When cast around th' inquiring eye,
 His servants in His mem'ry rest,
 He'll not forget the mourner's cry.

JESUS, Thy mercy I implore,
 O save me—with a trembling breath
 I cry, oppress'd by Satan's pow'r,
 Thou *SAVIOUR from the gates of death* !

Then shall the *gates of Zion*^s ring,
 And echo to my grateful voice :
 Then, while Thy victories I sing,
 In Thy salvation I'll rejoice.

PART THE FOURTH.

Deep in the pit their hands have made,
 Ungodly sinners sink and die ;
 In toils their artful malice laid,
 Their stumbling feet entangled lie,

The LORD His glorious name makes known,
 By judgments on the nations brought :
 And sinners shall His justice own,
 Snar'd in the works their hands have wrought.

Within the desolate abode
 Of sorrow shall th' ungodly dwell :
 The nations which forget our GOD,
 Doom'd by His wrath, shall sink to hell.

He'll not forget your suppliant pray'r,
 Ye humble souls, awhile oppress :
 The poor His plenteous grace shall share,
 Nor hope deceive th' afflicted breast.

Rise then, Thou great *REDEEMER*, rise,
 Shall man, presumptuous man, prevail ?
 Before Thine all-discerning eyes,
 Let the proud tyrant's counsels fail.

^s Verse 13.—The contrast between the *gates of death* and the *gates of Zion* is most beautiful. See *Horne*.

Aw'd by the terrors of Thy pow'r,
 Thy fear the nations shall restrain,
 Till all the lands *Thy name* adore,
 And men confess themselves *but men*.

PSALM IX.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

WITH my whole heart, eternal *KING* !
 Thy works, Thy wondrous works, I'll sing.
 My praise shall reach the skies :
 In Thee, my *SAVIOUR*, I'll rejoice,
 Thy *name* in praise exalts my voice,
 REDEEMER, GOD MOST HIGH !

Thine arm, on *Calv'ry's* sacred height,
 Turn'd all my vanquish'd foes to flight ;
 They fell, and perish'd there !
 Thy presence there maintain'd my cause,
 While the great *JUDGE* aveng'd His laws,
 His *holy arm* made bare !

Beneath Thy stern rebuke afraid,
 Thro' heathen lands with guilt dismay'd,
 The impious sinners fall :
 Their idol gods, with rites profane,
 No more their guilty altars stain,
 No more those rites recall.

Hear, *Mighty Foe*, for deaths renown'd!
 On *Calvary*, fix'd the fatal wound,
 The LORD thy conquest rends:
 Did nations fall, (thy arts employ'd ?)
 Their titles with their place destroy'd ?^h
 Thy vast destruction ends !

I see the LORD, my *SAVIOUR*, rise,
 He claims His throne beyond the skies,
 Eternal as His days :
 For judgment He prepares His seat,
 The trembling world His justice meet,
 But saints enjoy His grace.

PART THE SECOND.

Whene'er by sins and fears opprest,
 A *REFUGE*, where His saints may rest,
 JEHOVAH will afford :
 In times, when troubled tempests roll,
 A *TOW'ER OF REFUGE* to the soul
 Is our Almighty LORD.

They, who have known Thy name, recline
 Securely on Thy arm divine ;
 Unchangeable in grace !
 Since Thou, whose mercies endless prove,
 Hast ne'er forsaken of Thy love
 The men who seek Thy face.

^h See *Various*, in *Poli Syn. Crit.* who understand this passage as spoken interrogatively and ironically.

In *Zion*, then, your voices raise,
 Where He resides pronounce His praise,
 Proclaim His wonders far :
 When justice, rous'd, for blood inquires,
 Within His wings the just retires,
 Who hears the mourner's pray'r.

Have mercy, LORD, my foes repress,
 See how they hate, afflict, distress,
 With persecuting breath !
 But Thine Almighty arm can save,
 As once it triumph'd o'er the grave,
 And brake the *gates of death*.

Then shall the *gates of Zion* ring,
 Responsive to the praise I sing,
 Salvation lifts me high !
 While sinners, in the pit they made,
 In the same net themselves had laid,
 In deep confusion die.

PART THE THIRD.

By judgments from His lofty throne,
 Hurl'd round the world, the LORD is known,
 And justice leads the train :
 In vain ungodly sinners rise
 In counsels aim'd against the skies,
 In their own purpose slain.

The wicked, long by mercy spar'd,
 Doom'd to the pit their guilt prepar'd,
 Shall meet the fires of hell:
 The nations which forget our GOD,
 Shall perish in that same abode
 With spirits which rebel.

But *Mercy*—attribute divine !
 Shall ne'er the suppliant's pray'r decline,
 Tho' long by guilt oppress :
 His *Mercy* shall the poor relieve,
 Nor shall those humble hopes deceive,
 Which on the *SAVIOUR* rest.

Rise then, redeeming LORD, and show
 Man shall not rule supreme below,
 That pow'r and judgment's Thine !
 Let fear Thy enemies restrain,
 Till men confess themselves *but men*,
 And own Thy hand divine !



PSALM X.

A description of the hatred, infidelity, pride, and profaneness, of the wicked;—especially applicable to that anti-christian power, which hath ever hated and persecuted the *Church of God*. But the power and grace of the eternal *KING of Zion* shall be the salvation of His defenceless, destitute, and despised, servants, whenever they pray unto Him.—Verse 17.

PART THE FIRST.

WHY, gracious LORD, remov'd afar,
Why from Thy *Church* withdraw Thy care?
When troubles rise Thy arm reveal,
Why from Thy saints Thyself conceal?

The wicked, in his pride elate,
Pursues the poor with envious hate;
Deep in his heart his projects burn,
But on himself his rage shall turn.

The *man of sin*,^a with sensual mind,
Boasts of the joys his heart design'd,
Commends himself—his hoarded stores,
And in his heart the LORD abhors!^b

In self-applause, with haughty breast,
His pray'r to GOD he ne'er address:
Nor with a willing thought surveys
His works, His nature, or His ways!

^a Verse 2. Gen. iii. 15. Does not this description strikingly concur with 2 Thess. ii. 3—12. and Dan. xi. 31 to 39

^b Verse 3. “*Blesseth the covetous whom the Lord abhorreth, or, being covetous he blesseth himself and abhors the Lord.*” See *Horne*.

Borne prosp'rous,^c with a tide of joy,
 Thy judgments ne'er his thoughts employ,
 High rais'd from sight !—his ardour grows,
 And breathes contempt on all his foes.

His heart, in vain delusion, cries,
 “ No changes in my state shall rise ;
 “ To life's last stage, no evil near,
 “ No sad adversities I'll fear.”

His mouth with curses is replete,
 Practis'd in fraud he works deceit :
 Beneath his tongue the poison lies,
 Mischief, and guile, and vanities.

Where innocence defenceless strays,
 In covert hid, his toils he lays ;
 To death, of secret murder sure,
 His eyes devote th' afflicted poor.

As the fierce *Lion* lurks, nor quits
 His dark retreat—he waiting sits,
 The poor to seize ; the poor he spoils,
 Seduc'd within his artful toils.

He crouches, and his state lays low,
 Pride in his heart, tho' meek his show !
 Such artful fraud his mind employs,
 Till his strong grasp the poor destroys.

^c Verse 5.—יחילי, may be rendered, *Via soluta sunt: prospere succedunt*, are always prosperous, which sense I have followed in the version, as it appeared to me most eligible. See *Various*, in *Poli Syn. Crit.*

His erring heart confirms his ways,
 " GOD has forgot," he boasting says,
 " He hides His face, nor turns again
 " To overlook the ways of men."

PART THE SECOND.

Arise, O LORD, Thyself display,
 Rise, and Thine arm with might array ;
 Nor e'er, in solemn judgment set,
 Thy humble saints on earth forget.

Why should the sinner's lies profane
 Thy pow'r ;—Thy providence arraign ?
 " Ne'er shall the LORD," he boldly says,
 " Require my sins, nor search my ways."

Delusive boast ! Thy piercing eyes
 Mark all the crimes which men devise ;
 Thine eyes *have* seen,—Thy hands engage,
 Swift to reward their impious rage.

To Thee the poor for safety flee,
 And leave their friendless cause with Thee ;
 On Thee the *fatherless* depend,
 'Thou, LORD, their *HELPER*, and their *FRIEND*!

'Thy pow'r the tyrant's arm shall break,
 And bend the sinner's haughty neck ;
 Thy vengeance shall his sins explore,^d
 'Till strictest justice find no more.

^d Verse 15.—" *Seek out his wickedness till thou find none.*" The sins of GOD's people are not found when sought, because of His mercy in pardoning.—Jer. l. 20. The sins of the wicked are not found, because of His judgments in consuming them.—Ez. xxiii. 48.

PART THE THIRD.

JEHOVAH reigns, your tribute bring,
Proclaim the LORD th' eternal KING :
Crown Him, ye saints, with holy joy,
His arm shall all your foes destroy.

Thou, LORD, ere yet the humble mind
Had form'd to pray'r the wish design'd,
Hast heard the secret sigh arise,
While, swift to aid, Thy mercy flies.

Thy SPIRIT shall their heart prepare,
Thine ear shall listen to their pray'r :
THOU righteous JUDGE! THOU POW'R DIVINE!
On THEE the *fatherless* recline.

The LORD shall save th' afflicted breast,
His arm shall vindicate th' opprest ;
Earth's mightiest tyrant feel His pow'r,
Nor *sin* nor *Satan* grieve them more.



PSALM XI.

THE Psalmist encourages himself in the government and providence of God, in the midst of the injustice, oppression, and violence, of men. The trial of the righteous is a proof of His love to them, and designed for their purification; but the destruction of the wicked is secured by the justice of God, and His love towards His people.

PART THE FIRST.

LO! on the LORD my soul confides;
 In vain th' oppressor cries,
 " Fly like the timid bird, that hides
 " Where lofty mountains rise.
 " See, how the bow's unfailing spring
 " The daring sinner bends:
 " His arrow, bounding from the string,
 " Against the just descends.
 " When *law*, when *justice*, prostrate lies,
 " From their deep base o'erthrown,
 " What can the righteous enterprize,
 " Unaided and alone?"^a

Still on the LORD my soul depends,
 His *Church* shall see His grace:
 My *SAVIOUR*!—from the skies He bends,
 And fills His holy place!

^a Verse 3.—This may be considered as the language of the enemy, discouraging from any further resistance. "What can the man engaged in the most righteous designs hope to do, when the foundations of religion and law are subverted?" To which the Psalmist makes answer in the next and following verses.—"Optimi Interpretes, Symmachum et Hieronymum secuti, intelligunt de legibus, in quibus civium salus vertitur."—*Bishop Hare*.

PART THE SECOND.

The LORD in Heav'n His throne prepares,
 There all His glories shine ;
 Thence the whole earth His wisdom shares,
 With Providence Divine.

His piercing eye, with one vast view,
 O'er all creation runs :

His eye-lids search, His eyes pursue
 Man's bold presumptuous sons.

Though by His hand the just are tried,
 Still faithful is His love :

But sinners, arm'd with pow'r and pride,
 His holy hatred move.

Lo ! o'er their souls the fatal snares
 And sulph'rous deluge pour :

Their cup th' eternal LORD prepares,
 Where endless tempests roar.

In righteousness the righteous LORD
 Hath plac'd His whole delight :

And saints His mercy shall record,
 In realms of endless light.

PSALM XI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

FIX'D on the LORD my hopes rely,
 Why should the proud oppressor cry ?

“ Fly to your mountain, haste away :
 (“ As, by the keen-ey'd *Vulture* view'd,
 “ Swift flies the bird, in flight pursu'd,)
 “ Nor midst th' impending danger stay.

“ For see—the bow obeys its spring,
 “ The arrow trembles on the string,
 “ Aim’d in the darkness at the just :
 “ What can the righteous enterprize,
 “ When *law*, when *justice*, ruin’d lies,
 “ Thrown from their bases in the dust ?”

Yet still my soul on GOD rely,
 Still, tho’ unseen, the LORD is nigh ;
 His *Church* beholds His richest grace :
 But high in Heav’n His throne He rears,
 There all His *Majesty* appears,
 And thence His *justice* He displays.

Quick glances of His rapid eye
 Thro’ all the realms of nature fly ;
 Who from His *eye-lid’s* search can hide ?
 He tries the righteous ;—’tis His love !
 But sinners shall His hatred move,
 Tho’ wrapt in cruelty and pride.

On sinners, doom’d to guilty pain,
 Sulphur and fiery coals ^bHe’ll rain,
 Till round th’ eternal tempest rolls :
 For *justice* GOD *THE JUST* approves,
 The *humble* and *sincere* He loves,
 And spreads His glory round their souls.

^b Verse 6.—See Jude, verse 7. Gen. xix. 28. An evident allusion to the destruction of Sodom and the surrounding cities.

פְּחִי, prunas ardentes ; (non laqueos) simpliciter fulmina. Deluet super impios prunas ardentes, Ignem, &c. *Lowth Praelec.* p. 110, 8vo. 2d edit. See *Horne in loc.* Bishop *Hare* thinks the word an interpolation.

PSALM XII.

A Prayer for help amidst temptations and afflictions, and the decrease of true piety : in the hope of which the Psalmist 'is encouraged, by the purity and truth of the Divine word.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, let Thine arm arise to save,
See—sinking to the silent grave,
The faithful fail, the godly cease,
And none supply their vacant place.

The rest, with vanity and lies,
Their secret purposes disguise,
And, thro' their flatt'ring lips, impart
But half the counsel of their heart.

The flatt'ring lips, the tongue of pride,
In their vain boasts shall God divide :
“ Our tongues,” they cry, “ control disdain,
“ Who shall our free-born lips restrain ?”

Now, says the LORD, My arm shall rise,
Since o'er My saints oppression lies :
Nor shall the vaunting foe defy
The *poor*, who on My grace rely.

Then let the *needy* cease their fear,
Their plaintive sighs engage My ear ;
My arm their freedom shall maintain,
And *sin* and *Satan* boast in vain.

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *Words*, Thou *MAJESTY DIVINE* !
 Pure as th' *etherial brightness* shine :
 How firm my hope, how calm my breast,
 When with Thy *Word of promise* blest !

Thy *Word*, like *silver* in the flame,
 Still unconsum'd, remains the same ;
 Tho' the seventh fire^a intensely glows,
 Pure, and more pure, the metal flows.

Thy saints, who on this *Word* confide,
 Thy hand from man's proud pow'r shall hide :^b
 O'er ev'ry foe Thy grace shall raise,
 And claim their everlasting praise.

When base-born men, corrupt and vain,
 Rise from their vile estate to reign,^c
 The wicked, high in rank, abound,
 And stalk with insolence around.

^a Verse 6. Seven is a number denoting *perfection*, and often used for *many*. 1 Sam. ii. 5. Prov. xxiv. 16. and xxvi. 25.

^b Verse 7. "Thou shalt keep them;" i. e. either *Thy words*, *Thy promises*, or *Thy poor and oppressed servants*; verse 5. See *Horne* ; also *Various*, in *Poli Syn. Crit.* I have followed the latter sense.

^c Verse 8. This verse seems unconnected with the preceding. Quocunque me vertam, sensum periodi hujus fateor me non intelligere ; nisi hinc amota, &c. *Bishop Hare*.



PSALM XIII.

THE Psalmist pleads with GOD, on account of His long absence, while his own mind is perplexed, and his enemies appear triumphant : and from the consideration that his fall would make the ungodly to exult, and all his enemies to rejoice. So let the believer plead, and thus, like the Psalmist, encourage himself from former experience in the confidence of Divine mercy, and of salvation in the end.

FORGOTTEN, LORD, of Thee,
 How long shall I complain ?
 Say—shall I ne'er Thy mercy see,
 But seek Thy face in vain ?

How long shall anxious cares
 My doubtful mind employ ?
 While ceaseless grief my heart impairs,
 My foes exult with joy.

O LORD, incline Thine ear,
 Receive my suppliant breath,
 Lighten mine eyes, lest, darkness near,
 I sleep the sleep of death.

How will my foes rejoice,
 And glory to prevail,
 If, midst their persecuting voice,
 My troubled spirit fail ?

But *mercy* still endures,
 On *mercy* still I rest :
 JESUS my holy joy secures,
 With His *salvation* blest.

Now let my faith be strong,
 While I proclaim His praise :
 What bounties to the LORD belong !
 How boundless is His grace !

PSALM XIII.—VERSION II.

How long, Thy visits, LORD, forborne,
 Thy absence shall Thy servant mourn ?
 Wilt Thou, my GOD, averse to grace,
 In endless frowns conceal Thy face ?

How long, with anxious thoughts distrest,
 Shall doubtful counsels vex my breast ?
 While griefs incessant load my heart,
 And triumph to my foes impart.

O LORD, my GOD, observe my cry,
 Let not my pray'r unnotic'd lie :
 My eyes with beams of *mercy* bless,
 Lest death's long sleep my soul oppress.

Say, shall the foe the vict'ry claim
 O'er him who rests upon Thy name ?
 If *faith* decline—if *hope* decay,
 My griefs *their* triumphs will display.

But still on *mercy* I rely,
 To *mercy's* sov'reign aid I fly ;
 Let Thy *salvation*, LORD, impart
 Its holy raptures to my heart.

Then to the LORD with joy I'll raise
 The song of gratitude and praise :
 His grace in endless blessings flows !
 How vast the bounty He bestows !

PSALM XIII.—VERSION III.

LORD of *MERCY*, just and kind,
 Wilt Thou ne'er my guilt forgive ?
 Never shall my troubled mind
 In Thy kind remembrance live ?
 Still I wait Thy wonted grace,
 Still Thy *favour* is denied :
 Oh ! how long, withdrawn His face,
 Will my GOD His mercies hide !

LORD, how long with sorrows vex'd
 Daily shall my heart complain ?
 While my anxious soul, perplex'd,
 Counsel takes, but takes in vain ?
 LORD, how long shall *Satan's* art
 Tempt my harass'd soul to sin,
 Triumph o'er my humbled heart,
Fears without, and *guilt* within ?

LORD, my GOD, Thine ear incline,
 Bending to the pray'r of faith :
 Cheer my eyes with light divine,
 Lest I sleep the sleep of death :
 How will all my focs rejoice,
 If my sinking spirit fails ;
 Boasting, with triumphant voice,
 " See, our arm of pow'r prevails !"

But on *mercy* I rely,
Mercy, Heav'nly LORD, impart ;
Mercy brings *salvation* nigh,
Mercy shall rejoice my heart :
 LORD, I lift my voice in praise,
 All Thy bounty to adore :
 From eternity Thy grace
 Flows, increasing evermore !



PSALM XIV.

AN affecting description of the corruption of the *human heart*, and the consequent depravity in the *practice* of mankind, under which the Psalmist longs and prays for the *salvation* of the REDEEMER.—See Psalm liii. compare Rom i. 26 to 32, and iii. 10, &c.

“NO GOD,”—the foolish sinner cries,*
And sends his gloomy fears away :
His heart corrupt the law defies,
In sin’s delusive paths to stray.

From Heav’n the mighty LORD directs
His eye the guilty race around :
Not one but sin’s vile stain infects !
Not one in paths of duty found !

Madly they rage, His saints devour,
Nor to His throne their pray’r ascends :
They mock the counsel of the *poor*,
Who trust in GOD, whom GOD defends !

But, ah ! when earthly hopes have fail’d,
Where can the trembling soul confide ?
Guilt frights the troubled mind, assail’d
With num’rous causeless fears beside !^b

* Verse 1.—Literally, *The fool hath said in his heart, No GOD.* This may either be considered as the language of corrupt desire, *i. e.* *Oh that there were no GOD !* or as the language of infidelity, *i. e.* *There is no God.* The above version, preserving the abruptness of the original, is capable of either sense.

^b Verse 5.—See Psalm liii. 5.

Who, then, shall save the impious race,
 So stain'd with *guilt*, so sunk in *woe*?
 On *Calv'ry's* mount behold the grace!
 From *Zion* see *salvation* flow!^c

Our *ransom'd* souls, our joyful voice,
 The great *DELIVERER* shall proclaim:
 Let *Jacob's* tents aloud rejoice,
 And *Israel* shout the *SAVIOUR's* name.

^c Verse 7.—“*Out of Zion*,” This is meant of *CHRIST*, the *Salvation*, of *GOD* to *Israel*, who was expected out of *Zion*.—Is. lix. 20. Rom. xi. 26.

Intelligendum hoc de *CHRISTO*, vel de salute ab ipso redundante. (Quod sic probant.) (1) Is enim expectabatur ex *Zione*.—Rom. xi. 26. (2) En hic expressum *MESSIÆ* nomen, *JESCHUA*, *SALUS ISRAELIS*.—Luc. ii. 30. (3) Idem erat suspirium et votum *Davidis*.—Ps. cxix. 166; cxviii. 14. (4) Simile votum *Jacobi* pro *MESSIÆ* adventu.—Gen. xlix. 18. Quem locum ipsi *Judei* de *MESSIA* exponunt. Targum Jon. Targ. Hieros. (5) Quid magis fideles in votis habebant quam adventum *MESSIÆ*. (6) De *MESSIA* etiam *R.R.* intelligunt, &c. Cum omnia sint corrupta, optat adventum *CHRISTI*, per quem depravata natura, vel mundus restituitur.—*Various*, in *Pol. Syn. Crit.*



PSALM XV.

THE Citizen of Zion — This is appointed by the Church to be used on
Ascension-Day. The reason may be seen in the Preface to Psalm xxiv.

WHO, great God, with favour blest,
 Shall within Thy temple rest ?
 Who, protected by Thy love,
 Dwell on *Zion's* mount above ?

He who, with an heart sincere,
 Walks directed by Thy fear ?
 Rules of righteousness divine
 Daily in his practice shine.

Ne'er from truth his lips depart,
 Sacred held within his heart :
 Slanders ne'er his tongue employ,
 Nor another's fame destroy.

He will not his neighbour wrong,
 By his actions or his tongue :
 In his breast reproaches die,
 He nor makes nor spreads the lie.

Wicked works provoke his hate,
 Cloth'd in ornaments of state :
 All his honours he'll afford,
 To the men who fear the **LORD**.

Lo ! he swears—he never breaks
 What he once in promise speaks
 Tho' his inj'ry thence arise,
 Ne'er his plighted vow denies.

Never shall his hands be stain'd
 With the gold by av'rice gain'd :
 Tho' the bribe allurements spreads,
 Innocence no danger dreads.

He, who thus his ways approves,
 Never from Thy favour moves :—
 JESU'S glories here we see,
 Teach us, LORD, to copy THEE.

PSALM XV.—VERSION II.

JEHOVAH—who, in bliss supreme,
 Shall his eternal dwelling claim
 Within th' etherial dome ?
 Who fix with Thee, beyond the skies,
 Where *Zion's* sacred hills arise,
 His everlasting home ?

The man who, fill'd with sacred awe,
 Directs his conduct by Thy law ;
 His heart and words sincere :
 His soul abhors the sland'rous joy,
 That dares a neighbour's fame destroy,
 Nor lends th' indulgent ear.

Tho' arm'd with pow'r, or cloth'd in state,
Ungodly deeds provoke his hate,

 He scorns the scorner's smile :
But loves to seek the humble cot,
Of pious poverty the lot,
 Its sorrows to beguile.

He swears—nor shall his word be broke,
His promise stands :—'twas *truth* that spoke,

 Tho' dangers spread the way :
He loathes the gold which *avarice* gains,
Nor—for his hand the *bribe* disdains,
 Will *Innocence* betray.

The man who thus Thy law obeys,
Secur'd, my GOD, in all his ways,

 Thy holy hill shall see :
'Tis JESUS—spotless and divine !
My SAVIOUR, thus Thy glories shine !
 Conform my soul to THEE.



PSALM XVI.

THE humiliation, prayer, praise, and confidence, expressed in this Psalm, may at all times be the language of the believer, through CHRIST. But, as it is applied in Acts ii. 25, and xiii. 35. it must be considered as a soliloquy of the REDEEMER, as to the nature of His work, with its effects upon His people, and His own deliverance from death and the grave. The *first* of the versions, now offered to the reader, endeavours to unite both these views; in the *second* version it is referred to the believer; in the *third* to the REDEEMER alone, which will be found suitable for *Easter Sunday*.

PART THE FIRST.

ALMIGHTY GOD, preserve my soul,

I trust Thy arm divine :

My steadfast faith, Thou LORD of all,

Delights to call THEE *mine*.

My goodness cannot reach Thy throne,^a

Thy glories to increase ;

The saints alone its influence feel,

Alone its pow'r confess.

Thy saints on earth with joy discern

Its rays of heav'nly light ;

On them, with all Thy grace adorn'd,

I fix my whole delight.^b

Their sorrows shall eternal flow,

Who other *Saviours* choose ;

Their sacrifice He'll not present,

His lips their names refuse.

^a Verse 2.—Job xxxv. 7.

^b Verse 3.—John xvii. 19.—“*My delight.*” The name of the Church. Is. lxii. 4.

PART THE SECOND.

JEHOVAH, (boundless is His grace !)

My heritage remains ;

His fullness shall my *cup* supply ;

My *lot* His arm maintains.

What pleasures round my dwelling rise !

He mark'd it with His line :

But in His love my soul shall boast,

Th' Inheritance Divine.

I'll bless the LORD, His warning voice

Directs my doubtful way :

In shades of night my chasten'd reins

Instruct me to obey.

PART THE THIRD.

I set the LORD before My sight,

(The *dying SAVIOUR* said :)

Near My right-hand My *GUARDIAN* stands,

When sinking midst the dead.

My *heart* is glad, My *soul* exults,

My *flesh* in hope shall rest ;

Soon shall My frame triumphant wake,

With *life* and *glory* blest !

Not *hell*^c detains My raptur'd soul,

His love shall set Me free :

Thy *JUST*, Thy *HOLY ONE* shall rise,

Nor e'er corruption see.

^c Verse 10.—“ By *hell* we are to understand the *place, estate, or depth of death.*”—See *Ainsworth in loc.* ; or, a most ingenious sermon by the late learned Bishop Horsley ; or, *Pearson on the Creed, in loc.*

Up from the tomb, the path of life
 My faithful GOD shall show ;
 At Thy *right-hand*, before Thy face,
 Eternal pleasures flow !

PSALM XVI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

PRESERVE my soul, O GOD *MOST HIGH!*
 ON Thee securely I rely :
 Thou art “ *my LORD,*” Thou LORD *SUPREME!*
 And *faith* shall glory in the name.

But how shall human virtues rise,
 To meet the trial of Thine eyes ?
 Impure—to Thee in vain they flow,
 Tho’ grateful to Thy saints below.

Thy saints—who all on earth excel !
 Midst them as friends I love to dwell ;
 To them my confidence impart,
 The choice affections of my heart.

But mis’ries shall their path bestrew,
 Whose hearts the *idol-world* pursue :
 What vanity their mind allures ?
 Their *joys* decay—their *guilt* endures !

Their sorrows shall the LORD increase,
 Who slight th’ appointed *SAVIOUR’S* grace :
 His *mercy* spurn—elate with pride,
 Or seek a *righteousness* beside.

Ne'er shall their *self-wrought* off' rings rise,
 By Him presented to the skies :
 To plead their names His lips refuse :
 Nor let my heart their friendship choose.

PART THE SECOND.

JEHOVAH, (wondrous is His name!)
 My vast inheritance I claim !
 Th' eternal LORD *Himself* bestows,
 And with His grace my *cup* o'erflows.

'Tis He maintains my happy *lot* ;
 His line has mark'd the favour'd spot :
 What pleasures round my dwelling spring ?
 His *guardian providence* I'll sing !

Where'er His presence shines around,
 A *Paradise* on earth is found ;
 But, in His Heav'n, and near His seat,
 My soul's best heritage I wait.

I'll bless the LORD—Thro' all my days,
 His counsels guide my doubtful ways :
 My chasten'd reins rejoice by night,
 Instructed by His heav'nly light.

PART THE THIRD.

Before my eyes the LORD I'll place,
 Ne'er shall my soul forget His grace :
 Near my right-hand, my *GUARD* confest,
 My GOD—on whom unmov'd I rest !

What tho' I yield my fainting breath,
 And sink amidst the shades of death ?
 My body to the tomb resign ?
 I am the LORD's, the LORD is *mine* !

My heart exults—with dying voice
 My soul (my glory) shall rejoice !
 Soon shall I triumph o'er the grave,
 Since THOU hast sov'reign pow'r to save.

From thence the LORD, my *SAVIOUR* rose,
 There shall my flesh in hope repose :
 My *rising LORD*, by faith I see,
 Secures that victory to *me*.

Soon shall my soul His conquests tell,
 And quit the shades where spirits dwell :
 Thy pow'r shall raise the sleeping just,
 Nor leave my body in the dust.

From its long sleep my flesh shall wake,
 Shall rise—and death's dominion break :
 JESUS hath led the wondrous way
 To life—to bliss—to endless day !

There *joy's full plenitude* is known,
 Before Thy face, around Thy throne :
 At Thy *right-hand*—a boundless store !
 Where *pleasures* flow for evermore !

PSALM XVI.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

O GOD, preserve My sinking soul,
 When waves of trouble round Me roll,
 The humble *SAVIOUR* cries :
 My heart prefers its steadfast claim,
 Calls Thee “ *My LORD,*” Thou *LORD SUPREME!*
 And on Thy arm relies.

My work Thy glory, LORD, displays,
 Its higher splendours who can raise ?
 All pure !—all infinite !
 My saints the gracious influence feel,
 In them—who all on earth excel,
 I fix My whole delight.

Their sorrows shall eternal rise,
 Whose hearts some idol-god devise,
 Or other *Saviours* choose :
 I'll not present their rites profane,^d
 When by their hand the victim's slain ;
 Their names My lips refuse.

^d Verse 4.—Verba hæc sunt sacerdotalia CHRISTI ; (q. d.) Ego, tanquam *PONTIFEX*, non offeram Tibi ipsorum libamina, sive Mosaica, ex hypocrisi oblata ; sive idololatrica infidelium, verum *DEI* cultum detractantium.—*Cucceius, apud Poli Syn. Crit.*

JEHOVAH, LORD OF ALL, is *Mine*,
My *portion—heritage divine!*

'Tis He My *cup* supplies :
'Tis His own arm maintains My *lot*,
How pleasant is the chosen spot,
In which My dwelling lies!

I'll bless the LORD, His gracious voice
Has counsell'd oft My happy choice,
And fix'd My steadfast mind :
My chasten'd reins, when troubles spread,
Dark as the night,* around My head,
Are to His will resign'd.

PART THE SECOND.

I set the LORD before My sight,
Near My right-hand, array'd in might,
My heav'nly *GUARDIAN* stands :
Unshaken, I resign My breath,
And mingle with the shades of death,
For 'tis His word commands.

My heart exults, My *soul* in joy
Shall all its active pow'rs employ,
My *flesh* in hope shall rest :
From *hell* My raptur'd *soul* shall rise,
Thy pow'r recalls it to the skies,
With endless *glory* blest.

* Verse 7.—The *night*, denoting the time of His *agony* and *passion*.---
Noctu, (i.e.) in mediis ærumnis. Notat tempus *agonias* et *passus*.—Luke
xxii. 53. Various, Poli Syn. Crit. See also Horne in loc.

Then shall My mortal frame awake,
 Triumphant thro' the grave I'll break,
 From death's dominion free ;
 Thy *HOLY ONE*, the *GOOD*, the *JUST*,
 Shall rise—nor mingle with the dust,
 Nor e'er corruption see.

Thy hand the *path of life* shall show,
 Where joys before Thy *presence* flow,
 A full, a boundless store !
 At Thy *right-hand*, (My blissful seat !)
 My pleasures shall be all complete,
 And flow for evermore !



PSALM XVII.

THE Psalmist here makes his appeal to GOD, from the false accusation and calumny of his enemies ; and thence urges his prayer for Divine protection. The character of the worldly-minded is emphatically described and the superior happiness and hope of the Believer, expecting to be *the face*, and to be formed into the *likeness*, of his LORD.—1 iii. 1, 2.

PART THE FIRST.

HEAR, LORD, the right—my cause defend
 My soul from falsehood clear :
 My pray'r, my earnest cry, attend,
 That flows from lips sincere.

I wait my sentence from Thy throne,
 From THEE, Thou JUDGE SUPREME!
 Thine eye regards the truth alone,
 Let justice weigh my claim.

Thy piercing eye my heart has prov'd,
 Beneath the night's deep shade :
 What secret sin, allow'd or lov'd,
 Has Thy strict search survey'd ?

'Tis fix'd—my lips shall not transgress—
 From works of men profane,
 Taught by Thy *Word*, my soul shall cease,
 Which lead to endless pain.

PART THE SECOND.

LORD, on Thy arm my hopes confide,
 Uphold me in Thy ways,
 Lest my deluded footsteps slide,
 Unaided by Thy grace.

Up to Thy throne my pray'r ascends,
 For Thou my pray'r wilt hear :
 There will I wait, whence *Mercy* bends
 Its oft indulgent ear.

O Thou, my God, exalted high !
 The men who fear Thy name,
 Amidst their foes on Thee rely,
 And Thee their *REFUGE* claim.

How wide, how vast, Thy *Mercies* flow !
 Thy *promis'd* grace is sure :
 To *me* Thy *wondrous kindness* show,
 And fix my hopes secure.

To *me* that tend'rest care afford,
 So quick to guard the eye :
 Extend Thy wings, *all-gracious* LORD,
 Safe in their shade I'll lie.

By foes encompass'd and oppress'd,
 Malignant to destroy ;
 On THEE, with steadfast hope, I'll rest,
 Till vict'ry crown my joy.

PART THE THIRD.

With pamper'd flesh the wicked rise,
 And vent their boasting breath,
 Urge round the just, and set their eyes,
 And mark the souls for death.*

* Verse 11.—לִנְשֹׂא אֶרֶץ, *to lay us prostrate upon the earth, or, finally to take an end of us.*—Horne.

So the young *Lion* seeks his prey,
 Insatiate in his rage;
 Or lurks unseen, with quick survey,
 His hunger to assuage,

Awake, arise, Eternal LORD,
 Let all their hopes be vain :
 They fall beneath Thy pow'rful word,
 Nor rise to life again.

LORD, save me, and their wrath assuage—
 When wicked men combine,
Theirs is the *malice* and the *rage*,
 The *sword*, the *hand*, is *Thine*.

PART THE FOURTH.

On earth the sinner's portion lies,
 By Thee with treasures stor'd :
 But what is all that earth supplies,
 Compar'd with THEE, my LORD !

Their sons their hoarded heaps possess,
 Arising in their stead :
 Alas ! what vanity th' increase !
 Themselves amidst the dead !

But, as for me—when sov'reign grace
 Shall these frail pow'rs refine,
 I shall behold my SAVIOUR'S face,
 In *righteousness divine* !^b

^b Verse 15.—Phil. iii. 7—11.

When from the grave of death I wake,
 In Thy *resemblance* drest ;
 My soul Thy glory shall partake,
 With *full contentment* blest !

PSALM XVII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

HEAR, LORD, when *truth* and *justice* plead,
 While at Thy throne I intercede ;
 From lips sincere my pray'rs arise,
 O save me from deceit and lies.

Conscious of guilt, I dread Thy sight ;
 Yet, crush'd beneath malignant might,
 I wait my sentence from Thy throne,
 Whose eyes regard the truth alone.

To Thee in midnight shades expos'd,
 Thy trial has my heart disclos'd ;
 But, when Thine eyes have search'd me thro',
 What secret sin arose to view ?

'Tis fix'd—my lips shall not transgress,
 The solemn vow I'll not release :
 Kept by Thy *Word*, my soul has fled
 The dang'rous paths which sinners tread.

PART THE SECOND.

With conscious weakness prone to stray,
 LORD, let Thy grace uphold my way :
 Be Thou my *LEADER*, Thou my *GUIDE*,
 Else my unstable feet shall slide.

To THEE the *pray'r of faith* shall rise,
 Oft *hast* Thou heard my suppliant cries :
 Again Thy gracious ear incline,
 And aid me with a pow'r divine.

O THOU *All-gracious, LORD MOST HIGH!*
 Thy servants, who on THEE rely,
 Though *earth* or *hell* beset them round,
 In Thy *right-hand* have vict'ry found.

How rich the grace !—the love how great !
 Which daily near Thy servants wait !
 To *me*—while sojourning below,
 Thy *wondrous loving-kindness* show.

To *me* that tend'rest care apply,
 That guards the pupil of the eye :
 While round my soul Thy *mercy* flings
 The shelt'ring shadow of its wings.

Then from my foes (tho' long oppress'd)
 Thy pow'r and grace shall give me rest ;
 Nor *Satan* more his arts employ,
 My *peace* or *safety* to destroy.

PART THE THIRD.

The wicked 'midst their feasts recline,
 And fed with pamper'd lux'ry shine :
 Their swelling words bespeak their state,
 With pride and vanity elate.

Encircling round our paths they spread,
 And watch the very steps we tread ;
 Quick cast about their treach'rous eyes,
 In death their victim to surprise.

The *Lion* thus, with sure survey,
 Marks and devotes his destin'd prey ;
 Lurks yet unseen, with ardent blood,
 Impatient for th' expected food.

Rise, Mighty LORD, their hopes confound,
 Cast their vain projects to the ground ;
 Nor to vile men my soul consign,
 Thy hand—a righteous sword of Thine !

PART THE FOURTH.

Behold th' indulgent sons of mirth,
 Their joy, their portion, fix'd on earth !
 Thy hand bestows the hoarded store,
 How bright ! how vain !—but adds no more.

If children rise, and heirs increase,
 'Tis but to fill their vacant place ;
 The same delusive paths to tread ;
 Themselves, unconscious, 'midst the dead.

But, as for me—my hopes arise,
 Beyond the grave ; above the skies :
 To see Thy face in glory shine,
 Array'd in *righteousness divine* !

When from the dust of death I wake,
 My soul Thy *Image* shall partake ;
 And, in Thy glorious likeness drest,
 Shine bright, with *full contentment* blest.

PSALM XVIII.

THIS Psalm was no doubt composed to celebrate the victories of *David*, 2 Sam. xxii. 1. But it represents still further, in language highly metaphorical, the work, victories and triumphs, of the REDEEMER. The division of *Bishop Horne*, into ten parts, is here followed, and the version composed to direct the *Church* to the consideration and acknowledgment of the glories of her *victorious* and *exalted KING*!^a

PART THE FIRST.

Verse 1 to 3.—An acknowledgment of the power and grace of GOD; rendered so as to be applicable either to CHRIST or His Church.

WITH my whole heart I'll love Thy name,
While Thee, the LORD, my STRENGTH I claim!
My ROCK, my FORTRESS where I fly!
My great DELIV'ER always nigh!

My GOD!—Thy names of grace impart
The STRENGTH that animates my heart:
In Thee I trust, nor danger dread,
Thy arm the BUCKLER o'er my head!

^a Should any one object to the view given of this sublime Ode, in the above remarks, a similar objection, it must be acknowledged, will lie against the Version here offered; but, as referred to *David* alone, it can have but little relation to the *Christian Church*, nor be well accommodated to its worship. If, however, this typical sense of the Psalm be allowed, the Version will be found to be as close and literal as possible, and affording some of the most admirable views of the REDEEMER, in His sufferings and victory.—*Agit hic Psalmus de Davide; sed ita ut etiam de CHRISTO, Davide Mystico, exponamus, in quo omnia optime et plenissime implentur.*—Soli CHRISTO conveniunt (1) quod, *gratia ejus Davidi, et semini ejus, in seculum exhibita est.* (2) *Annunciatio et regnum in gentibus, &c.* *Various in Poli Syn. Crit.*

What can Thy *HORN OF POW'R* control,
Which wrought *SALVATION* for my soul?
Thou the *HIGH TOW'R* of my defence !
Nor *earth* nor *hell* shall pluck me thence !

Thou, gracious LORD, *hast* heard my cries,
Beyond our praise Thy glories rise :
And still shall pray'r my lips employ,
Till Thou shalt ev'ry foe destroy.

PART THE SECOND.

Verse 4 to 6.—*MESSIAH'S sufferings, prayer and deliverance.*

Around my *SAVIOUR'S* soul
The *Cords of death*^b are bound ;
From earth, as mighty billows roll,
Th' ungodly crowds surround.
From hell the torrents spread,
And sorrows whelm His breath ;
His feet with gloomy anguish tread
Amidst the snares of death.
Then to the LORD alone
His soul its pray'r address'd ;
To God he cried, besieg'd His throne,
The refuge of th' oppress'd.
God from His temple bends,
He hears my *SAVIOUR'S* voice :
JESUS, Thy pray'r the LORD attends,
In Thee my pow'rs rejoice.

^b Verse 4.—*Sorrows of death*, Heb. חבלִי, *funes, Cords*. See *Poli Syn. Crit.* and *Bishop Horne*. 2 Sam. xxii. 5. מַשְׁבְּרֵי, *fractiones, fluctus, Waves*.

PART THE THIRD.

Verse 7 to 15.—The divine interposition for the deliverance of MESSIAH, poetically and sublimely described, in allusion to the rage and effects of a mighty tempest. See *Hab.* iii. *Rev.* xix. 11—16.

Then the trembling earth amaz'd
In His fierce anger shook ;
Hills, their mighty roots uprais'd,
Their sever'd base forsook :
'Twas His all-consuming Ire :
Smoke from out His nostrils fled,
From His mouth devouring fire,
And flames the skies o'erspread.

Heav'n He bow'd !—His pow'r confess'd,
And down JEHOVAH pass'd ;
Air, in gloomy darkness press'd,
Roll'd at His feet He cast :
On the *CHERUBIM* He rode,
Winds His lofty seat prepare,
On their *wings*, the Mighty God
Flies on His rapid Car !

Night and darkness, round Him spread,
Th' o'erwhelming glories hide ;
Clouds majestic shade His head,
By Heav'n's dark floods supplied :
There the LORD His pow'r conceal'd, •
There his close *pavilion* chose,
Vengeance waits (His presence vail'd)
His unsuspecting foes.

Bursting thro' the awful bound,
 His blaze of brightness flies ;
 Hail tempestuous show'rs around,
 And meteors fire the skies :
 Hark !—JEHOVAH's thunders roll,
 GOD the HIGHEST gives His word,
 Fire and hail from pole to pole
 Proclaim the *present* LORD !

Round His fiery darts He threw,
 The scatter'd armies fled ;
 Mingling, as His *lightnings* flew,
 Amidst the falling dead :
 Seas rebuk'd, their channels dry,
 Rush aloft, to mountains whirl'd ;
 Earth's foundations naked lie ;
 His breath the vengeance hurl'd !

PART THE FOURTH.

Verse 16 to 19.—The deliverance of MESSIAH from all His enemies and the grave.

Déscending from above,
 The LORD His *Servant* saves :
 MESSIAH, wondrous love !
 Surmounts the num'rous waves :
 From the deep floods, where sorrows roll,
 Th' Almighty arm withdrew His soul.

The great *DELIV'RER* rose,
 His state benignant view'd,
 Oppress'd by pow'rful foes,
 By hellish hate pursued :
 Where *life* declines, and *nature* fails,
 There, on the *cross*, His arm prevails.

From *earth* with griefs oppress,
 Afflicted from *on High*,
 They wound the stricken breast,
 Where all our sorrows lie :
 Yet, sunk to death, beneath the grave,
 Still doth the LORD His *Servant* save.

Behold the *SAVIOUR* rise,
 To life, to freedom, brought,
 He seeks th' unbounded skies,
 His GOD deliv'rance wrought !
 There fix'd His throne, in endless might,
 In HIM we trust, the LORD's delight.

PART THE FIFTH.

Verse 20 to 24.---His own *perfect righteousness* the cause of His deliverance ;
 applicable to CHRIST alone.

The LORD His *righteous Servant* loves,
 His strict obedience He approves,
 And justifies His claim :
 His hands no vile pollutions stain,
 Thy ways, my GOD, His heart retain,
 Nor can Thy justice blame.

Thy judgments ever in His sight,
 Thy perfect statutes His delight,
 Nor do His steps decline :
 Upright in all Thy sacred will,
 He bids His Heart Thy law fulfil,
 Nor secret sin design.

The LORD (His righteousness confest)
 O'er all His foes with triumph blest,
 And rais'd MESSIAH high ;
 With *perfect innocence* array'd,
 His glorious recompence display'd,
 And thron'd Him o'er the sky !

PART THE SIXTH.

Verse 25 to 29.—God's general Equity, in His dealings with Men, stated
 as the cause of His delight, in the *righteous and all-perfect MESSIAH*.

Lo! o'er the world JEHOVAH reigns,
 His equal justice He maintains ;
 The man that's *merciful* and kind
 The *mercy* of the LORD shall find :
 Just to the Just—He renders right
 To those in *Justice* who delight.

Where *pure desires* the heart refine,
 The LORD in *purity* will shine ;
 To him, with all His grace supply'd
 The secrets of His love confide.
 But men, who *froward tempers* show,
 Are doom'd His *frowardness* to know.

Thy bosom LORD, compassion feels,
 The sons of woe Thy *Mercy* heals :
 These—objects of Thy gentlest care,
 Thy saving pow'r and goodness share ;
 But the high look, and haughty gait,
 The vengeance of Thy hand await.

Kindled by Thee, within my breast,
 I'm with the *lamp* of *Reason* blest,
 But when Thy *SPIRIT's* *glory* shines,
 His *light* my earthly pow'rs refines.
 Then, O my GOD, Thy heav'nly ray
 Changes my darkness into day.

On Thee I rest, with calm repose,
 Whose arm has vanquish'd all my foes ;
 Tho' *hosts of hell* against me stand,
 I rush thro' all at Thy command,
 And, while their hostile troops surround,
 Straight o'er the thick enclosure bound.

PART THE SEVENTH.

Verse 30 to 36.—The hand of GOD acknowledged in the *Victory of MES-*
SIAH, which may be applicable also to His people.

On my GOD, my spirit stays,
 Strict perfection marks His ways :
 Lo! His *Word* my *Light* and *Guide*,
 Shines the more, the more 'tis tried :
 All who trust in Him have found,
 Him their *BUCKLER* spread around.

Other gods my lips deny,
 But JEHOVAH, GOD *MOST HIGH* !
 Who another *ROCK* can place, •
 But our GOD of *boundless grace* ?
 'Tis His *SPIRIT's* *grace* and *might*
 Gird me for the heav'nly fight.

He my dang'rous way shall lead,
 Perfect all the strength I need :
 See, in flight, the bounding *Hind*
 Leaves the rapid steed behind,
 Thus doth He my strength supply,
 Till He place my soul on high.

By His *Word* and *SPIRIT* taught,
 Form'd for war, my hands have fought,
 Tho' the bow of steel they bend,
 Triumph shall my steps attend :
 Thy *salvation*, LORD, reveal'd,
 Forms my everlasting *Shield*.

Thy right hand with pow'r divine
 Still upholds—the *vict'ry's* mine !
 Thy compassions, O my GOD,
 Gentle care, or gentler rod,
 Raise me high ; enlarge my way ;
 Now shall all my foes obey.

PART THE EIGHTH.

Verse 36 to 42.—The destruction of MESSIAH's enemies, after His
resurrection, applied to CHRIST alone.

Messiah, (from the grave arose)
 Proclaims His triumph o'er His foes ;
 Victorious o'er their head He past :
 Vain their contempt—their triumph's vain ;
 Wounded they fall, nor rise again,
 Beneath His feet their spoils He cast.

JEHOVAH, Thy eternal might
 Maintains the injur'd *SAVIOUR'S* right,
 On high Almighty to subdue !
 Vainly they rise, by hatred led,
 High o'er their prostrate necks He'll tread,
 And judgment shall His foes pursue.
 They cried—their lips the LORD profan'd,
 Their faithless cry the LORD disdain'd,
 Their impious pray'rs no answer meet :
 Before MESSIAH'S face they fly,
 Like the fine dust that clouds the sky,
 Or viler refuse of the street.

PART THE NINTH.

Verse 43 to 45.—The submission of the heathen to MESSIAH, in consequence of His victory.

Thro' earth the *SAVIOUR'S* name shall spread,
 His foes resist no more ;
 O'er heathen lands proclaim'd the head,
 Let heathen lands adore.
 Nations, thro' distant climes,^c unknown,
 Their service shall afford,
 Shall hear His name, His glory own,
 And haste t' obey their LORD.
 The strangers of the *Gentile* race
 Shall with His *Church* attend :
 Shall bow submissive to His grace,
 And in His *Temples* bend.

^c Rom. xv. 20, 21.

But rebels, who renounce His fear,
 Shall perish in their pride,
 Shall tremble when His judgment's near,
 Nor rocks nor mountains hide.

He lives—the LORD JEHOVAH lives,
 My *ROCK*, I bless His name :
 JESUS *my GOD*, *salvation* gives !
 Thro' earth exalt His fame !

PART THE TENTH.

Verse 46 to 50.—A general ascription of praise to GOD for the whole, celebrating the deliverance obtained by the *KING MESSIAH*: rendered so as to be sung by His *Church*, triumphing in His victory. The last Verse is here repeated, to introduce with more energy the song of praise ; (or it may be omitted in the former part).

Lo ! the LORD JEHOVAH liveth,
 He's my *ROCK*, I bless His name ;
 He, *my GOD*, *salvation* giveth,
 All ye Lands exalt His fame :
 GOD, MESSIAH's cause maintaining,
 Shall His righteous throne extend ;
 O'er the world the SAVIOUR reigning,
 Earth shall at His footstool bend.
 O'er His enemies exalted,
 Great *REDEEMER*!—see Him rise !
 Tho' by *pow'rs of hell* assaulted,
 GOD supports Him to the skies :
 O'er the foe, His fall devising,
 He the Victory obtains :
 Over *death* and *hell* arising,
 Over all the *SAVIOUR* reigns.

Now in Him my soul rejoices,
 Shouting "*glory to His name*:"
 Heathen lands shall hear—their voices
 Shall JEHOVAH's grace proclaim:
 Vict'ry hath His arm appointed
 To His *CHRIST*^d: (let all adore!)
Mercy to His *KING ANOINTED*,
 To His *seed*^e for evermore!!

^d Verse 49.—This verse is applied, Rom. xv. 9. to the calling of the *Gentiles* into the *faith of CHRIST*; of Him, therefore, of His *Victory* and *Kingdom*, this Psalm must be chiefly intended.—*Dinsworth*.—See *Poli Syn. Crit*

^e Verse 50.—To His *ANOINTED*, His *MESSIAH*, or *CHRIST*, Psalm ii. 2. His *seed*, (i. e.) His *disciples*, or His *Church* to the end of time.—Heb. ii. 13. See *Poli Syn. Crit*.



PSALM XIX.

IN this beautiful composition, the visible heavens are considered as wonderfully displaying the *Majesty* and the *Power* of GOD, through all the earth. May not an allusion also be made to the *spiritual Heaven* of His Church, in which the *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS* is placed and shines; travelling in its influences, like its type, from *East* to *West*, with the light of *truth* and *mercy*. So it is applied by the Apostle, Rom. x. 18. It is therefore appointed by the Church to be read on *Christmas day*; when that *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS* arose.—Mal. iv. 2. The Psalm concludes with an eulogy on the *Word* of GOD, under various names, descriptive of its various properties; and a prayer for grace, integrity, and acceptance.

PART THE FIRST.

THE heav'ns, thro' all their varied frame,

Thy glories, LORD, declare;^a

Thy wondrous works extended shine,

Thro' the vast tracks of air.

Each *day* to day's succeeding light

Commits Thy glorious name;

And *night*, with all its glitt'ring train,

To night conveys the same.

Nor speech, nor word, nor voice is heard,

In silence round they move,

Yet through the earth proclaim aloud^b

The *POW'R* that rules above!

^a Verse 4.—“If the heavens thus declare the *glory* of GOD, and this is the great lesson they are continually teaching; what other language do they speak than that *their LORD* is the representative of *ours*, the bright ruler in the *natural world* of the more glorious one in the *spiritual*; their material Sun of the *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS*.”—Bishop Horne.

^b Verse 4.—*Their line*, their frame, &c. formed as by line; Job xxxviii. 5; or their *sound*; Rom. x. 18.

Amidst the heav'ns its *MAKER*, GOD,
 High plac'd the *Orb of day*,
 Fix'd its *firm tent*—its *throne of light*,
 O'er all the earth its sway.

Thence, in a *Bridegroom's* glory drest,
 The *bright refulgent Sun*
 Comes forth;—and as a *Champion* stands,
 And joys his race to run.

Swift from the *east* his bounding light
 Thro' heav'ns vast circuit flies,
 Pursues its rapid course, and wheels
 Around the kindling skies.

Creation, to its utmost bounds,
 His heat and glory knows :
 Cast o'er the earth in thousand forms
 His life, his beauty, glows.

Thro' all—in all—his light unchang'd
 Spreads its vast beams abroad :
 But THEE, the *MAKER*, we adore,
 Thou *ALL-CREATING* GOD !

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *Law*, O GOD, converts the soul,
 There all perfection lies ;
 Sure are Thy *Testimonies*, LORD,
 They make the simple wise.

How just the *Statutes* of Thy *Word*!
 They glad th' enraptur'd heart!
 To darken'd eyes Thy pure *Commands*
 Their heav'nly light impart.

Bright thro' eternal ages shine
 The precepts of Thy *fear*:
 Thy *judgments* all Thy *truth* display,
 Their *justice* we revere.^c

When all the glories of Thy *Word*
 My wond'ring eyes behold,
 Not *honey* from the *comb's* so sweet,
 Nor shines the finest *gold*.

^c Verse 7, &c.—The six names here used, mark distinct properties of the *Word of God*, to which six different effects are ascribed, exactly corresponding. See Searle's *Horæ Solitariae*, 2d ed. p. 301, and *Poli Syn. Crit.*

הוֹרָה, (See note, Ps. i.) *Teaching. A Directory. Marginal reading, Doctrine.* The general revelation of all the mind and will of *God*; see Ainsworth in *loc.*; this is "perfect converting the soul," &c.—Is. xlii. 4.

עֲדוּת, *Witnesses*, all that *God* hath testified of *HIMSELF*, of the person and office of *CHRIST*, of the *HOLY SPIRIT*, and of the state of *Man*, in the *Scriptures*; these are, "sure making wise the simple," &c.

פְּקֻדֹּת, *Visitations, Charges. Institutions* for man's observance; the word חֻקִּים is also translated *statutes*, signifying *delineations* or *descriptions*. Perhaps the shadows of the *Levitical service*, corresponding to the *Sacraments* of the *Christian Church*: these are, "right, rejoicing the heart."

צִוִּיּוֹת, *Commands*, properly; or, *His Laws*: these are, "pure, and en-
 lightening the eyes."

יִרְאָה, that which teaches *His fear*, *His precepts*: these are "clean, en-
 during for ever."

מִשְׁפָּטִים, *Judgments, purposes, determinations, counsels* as revealed: these are "true and righteous altogether;" by all these we are warned, or enlightened; נֹוֹרָה: and "in keeping of these there is great reward;" or, (as some,) this is עֶקֶב רַב, the great end of our being. These names are retained in the version, though, perhaps, at the expense of a more easy versification, because thus only could the sense of the Psalm be preserved.

LORD, by Thy *Word*, Thy servant stands
 Enlighten'd and reprov'd ;
 Sure the reward, and sweet the peace,
 When practis'd and belov'd.

PART THE THIRD.

LORD, who can all his wand'rings know ?
 Or watch where guilt begins ?
 Then let Thy grace my heart renew,
 And cleanse from secret sins.

From bold iniquities restrain,
 Where fools presumptuous stray ;
 Break their dominion from my soul,
 And guide me in Thy way.

Thus, taught by Thee, my watchful heart
 The great offence shall shun ;
 While in Thy ways, from day to day,
 My willing feet shall run.

Then, let the *words* my lips pronounce,
 Or secret *thoughts* devise,
 JESUS, my *ROCK*, *REDEEMER*, *LORD*,
 Thro' *THEE* accepted rise.

PSALM XIX.—VERSION II

PART THE FIRST.

Applied to CHRIST, as in Rom. x. 18.

THE varied heav'ns proclaim abroad,
 The glories of their *MAKER*, GOD;
 While, thro' the vast expanse of air,
 His works in wondrous ranks appear;
 And night to day, and day to night,
 Proclaim His *wisdom* and His *might*.

Silent they move, at His command,
 Yet teach His name to ev'ry land:
 There (fix'd his *tent*) the *orb of day*,
 Deck'd in a *Bridegroom's* rich array,
 Comes forth, and with a *giant's* pace,
 Rejoices in his boundless race.

Thence, rising on the darken'd earth,
 He gives the *op'ning morning* birth;
 And, while to heav'n's remotest ends,
 With rapid course his circuit bends,
 His *heat*, through all created things,
 In varied *life* and *beauty* springs.

But brighter glory far remains,
 In higher Heav'ns where *mercy* reigns:
 Sweet beams of *Majesty* and *Grace*
 Shine from the *SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS*:
 So from the *east* His glories rise,
 And hasten to the *western* skies.

Shine on Thou *ORB OF HEAV'NLY LIGHT*,
 And scatter all the shades of night ;
 Let life Thy healing rays attend,
 And spread to earth's remotest end :
 Thro' all the world Thy grace display,
 Then rise in everlasting day.

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *Law* converts the soul to Thee,
 GREAT GOD, perfection there we see ;
 Sure are Thy *testimonies*, LORD,
 There for the simple *wisdom's* stor'd ;
 While all Thy *statutes*, just and true,
 The joys of Heav'n on earth renew.

Thy pure *commands* restore the sight,
 And bless my eyes with sacred light ;
 Thy *fear*, all spotless and serene,
 Eternal as Thyself is seen ;
 While in Thy *judgments* we confess
 Unerring *truth* and *righteousness*.

Thy *Word*, GREAT GOD, is all divine !
 To guide my paths its glories shine !
 Not the fine *gold*, in radiance bright,
 Can e'er so captivate my sight ;
 Nor *honey* from the *comb* afford
 So sweet a relish as Thy *Word*.

Instructed by this *heav'nly guide*,
 From Thee the *FOUNT OF TRUTH* supplied,
 Thy servant, list'ning to Thy voice,
 Finds the rich boon of conscious joys :
 Since Thy rich grace descends to fill
 The heart which loves and does Thy will.

PART THE THIRD.

LORD, who can all his errors learn ?
 Or his first wand'ring thoughts discern ?
 Can search thro' ev'ry sin's disguise,
 Or trace the mazes where it lies ?
 From its delusive pow'r release,
 And cleanse my soul, *THOU FOUNT OF GRACE!*

From each presumptuous way restrain,
 Nor on my heart let guilt remain,
 Nor let my soul, absurdly bold,
 With sin deceitful dalliance hold :
 Then shall my spirit stand sincere,
 From guilt's *allow'd dominion* clear.

LORD, let my *words* and *thoughts* arise
 To meet th' approval of Thine eyes :
 JESUS, my *ROCK*, my *STRENGTH*, bestow
 The grace whence holy actions flow :
 While all my hopes and humble claim
 Rest, *GREAT REDEEMER*, on Thy name.

PSALM XX.

A prayer for the King; but especially, of the Church for the KING MESSIAH; in whose power and victory she determines to trust and triumph. It is rendered conformably to each of these views respectively, in the two different versions.

NOW may the LORD, with gracious care,
Hear in distress our *Sov'reign's* pray'r;
The NAME of *Jacob's* GOD^a defend,
And *strength* and *aid* from *Zion* send.

Now may his grateful *off'rings* rise,
As incense mounting to the skies:
GREAT GOD, his *arms* with vict'ry bless,
And crown his *counsels* with success.

Then in his *conquests* we'll rejoice,
And lift to THEE our thankful voice;
Our banners in Thy NAME shall stand,
LORD, hear the *King* :—Thy strength command.

Now shall our faith triumphant rise,
He hears—He saves—His strength supplies;
JEHOVAH, from His heav'nly throne,
Will His anointed servant own.

Vain is the *chariot* form'd for war,
In vain the *navy's thunders* roar,
The fiery *steed*—the glitt'ring *sword*,
Are all but vain—we trust the LORD.

^a Verse 1.—See Gen. xxxii. 27—29, and xxxv. 3.

Here will we stand, our refuge sure,
His pow'r our vict'ries shall secure,
When those who on *their* arms rely
Fall back, and in confusion die.

O save, JEHOVAH; hear our pray'r,
And make our *Sov'reign's life* Thy care ;
Then in *Thy pow'r* and *favour* blest,
Safe on *his care* Thy *Church* shall rest.

PSALM XX.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Applied to the King MESSIAH.

THE LORD MESSIAH's pray'r attends,
When all our guilt afflicts His soul :
The *NAME* of *Jacob's God* defends,
When o'er His head the billows roll.

Lo ! from His sanctu'ry in the skies, ✓
His strength the *suff'ring LORD* sustains :
Tho' on the *cross* the *SAVIOUR* dies,
His cause from *Zion* He maintains.

On *Calv'ry's* mount, consuming fire
Th' *accepted sacrifice* declares ;^b
There He completes His heart's desire,
And to His throne the glory bears.

^b Verse 3.—“*Accept Thy burnt sacrifice.*” Heb. *יִרְשָׁנָה*, *reduce to ashes*, alluding to the fire from Heaven, which oftentimes consumed the sacrifice, as a mark and token of Divine acceptance; Lev. ix. 24.; 2 Chron. vii. 1.; 1 Kings xviii. 38.; and an emblem of that *wrath* which fell on JESUS CHRIST, when “*it pleased the FATHER to bruise Him,*” &c. when He “*offered Himself an offering and a sacrifice to GOD, for a sweet smelling sa-*”
“*vour.*”

MESSIAH reigns on *Zion's* hill,
 There shall His *Church* His triumphs prove :
 He reigns—His purpose to fulfil,
 His counsels of eternal love !

PART THE SECOND.

JESUS, with *Thy* salvation blest,
 We yield the glory to Thy name :
 Fix'd in Thy strength our banners rest,
 With joy Thy vict'ry we proclaim.

JEHOVAH hears, He hears Thy pray'r,
 The pray'r on which our hope relies ;
 Thy *cross* salvation shall prepare,
 From His right-hand Thy vict'ries rise.^c

Vain is the fiery *steed* for trust,
 The rattling *chariot*, or the *sword*,
 In THEE our confidence we boast,
 JESUS, MESSIAH, *conq'ring* LORD !

Safe shall we stand, nor yield to fear,
 When sinners with their hopes shall fall :
 Save, LORD, O KING MESSIAH, hear,^d
 Hear, Mighty SAVIOUR, when we call.

^c Heb. *The LORD saveth His Messiah.*

^d Verse 9.—*Chald. Par.*—O VERBUM DOMINI, redime nos ; O POTENS
 REX, suscipe petitionem nostram.—*Apud Poli Syn. Crit.*

PSALM XXI.

THIS Psalm expresses the joy of the REDEEMER in His deliverance from the *cross* and the *grave*, and His exaltation to the *eternal throne*.---Verse 4. The destruction of all His enemies must be the necessary consequence. In His glory the *Church* rejoices, and delights to praise His name. Surely it was with the design of elevating our minds to such adoring views of the *ascended SAVIOUR*, that this was appointed as one of the proper Psalms on *Ascension day*. It is therefore in the present version rendered as now fulfilled in CHRIST.^a

PART THE FIRST.

BEHOLD the *KING OF ZION* rise,
To endless glory in the skies!
Thy *strength* and Thy *salvation*, LORD,
His joy, His triumph, and reward !

The LORD His heart's desires completes,
From Heav'n His pray'r acceptance meets ;
Tho' bow'd to death, (intent to save) —
He lifts Him from the *cross* and *grave*.

Lo ! on His head His goodness pours
Of blessings the exhaustless stores :
With more than *gold*, with *glory* crown'd,^b
His brows encircling all around.

^a Many of the *Jewish*, even the more modern, and almost all *Christian* commentators, understand this Psalm, of the *kingdom* and *glory* of CHRIST. So does the *Chald. Par.* And, indeed, the descriptions are too magnificent to be applied to any earthly king. See the Argument of this Psalm, in *Poli Syn. Crit.*

^b Verse 3.—*Pure gold*, representing, by that which is most valuable on earth, the highest *glory* in Heaven.

He asks—th' Eternal LORD bestows ;—
Life from th' unchanging fountain flows !
 O'er death the victory He gives,
 JESUS, the LORD, for ever lives.^c

PART THE SECOND.

What *glories* round the SAVIOUR spread !
 What *honours* circle o'er His head !
 What beams of *majesty* Divine
 Around IMMANUEL'S person shine !

Hail, FOUNT OF BLESSINGS ! plac'd in Thee
 Our *life*, our *strength*, our *all*, we see ;^d
 While in Thy GOD Thy joys endure,
 In THEE our blessings rest secure.

Thy holy trust the LORD beheld,
 And plac'd Omnipotence Thy shield :
 His mercy shall Thy throne maintain,
 And fix Thy everlasting reign.

Thy hand Thine enemies shall find,
 Thine own right-hand their anger bind ;
 Each rebel thought do Thou control,
 And rule, my SAVIOUR, in my soul.

^c Verse 4.—“*For ever and ever* ;” this cannot be applied to any man, but to the LORD JESUS alone.—Rom. vi. 9, 10. ; Rev. i. 18.

^d Verse 6.—תַּשִּׁיתָּהוּ בְּרִכּוֹת. “*Thou hast placed Him as blessings*.” Quasi ipsam benedictionem, &c. Gen. xii. 2. and xxii. 16. *The fountain of blessings !* Col. ii. 3 and 9. ; 1 Cor. i. 30. *Poli Syn. Crit.*

PART THE THIRD.

Exalted *PRINCE*, Thy vengeance rais'd
 Fierce as the fiery furnace blaz'd;
 Thy wrath consum'd—Thy fire devour'd,
 And o'er Thy foes in judgment pour'd.

Behold! the desolated race
 Swept from the earth, which spurn'd Thy grace!
 Against Thy throne their threats conspire,
 But impotent the bold desire.

Their backs the base revolvers show,
 The destin'd mark^c before the foe;
 Thine arrows on the string prepar'd,
 Nor *grace*, nor *love*, nor *pity*, spar'd.

Arise, exalted *SAVIOUR*, rise,
 In Thine own strength ascend the skies:
 So shall our songs Thy pow'r proclaim,
 And spread the honours of Thy name.

PSALM XXI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Rising from His *cross* and *passion*,
 Lo! the *KING MESSIAH* reigns;
 LORD, the *strength* of Thy *salvation*
 His triumphant joy sustains:
 Crown'd with *conquest*,
 Now th' eternal throne He gains.

^c Verse 8—12.—Margin, "*Thou shalt set them as a mark or butt,*" &c. These verses describe, in a most striking manner, the state of the *Jews*, after their rejection of the *MESSIAH*.

Thou hast His desires completed,
 On the *cross* His pray'r was heard ;
 All His enemies defeated,
 All Thy blessings round him pour'd :
 Endless glory
 Crowns the head of *Zion's LORD*.
Life he ask'd—the grant was given ;
 Tho' in mortal flesh He *dies* ;
 Form'd to fill the throne of Heaven,
 From the grave Thou bidst Him rise :
 Life eternal
 Crowns the *SAVIOUR* in the skies.

PART THE SECOND.

Honour, Majesty, and Glory,
 Circle round IMMANUEL's brow ;
 Now, JEHOVAH, plac'd before Thee,
Life and grace Thy hands bestow :
 HE the *fountain*
 Whence alone *our blessings* flow.
 Joy and triumph crown the *SAVIOUR*,
 Seated on the throne above :
 There exalted in Thy favour,
 Safely trusting in Thy love :
 KING of Zion !
 Never shall Thy throne remove !

PART THE THIRD.

GLORIOUS PRINCE ! Thy hand up rais'd
 Hath all who hate Thee found :
 Wrath a fiery furnace blaz'd,
 And spread its ruin round !

'Tis Thy fatal vengeance pours
 O'er Thy foes devoted heads,
 As the raging fire devours,
 And swift destruction spreads.

Lo ! the desolated race,
 O'er earth diffus'd abroad !
 They who spurn'd Thy promis'd *grace*
 Fly scatter'd at Thy *rod* :
 Tho' Thy foes, in rage combin'd,
 Urg'd Thy *cross* with impious joy,
 Mischiefs which their hands design'd
 Shall their own souls destroy.

Hostile troops their fury spurn,
 The base revolvers flee ;
 Quick their trembling backs they turn,
 Plac'd as the mark by Thee :
 'Tis Thy wrath the blow prepares,
 On the string Thine arrows wait,
Love, nor *grace*, nor *pity* spares,
 'Twas justice fix'd their fate.

Rise,^f *IMMANUEL*, rise to *glory*,
 Let Thy strength exalt Thy name ;
 All Thy *Church* on earth adore Thee,
SAVIOUR, KING, o'er all supreme!
 Songs of triumph
 Shall Thy grace and pow'r proclaim !

^f This last verse may be sung as a close to part the second.

PSALM XXII.

THIS Psalm is wholly a prophetic Psalm. To Verse 21, it contains a literal description of "*the sufferings of CHRIST*," as will be found by comparing it with the events themselves; and, from verse 22 to the end, of "*the glory which should follow*." Let us then, while singing it, "*look upon Him, whom our sins have pierced, and mourn* ; till we triumph in His eternal Victory, who "*beautifies the meek with Salvation*." Soon shall all the ends of the earth hear and turn unto the LORD JESUS; and the Kingdoms of this world become the Kingdoms of our GOD and of His CHRIST. The Lord hasten it in His time.

For this purpose it is appointed by our Church to be used, in its services, on Good-Friday.

PART THE FIRST.

" *MY* GOD, *my* GOD, *why thus forsook?*"^a

The *dying SAVIOUR* said ;

" Far from My help, no gracious look

" Revives My sinking head.

" O GOD, My urgent sorrows rise,

" The *day* beholds My pray'r ;

" The *night* is witness to My cries ;^b

" And yet Thine ears forbear.

" But still, Thou *MAJESTY ADOR'D* !

" Thy *holiness* I own :

" And *Israel's* praise, Eternal LORD,

" Surrounds Thy glorious throne.

^a Verse 1.—Matt. xxvii. 46. ; Heb. v. 7.

^b Verse 2.—Mat. xxvi. 36, 39.

" In Thee our fathers plac'd their trust,
 " To Thee their sorrows brought ;
 " Thy faithful arm, O GOD *MOST JUST!*
 " Their sure deliv'rance wrought.
 " Their cries arose, their cries prevail'd,
 " Nor was Thy help denied:
 " Their waiting hopes have never fail'd,
 " Who on Thy word relied.
 " But I—despis'd—in human form,
 " No human pity prove ;
 " Held viler than the reptile worm !"—
 JESUS how vast Thy love!!

PART THE SECOND. .

Lo ! round the *cross* where JESUS dies,
 The noisy crowds are borne,
 They shoot the lip, and laughing rise,
 And shake the head in scorn.
 " This is the man that boasts," say they,
 " The LORD's paternal care ;
 " Now let the LORD His help display,
 " If such the love He bear."^c
 " But, LORD, Thy hand dispos'd my frame,
 " And from the womb withdrew ;
 " My help still resting on Thy name,
 " As on the breasts I grew.

^c Verse 7, s.—Mat. xxvii. 39—43.

“ Cast on Thy care, thro’ infant years
 “ Thy goodness round me flow’d,
 “ Still, as *my* GOD, Thy grace appears,
 “ Thro’ all my life bestow’d.”

Thus on the *cross*, with anguish pain’d,
 The great *REDEEMER* cried;
 My *suff’ring* LORD my *guilt* sustain’d,
 For *me*, for *me*, *HE* died !!

PART THE THIRD.

HERE let me stand, where CHRIST my *SAVIOUR* dies:
 What scenes of wonder strike th’ astonish’d eyes!
 To GOD, *His* GOD, lo! urgent for relief,
 When none could help beside, He pours His grief:
 “ Stand not afar, nor all My woes disdain :’
 “ Nor let Thy *son*, My GOD, implore in vain !”

Behold th’ indignant *scribe*, the *priestly* band,
 Like *Bashan’s* fiery *Bulls*, around Him stand !
 With open mouths the rav’ning *Lions* rest,
 Infuriate on the *SAVIOUR’S* spotless breast :
 JESUS, *sweet innocence!* their rage defies,*
 Meek heav’nly *Lamb!* beneath *our guilt* He dies.

Or as the Old Fiftieth Measure.

- (1) Stand not afar, my agonies disdaining;
 Nor leave Thy *son* in hopeless griefs complaining.
- (2) JESUS, *sweet Innocence!* their rage defying;
 Meek heav’nly *Lamb!* beneath our sorrows dying!

Urg'd by the barb'rous arm, the massy spear
 Strikes to the heart—the mingled streams appear:
 Like useless torrents, (balm of human woes!)
 Th' *atoning blood*, the mingled *water* flows:
 His bones disjointing, as His strength devolves,³
 Like melting wax His dying heart dissolves.

The vig'rous moisture fled, the with'ring frame;
 Dries like the potsherd in the burning flame:
 His parched tongue in thirsty stiffness lies:
 Lo! sinking to the grave, *my SAVIOUR* dies!
 While barking *Dogs* surround the scene of death;⁴
 And sinners crowd t' insult His dying breath!

PART THE FOURTH.

On the *cross*, where sorrows meet,
 Pierc'd His *hands*, and pierc'd His *feet*,^d
 Sinners mock the *SAVIOUR'S* groans,
 Number all His starting bones.

(3) His bones disjointed, and His strength devolving,
 His dying heart like melting wax dissolving.

(4) Like barking *Dogs*, the *Priests* and *Scribes* exulting,
 Th' ungodly crowds His dying breath insulting.

^d Verse 16.—Matt. xxvii. 22, 23, 35. *ἡρᾶς*, magnas de hac voce lites movent *Judæi*, sed frustra, cum et manifestus loci sensus, et antiquissima Gr. versio, ostendit hanc solam veram esse lectionem.—*Bishop Hare*.—Sept. *ἡρᾶς*.—See also *Poli Syn. Crit.*

See His *garments*, as they stand,
 Parted 'midst the barb'rous band ;
 While the lot His robe decides,
Seamless robe, which none divides.

Then to GOD my *SAVIOUR* cries ;
 Swift to aid JEHOVAH flies ;
 To His soul His strength affords,
 Falling 'midst the murd'rous swords.

Priests and *Scribes* like *Dogs* engage,
 How the rav'ning *Lions* rage :
 Yet triumphant, lo ! He's borne,
 O'er the *Reem's* destructive horn.^f

GOD and *Man* in *THEE* unite,^e
 Object of the LORD's delight !
 Hail, *my GOD* ! *my SAVIOUR* rise,
 Where Thy glory never dies !

^e Verse 18.—JOHN XIX. 23, 24.

^f Verse 21.—רֵעִים, the reem or oryx (see Bochart de Animalibus, &c.)
 "A fierce untameable animal, of the stag kind, made use of to describe
 "the rage of the devil and his instruments."—Horne.

^g Verse 20.—יְחִידָתִי, *My united one*, that which is united with *My divine nature*, (i.e.) *My human nature*. Sept. *μονογενῆς*, *My only born*. May not this be intended for, as it best applies to, *His human nature*?—"May it relate to
 "any thing more than יְחִידָתִי—Quære, the *human nature* united with the di-
 "vine in the person of CHRIST?"—Bishop Louth, in Merrick's Annotations,
 quoted by Bishop Horne in loc.

It seems used for the *humanity* of CHRIST in union with the *Divinity*.
 So Psalm xxxv. 17. Compare Zach. xiii. 7. The *man*, that is, *My fellow*.
 The Targum interprets it, *The spirit of My body*.—Parkhurst under יְחִידָתִי.

Both these senses are adopted in the version above.

PART THE FIFTH.

Behold, the LORD, His vict'ry won,
 His rising honours bear !
 " Thy name," He cries, (and takes the throne)
 " JEHOVAH, I'll declare.

" My *brethren* of the sons of men
 " Thy wondrous grace shall know,
 " Rais'd from the grave, Thy praise again^b
 " 'Midst crowded courts I'll show."

Now let the *Church*, with sacred joy,
 JEHOVAH's grace proclaim ;
 In praise their noblest pow'rs employ,
 And fear and trust His name.

When sorrows o'er th' afflicted roll'd,
 The LORD His aid supplied ;
 He heard, nor would His light withhold,
 When CHRIST, the *SAVIOUR*, cried.

His *Gospel* shall His grace display,
 While full assemblies hear ;ⁱ
 Let saints their solemn vows repay,
 Devoted to His fear.

The *mcek* His table shall enjoy,
 With richest mercies stor'd :
 And praise, in endless life, employ
 The men who seek the LORD.

^b Verse 22.—Acts i. 3.

ⁱ Verse 25.—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

PART THE SIXTH.

Blest *SAVIOUR*, by Thy *SPIRIT* taught,
 Earth's utmost coasts shall flee ;
 (Thy grace in sweet remembrance brought)
 In holy haste to Thee.

Nations shall worship at Thy throne ;
 The Kingdoms, *LORD*, are Thine !
 Thine is the sov'reignty alone,
 The right, the grant, divine !

Earth's sceptr'd kings shall prostrate fall,
 And own Thy pow'r to save :
 Thy voice alone from dust can call,
 My soul shall quit the ^kgrave !

Rais'd by Thy pow'r, a chosen race
 Their tribute shall afford,
 Blest objects of redeeming grace,
 The servants of the *LORD*.

From age to age, their joyful tongues
 Thy righteousness shall praise :
 Children unborn shall join their songs,
 And celebrate Thy grace.

* Verse 29.—“ *All they that go down to the dust shall bow before Him ; and none can keep alive his own soul.*” The last clause in the present translation is not very intelligible. In the sense of the Sept. *καὶ ἡ ψυχὴ μου ἀντὶ αὐτοῦ ζή*—“ *And my soul shall live to Him,*” may it not be an abrupt sentence, expressing the expectation of the Psalmist himself, of a joyful resurrection through Him ? Then the next verses will suitably follow, describing the more general effects of His exaltation. But see note in *Horne in loc.* &c.

PSALM XXII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

“ *My God, my God,*” (the accents roll
Deep from the *SAVIOUR’S* troubled soul,)

“ *Why thus forsaken, thus deny’d*

“ Thy help, when none can help beside ?

“ Why ’midst My anguish thus delay ?

“ Behold, My cries consume the day,

“ Nor silent thro’ the gloom of night,

“ Oft they prevent the dawning light.

“ But still Thy *holiness* I own,

“ The sure associate of Thy throne :

“ O THOU, who dwell’st, thro’ endless days,

“ Surrounded with Thine *Israel’s* praise.

“ To THEE, O GOD, our fathers sought,

“ Thy mercy their deliv’rance wrought :

“ Nor e’er to doubtful fear consign’d,

“ The hope that on Thy *Word* reclin’d.

“ But I—despis’d—in human form,

“ Held viler than the reptile worm ;

“ Sink deep to save a guilty race !”—

JESUS, my LORD, how vast Thy grace !

[For Part 2, 3, and 4, see Version I.]

PART THE FIFTH.

JESUS, the LORD, His vict'ry won,
 Shouts, as He rises to His throne,
 " 'Midst men Thy praises I'll fulfil,
 " Dear to My heart—My *brethren* still.

" Ye crowded courts, that fear the LORD,
 " In your high songs His praise record,
 " His glories let your lips proclaim,
 " And *Israel's* seed revere His name.

" Ne'er did His hand oppress th' oppress ;
 " He ne'er despis'd th' afflicted breast ;
 " Nor hath the LORD His light denied,
 " But listen'd when His *Servant* cried,"

Now let the *Church* proclaim His grace,
 And in His *cross* their vict'ry trace :
 Ye saints, where full assemblies meet,
 Your praises join ; your vows complete.

The *meek* to fullness shall be fed,
 With richest grace His table's spread :
 Your hearts His praises shall record,
 In endless life, who seek the LORD.

PART THE SIXTH.

Blest *SAVIOUR*, by Thy *SPIRIT* taught,
 Thy grace in sweet remembrance brought,
 Earth's utmost coasts shall hear, and flee
 In holy ecstasy to Thee.

Soon shall they worship at Thy throne,
 Thine is the *Kingdom*, Thine alone ;
 Thou *LORD OF ALL!* by grant divine,
 The pow'r, the sov'reignty, is *Thine!*

Earth's mightiest sons Thy name shall bless,
 Her sceptr'd kings Thy right confess ;
 Thy voice alone from dust can raise ;
 My soul shall live to speak Thy praise !

Thus, while Thy *SPIRIT* life supplies,
 Thro' earth a num'rous seed shall rise ;
 Their willing tribute to afford,
 Known as the servants of the *LORD*.

From age to age, their joyful tongues
 Shall praise Thy righteousness in songs ;
 Transmit to distant times Thy name,
 Till earth's last sons Thy work proclaim.



PSALM XXIII.

THIS beautiful Pastoral represents the care of the **LORD JESUS** over His *Church*, under the character of the good *SHEPHERD*; and His attention to the *safety* and *provision* of His flock. In this character the *REDEEMER* Himself seems to have delighted.—John x. 11, &c. &c. Compare Is. xl. 10, 11; Ez. xxxiv. 11—16.—Therefore the Believer here rejoices, assured of all-sufficient supplies; of deliverance from temptation and trial; of support in death; and in the hope of eternal glory beyond!—John x. 28, 29.

I HEAR my *SHEPHERD'S* voice,
And in His care confide :
In THEE, JEHOVAH, I rejoice,
My *wants* are all supplied.

Where *living pastures* grow,
He bids me sweetly rest ;
Where *gentle streams* of *mercy* flow,
My weary soul's refresht.

He kindly brings me back,
Whene'er I run astray,
And leads me, for *His own name's sake*,
In His own righteous way.

When death's dark gloomy vale
My lab'ring footsteps tread,
Why should my doubtful courage fail,
Tho' sinking 'midst the dead ?

My *SHEPHERD'S* with me there,
 His *rod* my path shall guide ;
 His *staff* my fainting spirits bear,
 With comforts well supplied.*

My table Thou hast spread,
 In presence of my foes :
 With richest oil Thou cheer'st my head,
 My cup with joy o'erflows.

Thus, all my future days
 Thy mercies shall attend :
 Till in Thy courts above I raise
 The songs which never end !

PSALM XXIII.—VERSION II.

BENEATH JEHOVAH'S watchful eye,
 I own my *SHEPHERD'S* care :
 My *wants* indulgent to supply,
 His *pastures* He'll prepare.

He bids me feed, He makes me rest,
 Where *fields in verdure* grow ;
 My soul, when weary, is refresht,
 Where *streams of mercy* flow.

* Verse 4.—His *rod*, the sceptre of His kingdom, or the display of His power. His *staff*, the emblem of pastoral office; here, the exercise of pastoral care.—Ez. xx. 37. Mic. vii. 14.

'Tis He restores my wand'ring feet,
 Whene'er I go astray ;
 And leads me (for His mercy's great !)
 In His own righteous way.

Soon shall I tread the valley thro',
 By shades of death opprest :
 His *rod* my comforts shall renew,
 And on His *staff* I'll rest.

His rich provisions round me spread,
 In presence of my foes :
 His hand with oil anoints my head ;
 My *cup* with joy o'erflows.

Goodness and *mercy* so divine
 Shall bless my future days ;
 Till, in His house above, I join
 Their everlasting praise !



PSALM XXIII.—VERSION III.

JEHOVAH I boast as my *SHEPHERD* become,
 No *want* shall distress me, He'll guide me safe home :
 In *pastures* of pleasure I lie down at ease ;
 He leads me by *rivers* soft flowing with peace.

How often, alas ! does my soul run astray !
 But JESUS restores me, and shows me His way :
 I see all His glories, and walk in His laws ;
 His *name* and His *mercy* alone are the cause !

Tho' soon I shall tread thro' the dark gloomy vale,
 In the shadows of death, and my flesh and heart fail:
 No fears shall alarm me, my *SHEPHERD'S* still nigh;
 His *rod* and His *staff* shall my comforts supply.

My table He spreads, His provisions abound,
 Before all my foes, tho' they rage all around:
 My head He anoints with the oil of His grace,
 My cup full of blessings runs over apace.

His *goodness* and *mercy* have follow'd me long,
 They shall follow me still, as my joy and my song:
 My *SHEPHERD* shall guide me to glory above!—
 May I ever inherit that *fold* of His love.



PSALM XXIII.—VERSION IV.

JEHOVAH, my *SHEPHERD* and *GUIDE*,
 In want shall His bounty bestow;
 His *pastures* my soul have supplied,
 Where *rivers* so peacefully flow:
 My soul He restores when I stray,
 And bids me to wander no more;
 His *righteousness* marks out my way,
 His *name* and His *grace* I adore.

When, walking thro' death's gloomy vale,
 Amidst its dark shades I descend,
 No terrors my soul shall assail,
 For there shall JEHOVAH befriend :
 My *SAVIOUR* the passage hath trod,
 And He shall my comforts renew,
 His *Presence*, His *Staff*, and His *Rod*,
 Shall lead me triumphantly thro'.

My table JEHOVAH hath spread,
 And fed me in sight of my foes ;
 His *oil* hath anointed my head ;
 My *cup* with His bounty o'erflows :
 His *goodness* and *mercy* I trust,
 My life has been crown'd with His love,
 And *for ever*, when rais'd from the dust,
 I shall dwell in His temple above !



PSALM XXIV.

THE description of the perfect man, which is here given, (and in Psalm xv.) as ascending to the hill of the LORD, if at all applicable to the sincere Christian, is to be applied principally (as is evident from the latter part of the Psalm) to the INCARNATE GOD, our REDEEMER. Here He, whose is the earth and its fulness, *by right of creation*, having, in *our nature*, “fulfilled all righteousness,” and conquered every enemy, claims, in *that nature*, as the KING OF GLORY, admission to the throne of Heaven, in *right of His obedience and victory*, to carry on His mediatorial government “*over all things for His Church*.”—Is. liii. 10—12. Acts i. 9—11.; Matt. xxviii. 18.^a

This Psalm is appointed with peculiar propriety by our Church, to constitute a part of its worship on *Ascension Day*.

PART THE FIRST.

THE earth is Thine, Almighty LORD !
 With all its varied stores ;
 This rolling *Orb* obeys Thy word,
 And man Thy right adores.

O'er liquid seas Thy hand has spread
 Its arch'd foundations sure ;
 On the deep floods Thy wisdom laid
 Its solid base secure.

But who shall climb Thy hill supreme,
 Beyond th' etherial dome ?
 Who, in Thy heav'nly temple claim
 His everlasting home ?

^a See *Bishop Lowth*, Lect. 27 and 30.

'Tis he, whose hands and heart are pure,
 Whose vows no idol greet ;
 'Tis he, whose plighted faith is sure,
 Whose heart disdains deceit.

Eternal blessings from the LORD
 Around his soul shall flow,
 And GOD, *salvation* to afford,
 Shall *righteousness* bestow.

These are, my GOD, the chosen seed,
 The men who seek Thy face :
 Like *Jacob*, wrestling as they plead,^b
 They find Thy promis'd grace.

PART THE SECOND.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates!^c
 Lift your vast doors on high !
 Behold ! the *KING OF GLORY* waits
 His entrance to the sky !!

Why ask, *ye Pow'rs of Glory, who ?*
 And what His wondrous name ?
 What *KING OF GLORY, from below,*
 Can these high honours claim ?

'Tis JESUS—LORD of boundless might !
 His vict'ries who can tell ?
 The LORD—the *Conqu'ror* in the fight,
 O'er all the pow'rs of hell.

^b Verse 6.—Heb. “*That seek Thy face, O Jacob;*” or, even *Jacob*:
 (*q. d.*) The true descendants of that Patriarch, who wrestled with GOD
 and prevailed.—Gen. xxxii. 24—30. Hos. xii. 4.

^c Verse 7 to 10.—See the most beautiful Paraphrase of *Bishop Horne*.

Lift up your heads, eternal gates !
 Lift your vast doors on high !
 Behold ! the *KING OF GLORY* waits
 His entrance to the sky !!

Why ask, *ye Pow'rs of Glory, who ?*
 And what His wondrous name ?
 What *KING OF GLORY, from below,*
 Can these high honours claim ?

JEHOVAH, LORD OF HEAV'NLY HOSTS !
 Bow, bow your sceptres down :
 JESUS alone this *glory* boasts,
 The *KING OF GLORY* crown !!

PSALM XXIV.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

THE earth, *THOU MAJESTY DIVINE !*
 Its fields, its floods, its stores, are *Thine* :
 Thine is the world, and Thine the race
 Whose dwellings fill its ample space.

Where the deep seas retiring fled,
 Thy hands its arch'd foundations spread ;
 O'er liquid floods Thy high command
 Bade its firm base unshaken stand.

But, who shall e'er ascend the hill,
 GREAT GOD ! which all Thy glories fill ?
 Who in Thy temple's hallow'd dome
 Secure his everlasting home ?

Whose hands are clean ; whose heart sincere ;
 Whose purpose pure ; whose actions clear ;
 Whose soul no vanity allures ;
 And truth his plighted vow secures.

'Tis he the blessing shall receive,
 The blessing which the LORD shall give ;
Salvation from *his* GOD shall flow ;
 And *righteousness* His hand bestow.

These are the men, the chosen seed,
 Like *Jacob*, wrestling as they plead ;
 They seek, *my* GOD, they seek Thy face,
 And wait and find the promis'd grace.

PART THE SECOND.

Lift, lift, ye gates, your heads on high,
 Ye doors of vast eternity !
 Behold the *KING OF GLORY* rise,
 And claim His entrance to the skies.

Why ask, *ye Pow'rs*, who dares to claim,
 From earth, the *KING OF GLORY'S* name ?
LORD OF ALL MIGHT! He stands alone,
 The strength of battle is His own !

Lift, lift, ye gates, your heads on high,
 Ye doors of vast eternity !
 Behold the *KING OF GLORY* rise,
 And claim His entrance to the skies !

Why ask, *ye Pow'rs*, who dares to claim
 The *KING OF GLORY'S* awful name ?
 The *LORD OF HOSTS!*—your tribute bring,
 Of *glory* crown *IMMANUEL KING!*

PSALM XXV.

A suitable pattern and form of humble supplication and earnest intercession; which the Believer will frequently adopt, with holy delight; and which God will always hear and fulfil, for His *loving-kindness* and for His NAME's sake.

PART THE FIRST.

UP to the LORD, with strong desires,
 I lift my soul and fly :
 To Thee, my GOD, my heart aspires,
 On Thee my hopes rely.

Then let not shame my face o'erspread,
 Nor triumph crown my foes ;
 While sinners hide their guilty head,
 On Thee Thy saints repose.

Show me Thy ways, Thou *FOUNT OF GRACE!*
 I long Thy paths to find :
 Then in Thy truth my footsteps place,
 And teach my erring mind.

Oft, my salvation to complete,
 Hast Thou Thy pow'r display'd ;
 On Thee from morning light I'll wait,
 Till the dark ev'ning shade.

Thy *loving-kindness*, O my GOD,
 Thy *tend'rest mercy* show :
 Thro' ev'ry age Thy grace has flow'd,
 And shall for ever flow.

Then blot my follies from Thy sight,
 Nor youthful sins record :
 Let *mercy* (*mercy's* Thy delight !)
 Still plead my cause, O LORD.

PART THE SECOND.

The LORD is *good*, the LORD is *just*,
 His promise to fulfil ;
 And sinners, who His mercy trust,
 Shall hear and know His will.

His wisdom shall the humble guide,
 His judgments to discern ;
 And, while on Him the *meek* confide,
 The *meek* His ways shall learn.

The *truth* and *mercy* of the LORD
 Direct His darkest ways,
 To bless the men who keep His *Word*,
 And trust His *cov'nant* grace.^a

Then let my soul Thy pardons prove,
 Tho' great my guilt and blame ;
 I plead the *SAVIOUR's* cross and love,
 The honour of Thy *name*.

PART THE THIRD.

Where is the man who fears the LORD ?
 To him His grace is near,
 To teach the doctrines of His *Word*,
 And make his duties clear.

^a Verse 10.—Heb. viii. 6—13, and ix. 15—20.

Peace shall his tranquil soul possess,
 And mercy there reside ;^b
 His num'rous seed the LORD shall bless,
 And spread their dwellings wide.

The *secret counsels of His love*^c
 Shall all His servants know ;
 And saints His *cov'nant mercy* prove,
 Thro' ev'ry path below.

Then tow'rds the LORD I'll turn my eyes ;
 In confidence of pray'r :
 When strong temptation o'er me lies,
 He'll pluck me from the snare.

PART THE FOURTH.

Return, my gracious GOD, return,
 And let Thy grace appear :
 Tho' 'midst afflictive scenes I mourn,
 Oppress'd with guilt and fear.

The swelling waves of trouble roll,
 And round my heart increase :
 From the deep billows pluck my soul,
 And bid the tempest cease.

^b Verse 13.—בְּשֵׁיב תְּלִיץ, his soul shall dwell in goodness, or mercy.

^c Verse 14.—סֵדֶר, *The secret*, (*i. e.*) the *fixt counsels* or *designs of GOD*, as to *man's salvation*, &c. "*is with*," &c. (*i. e.*) *is revealed to them*.

Behold my sorrows ; hear my sighs ;
 Let pard'ning grace abound :
 See, how my foes indignant rise !
 And hosts of hell surround !

Arise, my GOD, my soul defend
 From sin, and guilt, and shame :
 For on Thy *mercy* I depend,
 And trust my *SAVIOUR'S* name.

O save me—for, with heart sincere,
 On Thee, my GOD, I wait :
 Redeem Thy *Church* from ev'ry fear,
 And all its hopes complete.



PSALM XXVI.

IN conscious integrity, the Psalmist appeals to the *heart-searching* GOD, and intreats that His justice may vindicate him from the calumny of his enemies. In the confidence of His aid, he devotes himself to His worship, and engages to celebrate His praises in the assemblies of His Church.

PART THE FIRST.

JUDGE me, O LORD, tho' men defame,
With falsehood and contempt they blame ;
But, while on THEE my hope relies,
My steadfast soul their art defies.

Search me, O GOD, from malice clear,
And prove my heart and thoughts sincere ;
Thy *loving-kindness* is my stay,
Thy *Word of Truth* directs my way.

I'll not with *vanity* recline,
Nor make the seat of *falsehood* mine :
I hate the scenes where *sinner*s meet,
Nor 'midst the *ungodly* find my seat.

I'll wash my *hands*, I'll cleanse my *heart*,^a
Thy *SPIRIT* can the grace impart :
But, while Thine altars I surround,
In CHRIST my *purity* is found.

^a Verse 6.—An allusion is here made to the *Laver* at the entrance of the tabernacle.—Ex. xl. 30—32. (*q. d.*) “*I will wash my hands in that pure water* ;” an emblem of the cleansing of the heart by the blood and *SPIRIT* of CHRIST, or “*the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the HOLY GHOST*.” It is therefore here rendered in language suitable to this design, and similar to what we may suppose would have been the language of the Psalmist, had he spoken of the same subject under the New Testament dispensation.

“He hath respect to the washing which GOD had appointed for such as come to the altar.” *Ainsworth in loc.* ; see also *Various*, *apud Poli Syn. Crit.* ; and *Bishop Horne*.

O love divine ! my voice I'll raise,
 And, grateful, publish all Thy praise ;
 Thy wondrous works aloud proclaim,
 And spread the glories of Thy name.

PART THE SECOND.

LORD, I delight to find my place,
 Within the temples of Thy grace :
 Where all Thy heav'nly beauties dwell,
 And earth's sublimest pomp excel.

There, where Thy saints Thy *glory* see,
 Let my fix'd rest, my dwelling, be ;
 Nor 'midst th' ungodly race consign
 The soul, which loves Thy courts to join.

My trembling life, JEHOVAH, hide
 From men, whom murd'rous counsels guide,
 Whose hands the acts of mischief choose,
 Nor e'er th' alluring bribe refuse.

But, as for me—Thy laws in view,
 The paths of duty I'll pursue :
 Redeem my soul—with mercy nigh,
 Since on that mercy I rely.

Fix'd in Thy ways, my feet shall stand,
 And wait The guidance of Thy hand :
 Then 'midst Thy *Church*, with sweet accord,
 I'll join my praise, *All-gracious LORD* !

PSALM XXVII.

HE who hath taken the LORD as his *light, strength, and salvation*, may, like the Psalmist, triumph amidst an host of enemies. He will find his happiest place on earth in the *house and worship of GOD*: and, though His help be delayed, *faith* shall keep him from dejection. He is encouraged from *former experience*, from the *known goodness*, and the *faithful promise*, of GOD, to continue waiting in faith, patience, and prayer, till he obtain the eternal victory.

PART THE FIRST.

THEE, LORD, I boast, with great delight,
My soul's eternal *FOUNT OF LIGHT*!
Thee, my *SALVATION*! always near,
Whom shall my steadfast spirit fear?

STRENGTH OF MY LIFE! with Thee my stay,
What dangers can my soul dismay?
My foes, tho' eager to devour,
Stumble and fall beneath Thy pow'r.

Tho' num'rous hosts o'erspread the field,
Ne'er shall my heart its courage yield;
Tho' war in gloomy terrors rise,
Thy arm my confidence supplies.

One wish my pray'r to GOD inspires,
And still my ardent soul it fires,
To dwell thro' life before Thy face,
Lodg'd in the temples of Thy grace.^a

^a Verse 4.—The *tabernacle*, and afterwards the *temple*, had the *figure and pattern of heavenly things* in CHRIST, which David in spirit here desires to contemplate.—Heb. viii. 5. So does the Christian desire continually to behold the *power and glory* of the LORD in His house of prayer.—Verse 5, 6, 7.

There would I see Thy *beauty* shine,
 And view the *Majesty Divine* !
 Inquire Thy will, and learn my way,
 Up to the realms of endless day.

PART THE SECOND.

My GOD, when troubles rise, shall spread
 His fair *pavilion* o'er my head ;
 Shall safely in His arms inclose,
 And hide me from my threat'ning foes.

JESUS—(salvation to His name !)
 My *ROCK OF STRENGTH* He bids me claim,
 On Him in confidence to stand ;—
 And *faith* shall rest at His command.

So shall my head in triumph rise,
 Uplifted o'er my enemies ;
 Tho' all around their hosts they place,
 My *refuge* is the *SAVIOUR's* grace.

Then 'midst Thy *Church* (O sweet employ !)
 I'll shout the *sacrifice of joy* :^b
 I'll sing (let all Thy saints accord),
 I'll praise my *SAVIOUR* and my LORD !

PART THE THIRD.

Hear me, O GOD, whene'er to Thee
 With suppliant voice I bend my knee ;
 And, while my cries Thy throne assail,
 Let *mercy* plead, and pray'r prevail.

^b Verse 6.—*Sacrifice of shouting*.—Numb. x. 10. ; Ps. xxxiii 3, lxxxix. 16. ; Josh. vi. 5. ; Ezra iii. 11, &c. &c. See notes ^c and ^d, page 129.

When first I heard Thy voice of grace
 Kindly invite to seek Thy face,
 “ *I’ll seek,*” obedient to Thy word,
 My heart replied, “ *Thy face,* O LORD !

Thy *face*—where mercies rise and shine !
 Oh ne’er conceal those beams divine :
 Let not Thy wrath my soul dismay,
 Nor frown Thy servant far away.

In sweet remembrance I record,
 Thou *wast* my help, *All-gracious* LORD !
 Then leave me not, to Thee I fly,
 GOD, *MY SALVATION*, still be nigh.

When comforts fail, or friends forsake,
 Beneath His wings the LORD will take :
 If *parents* die, in HIM we share
 More than the *tend’rest parent’s* care.

PART THE FOURTH.

Teach me Thy way, Thou *FOUNT OF LIGHT* !
 Oh guide my erring feet aright :
 And, while my envious foes survey,
 Let no suspense perplex my way.

The *pow’rs of hell* around me rise,
 Inspir’d with cruelty and lies ;
 Thou gracious GOD, preserve me still,
 Nor yield Thy servant to their will.

Oft had my fainting spirit fail'd,
 But *faith* reviv'd, and hope prevail'd,
 Thro' life Thy goodness, LORD, to view;
 And faith *has* prov'd Thy promise true.

Wait then, O *Israel*, on the LORD,
 And rest with courage on His *Word*;
Wait—for His arm shall strength impart,
 Till endless triumph glad your heart.

PSALM XXVII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

THOU, the LORD, my *FOUNT OF LIGHT*!
 What shall then my soul dismay?
 Thou, my *SAVIOUR* and my *MIGHT*!
 Thou, my *LIFE'S ETERNAL STAY*!
 Now I yield no more to fear,
 Tho' the wicked round me stand,
 Watching, urging, wasting, near,
 Prostrate, they shall own Thy hand.

Spreading o'er the world's wide field,
 Tho' the *hosts of hell* arise,
 Shall my heart its courage yield,
 When Thy hand its aid supplies?
 Tho' its terrors all combine,
War itself shall rise in vain,
 While Thy grace and pow'r divine
 My high confidence sustain.

One desire—(I ask no more)
 Fills my heart and fires my pray'r ;
 In Thy temple to adore,
 All my days inhabit there ;
 There to see the bright display,
 Which Thy heav'nly beams impart ;
 View Thy face ;—and ask Thy way,
 Till I see Thee *as Thou art*.

While I tread this vale of woes,
 When around me troubles spread,
 God His *fair pavilion*^c shows,
Mercy, shelt'ring o'er my head !
 He in safety shall conceal,
 Where His holy dwellings tow'r,
 To my soul the *ROCK* reveal,
 JESUS, *ROCK OF ENDLESS POW'R* !

He, my enemies all slain,
 Shall my head triumphant raise,
 JESUS shall my hopes sustain,
 JESUS shall have all my praise :
 Now the *sacrifice of joy*,
 Shouting in His courts, I'll bring ;^d
 Praise JEHOVAH ; (sweet employ !)
 Praises to the *SAVIOUR* sing.

^c Verse 5.—“ *He shall hide me in His pavilion.*” As a shepherd hides his flock, beneath some sheltering covert, from the impending storm, or the beams of the noon-day sun. Or, perhaps, an allusion is here made to those who, under some criminal accusation, fled to the temple or altar for protection from the sword of Justice.—1 Kings ii. 28.

^d Verse 6.—The Believer, exalted upon the *ROCK OF AGES*, JESUS CHRIST, thus expresses his assurance, through faith, of final victory over his enemies ; with determined resolution to sing *Hallelujah* to JEHOVAH for the same.—See Bishop Horne, and note ^b, page 126.

PART THE SECOND.

When my cries ascend to Thee,
 Hear, JEHOVAH, from afar ;
 Let Thy tender mercies be
 Still propitious to my pray'r :
 When Thou bad'st me seek Thy face,
 Quickly did my heart reply,
 Resting on Thy *Word of grace*,
 " Thee I'll seek, O LORD MOST HIGH !"

Glory in Thy presence dwells,
 Hide no more th' enliv'ning ray ;
 Nor, while frowning wrath repels,
 Cast Thy servant far away :
 Sweet the hours, to mem'ry dear,
 When Thy hand its help display'd ;
 GOD, my SAVIOUR, still be near,
 Nor withdraw Thy pow'rful aid.

Should the world deceitful prove,
 When no more its help I share ;
 Tho' decay'd a *mother's* love ;
 Tho' withdrawn a *father's* care ;
 Then JEHOVAH's guardian eye
 Shall my *orphan state* defend,
 Shall a *parent's* place supply,
 HE my GUARDIAN ! FATHER ! FRIEND !

PART THE THIRD.

Gracious LORD, disclose Thy way,
 In Thy path my feet sustain ;
 While my foes my steps survey,
 Make the path of duty plain :
 Nor my fainting spirit yield
 To the foes which round me rise ;
 From the *Great Accuser* shield,
 Cruel pow'r, or sland'rous lies.

Had not *faith* reviv'd my breast,
 Oft my soul had sunk in woe ;
 Now, thro' life, assur'd I rest,
 All Thy goodness, LORD, to know :
 Wait, then, *Israel*, on the LORD,
 Still with courage cheer Thy heart :
Wait—for faithful is His *Word*,
 He will grace and strength impart.



PSALM XXVIII.

HE who *thus* humbly supplicates at the throne of grace, shall find his prayer also changed into the language of praise.—And, when triumphing in the enjoyment of GOD's salvation, let us not forget the voice of intercession for His Church militant with us on earth.

PART THE FIRST.

O LORD, my *rock*, to Thee I'll cry,
My soul's eternal stay!
Thy gracious answer ne'er deny,
Nor frown my pray'r away.

If, silent, while my cries ascend,
Thy grace refuse to save,^a
Soon shall my soul 'midst those descend
Who sleep within the grave.

But hear, O hear, my suppliant pray'rs,
Directed to Thy seat,
Where the great *ADVOCATE* appears,
His *mercies* to complete.^b

Then never with th' ungodly race
Assign my soul its part,
Peace on their lips, and words of grace,
But *mischief* in their heart.

^a Verse 1.—*Be not silent to me.* (Reading *Psalm*, think no scorn of me, &c.) Turning away in silence from the request of any one implies a rejection, and oftentimes a scornful rejection, of his petition. This, no doubt, is what the Psalmist here deprecates.

^b Verse 2.—“*Towards Thy holy oracle.*”—See Psalm v. 7, note ^a, page 19.

Thy justice has their doom prepar'd,
 Their guilt that doom secures:
 As their vile deeds is their reward,
 And as their guilt endures.

When men profane Thy works despise,
 Regardless of Thy ways,
 Soon shall Thy hand in judgment rise,
 And close their impious days.

PART THE SECOND.

Oh bless the LORD! my thanks are due,
 Joy tunes my grateful heart!
 My pray'r He heard; His grace anew
 He hasten'd to impart.

The LORD I trust, my *STRENGTH*, my *SHIELD*,
 Nor shall my trust be vain:
 My heart, with holy triumph fill'd,
 Shall lift the thankful strain.

JEHOVAH loves, with pow'r divine,
 Amidst His *Church* to stand!
 JESUS, *ANointed KING*, 'tis Thine
Salvation to command!^c

Rise, rise to save—Thy chosen seed
 With endless favour own,
 And 'midst Thy richest pastures feed,
 Till plac'd around Thy throne.

^c Verse 8.—“*He is the saving strength of His ANointed,*” or, *His CHRIST*, who is therefore called our *strength* and our *salvation*. This it is apprehended will fully justify the above version, in referring it to Him. Or it may be literally rendered, “*His ANointed (CHRIST) is the strength of salvation.*”

PSALM XXVIII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

GOD, my *rock*, to Thee complaining,
 Suppliant at Thy throne I'll pray :
 Never, LORD, my pray'r disdaining,
 Turn with silent scorn away :^d
 Lest, if silent while I cry,
 Sinking, 'midst the dead I lie.

Hear my cries, to Thee ascending,
 While I lift my suppliant hands,
 Where, my humble suit depending,
 Near Thy throne *my SAVIOUR* stands :
 Nor 'midst sinners fix my part,
 Speaking peace with hostile heart.

Sinners—ye who, boldly daring,
 Still JEHOVAH disobey,
 GOD, His mighty arm preparing,
 Shall your stoutest crimes repay ;
 Justice shall the doom afford,
 As your work is your reward.

All His wonders round you rising,
 Why His *pow'r* and *name* disown ?
 Why, His *providence* despising,
 Tempt the vengeance of His throne ?
 He, His providence to show,
 Shall your boldest works o'erthrow.

^d See note ^a, page 132.

PART THE SECOND.

Now my soul its triumph raises,
 Bless JEHOVAH's guardian care !
 He will not disdain my praises,
 For His grace hath heard my pray'r :
 He hath all His pow'r reveal'd,
 He *my STRENGTH*, and He *my SHIELD* !

When in faith on Him I waited,
 Then the LORD to help me fled ;
 Now my *heart*, with joy elated,
 Now my *tongue*, His praise shall spread ;
 He their *STRENGTH*, His *Church* to save,
 Rais'd th' *ANOINTED* from the grave !

Bless Thy *Church*, Almighty *SAVIOUR* !
 Let Thy saints salvation know ;
 In the pastures of Thy favour,
 Feed them near Thy fold below :
 Till Thy love Thy *Church* shall own,
 Plac'd for ever round Thy throne !



PSALM XXIX.

IN this Psalm "most of those qualities and perfections which constitute " *sublimity* will be found in a very high degree;" and "the sublimity of " *the matter* is perfectly equalled by the unaffected energy of the *style*." It celebrates the *power* and *glory* of the *Voice* or *Word* of *GOD*, in its wonderful effects;—as the great agent in *creation*, and in conducting the concerns of *Providence*. The same may be said of the *Word* of His *Gospel*. To this an allusion is made in the *second version*, which is therefore put into an easier measure, as being more suited to the purposes of worship, in the congregation.

Referred to the voice of *GOD* in nature.

SONS of Might! your off' rings bring,
JEHOVAH's praises own;
Strength and *glory*, as ye sing,
 Ascribe before His throne:
Strength alone in *HIM* confess,
Glory to His name belongs,
 In His holy temple bless,
 Exalt His name in songs.

Hark! the sound (*JEHOVAH* speaks!)
 O'er the waters rolls:
GOD OF GLORY! hear! it breaks
 In thunders round the poles!
 When above the waves he rode,
 Bade the surging billows rest,
 'Twas Thy *Voice*, Thou Mighty *GOD!*
 The yielding deep comprest.^a

^a Verse 3.—Alluding to the circumstances of creation, or the assuaging the waters of the great deluge.—Gen. i. 9.; viii. 1—3.; Ps. civ. 6—9.

Hark ! JEHOVAH's *Voice* is pow'r !
 It rolls in majesty !
 O'er where *Lebanon's* high tow'r
 Invades the wond'ring sky :
 Lo ! the crash its *cedars* rends ;
 Like the rapid heifers borne,
Sirion joins—it flies—it bends,
 Swift as the unicorn !

At the *Voice* of Heav'ns high LORD,
 The flaming lightning flies ;^b
 Deserts shake beneath His *Word*,
 Where *Kadesh'* summits rise :
 Trembling, at His *Voice* afraid,
 See the rooted oaks lie low ;^c
 Forests bar'd, and disarray'd,^d
 Their deep recesses show.

In His holy temple thron'd,
 JEHOVAH's glories dwell !
 There His saints, His wonders own'd,
 His high perfections tell !
 O'er the floods exalted high,
 Still the LORD JEHOVAH reigns,
 Sits in awful *Majesty*,
 And regal state maintains !

^b Verse 7.—Ps. xcvi. 4, 5. ; cxliv. 6. ; Job. xxviii. 26. ; xxxviii. 25.

^c Verse 9.—The translation of *Bishop Lowth* is here followed as the most eligible; viz. יְהוָה אֵילָן, *Maketh the oaks to tremble*.

^d יִחַשֵׁף, *Discovereth*, (i.e.) “maketh the forests bare,” by stripping off its leaves, &c.

Beams of endless glory shine
 Around the *KING SUPREME* :
 Thron'd on high, with pow'r divine,
 His *Church* adore His name !
 While the floods His *Word* confess,
 Ruling nations as HE please,
Mercy shall His people bless
 With *strength* and endless *peace*.

PSALM XXIX.—VERSION II.

Referred to the power of the *Word* of GOD, or His *Voice* in His *Church*.

Sons of the Mighty ! rise and bring
 Your off'rings to th' Eternal *KING* ;
 Own 'tis JEHOVAH, while you rise,
 Your *glory* and your *strength* supplies.
 The *glory* His—confess the claim,
 And yield due honours to His name :
 And, while His holy courts ye throng,
 Swear to JEHOVAH in your song.
 Tho' rough as waves which sweep the main,
 His *Voice* the people can restrain :^e
 The GOD OF GLORY ! o'er our souls
 His *Word*, like solemn thunders, rolls.
 His *Word*, all-pow'rful to fulfil
 Th' eternal counsels of His will,
 With awful *Majesty* array'd,
 Subdues the world His hand has made.^f

^e Verse 3.—By the *Voice* of GOD the tumultuous nations subsided.

^f Verse 4.—By His Apostles, those sons of the spiritual thunder, the world perceived the power and majesty of His *Voice*.

The mountains bow, the *cedars* rend,
Lo ! at His high command they bend !
So thro' the world His *Gospel* ran,
And bow'd the *rebel heart* of man.^g

His *Word*, like *light'ning* from the skies,^h
Strikes deep—and quick *conviction* flies :
The *Gentiles* tremble and adore
Thro' earth, to its remotest shore.ⁱ

Stript of his glory, when HE calls,
Man's *tow'ring pride* reluctant falls :
His *Word* with piercing search reveals
Where guilt its secret haunt conceals.^k

Now in His temple, round His throne,
His prostrate *Church* their LORD shall own ;
Tho' sinners rage against His name,
High o'er the floods He sits supreme.

JESUS is *KING* ! enthron'd on high,
He reigns thro' all eternity !
His glory shall His *Church* increase,
With *strength supreme*, and *endless peace* !

^g Verse 5, 6.—The *Word* of GOD is effectual to bring down the *loftiest pride*, and rend the *hardest heart*, by the *spirit* which accompanies it. So the persecuting *Saul* was brought down and converted by a light and *Voice* from Heaven.—Acts ix. 1—6. ; 1s. xl. 4. ; 2 Cor. x. 5.

^h Verse 7.—See Acts ii. 3. ; Heb. iv. 12.

ⁱ Verse 8.—The *wilderness* of the *Gentile* world.

^k Verse 9.—Heb. iv. 13. (See *Horne* in *loc.*)

PSALM XXX.

THE Psalmist, rejoicing in the answer of his prayer, and his own deliverance, extols the goodness of the LORD, and encourages others to trust in Him; since His displeasure, however distressing to the Believer, is but for a *moment*; but His favour *sure* and *eternal*. From his own experience he teaches us that *self-confidence* must be brought low; but the returning *spirit of humiliation* and *prayer* shall soon be answered with *returning favour*.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, I extol Thy name,
 Thy hand has rais'd me high;
 Before Thy face (their hopes o'erthrown)
 My foes reluctant fly.

To THEE the LORD, *my* GOD,
 With suppliant voice I cried;
 Thy grace its heav'nly influence shed,
 And health and strength supplied.

Now from the depths of hell,
 The sorrows of the grave,
 My soul redeem'd with joy proclaims
 Thy mighty pow'r to save.

Ye who His mercy find,
 Sing praises to the LORD;
 Declare the honours of His name,
 His *holiness* record!

A *moment* is His wrath,
 No change His love destroys;
 Short is the *night* where sorrow weeps,
 The *morning* dawns with joys!

PART THE SECOND.

Once blest in prosp'rous state,
 And cheer'd with heav'nly love,
 Elate with confidence I cried,
 " My soul shall ne'er remove.
 " Thy favour, gracious LORD !
 " Has fix'd my mount so strong ;
 " That favour shall my soul secure,
 " And all my joys prolong."

Alas ! my heedless steps !
 Thy face its light withdrew ;
 My fears arose, the darkness spread,
 Around the tempest flew.

Then with a humbler voice
 Again I bent the knee ;
 To Thee, Eternal LORD, I cried,
 And rais'd my pray'r to Thee.

" When to the grave I sink,
 " What honour wilt Thou bear ?
 " Say, shall the dust Thy *praise* proclaim ?
 " Or death Thy *truth* declare ?"

LORD, in Thy mercy hear,
 And pard'ning love afford,
 Thy own Almighty aid supply,
 Thou *ever-gracious* LORD !

O GOD, Thy love divine
 Has turn'd my mourning voice,
 Has chang'd my gloomy weeds of grief,
 And girt me round with joys.

My *Glory* shall adore,
 Nor silent rest my *tongue* ;
My LORD, *my* GOD, to Thee I'll raise
 The everlasting song !

PSALM XXX.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

LORD, Thy arm my soul exalting,
 I'll extol Thy name in praise !
 O'er my foes, with rage assaulting,
 Did Thy hand to vict'ry raise :
 When my cries to Thee ascended,
 Thee the LORD *my* GOD I found ;
 Since on Thee my soul depended,
 Life and health embrace me round.

O'er the grave my spirit hover'd,
 Helpless o'er the pit I hung ;
 But Thy word to life recover'd,
 And my tongue Thy praises sung :
 All ye saints, your voices joining,
 Now with me exalt the LORD ;
 Grateful hearts and songs combining,
 All His *holiness* record !

Tho' His righteous anger rises,
 Anger in a *moment* dies ;
Mercy still His heart devises,
Life within His *favour* lies :

Tho' in gloomy shades of sorrow,
Weeping thro' the *night* prevail,
Joy shall rise upon the morrow,
 And the cheerful *morning* hail !

PART THE SECOND.

Once, with treach'rous joy elated,
 Flush'd with hope, in prosp'rous state,
 Thus I cried (how falsely rated !)
 " For my soul no changes wait !
 " Strong my mount ! Thy grace hath bless'd me,
 " And my glory shall sustain :"
 But, alas ! what fears oppress'd me !
 For Thy face was vail'd again.

Then more humbly I adore Thee !
 To Thy throne my pray'r arose,
 " Shall my blood promote Thy glory,
 " If the grave around me close ?
 " Will the dust delight to praise Thee ?
 " Death, or hell, Thy truth declare ?"
 Hear, O LORD, let *mercy* raise me,
 Great *DELIV'ERER*, answer pray'r.

Gracious LORD ! how quick my mourning
 Has Thy voice to triumph turn'd ?
 With the robes of joy adorning,
 When with guilt and fears I mourn'd !
 Rise my *glory*, shout His praises,
 Nor in silence lie, my *tongue* :
 LORD, my soul its tribute raises,
 Endless praise shall fill my song !

PSALM XXXI.

THE first part of this Psalm contains a prayer for help, grounded on the characters under which GOD hath revealed Himself to His people. The Psalmist then consoles himself under great oppression, affliction, or temptation, by the consideration of the *providence of GOD*, as superintending and directing all his concerns. And, recollecting the great *goodness* He had reserved, and made over by promise, to all who trust in Him, hence he encourages the love and holy fortitude of His saints. Many parts of this Psalm are literally true of *David's Antetype*; (see verse 9—13, part 3, of the present version;) and verse 5 was pronounced by the *SAVIOUR* Himself when expiring on the *cross*.

PART THE FIRST.

IN Thee, O LORD, my trust I place,
Protect my soul from shame;
I plead the promise of Thy grace,
The honour of Thy name.

Swift from Thy Heav'ns, O GOD, descend,
And bow th' indulgent ear:
Be Thou *my ROCK*, my soul defend;
O haste, my *SAVIOUR*, near.

My GOD, *my ROCK*, *my FORT*, I claim;
'There safely I repose:
O guide me, thro' that *gracious NAME*,^a
Whence all salvation flows.

O save me from the *pow'rs of hell*,
My *STRENGTH*, Thy aid prepare;
Sin's soft enchanting charms dispel,
And pluck me from the snare.

^a Verse 3.—“For the sake of that *NAME* which implieth salvation.”
Bishop Horne, in loc.

To Thee, Thou GOD of *truth*, in *faith*,
 My *spirit* I resign :
 Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 Its pow'rs shall all be Thine.

PART THE SECOND.

How false the world's alluring joys !
 In vanity they close :
 I hate the sinner's sensual choice,
 On THEE my hopes repose.

Thy *mercy* thro' my thankful breast
 Shall heav'nly joys impart :
 The *grace*, which sav'd me when distress,
 Shall still revive my heart.

When sore temptations round me lay,
 Thy hand my foes restrain'd ;
 Secur'd my feet ; enlarg'd my way ;
 And all my hopes sustain'd.

PART THE THIRD.

Let Thy mercy, O my GOD,
 Heal the chast'nings of Thy rod :
 Trouble melts my eyes away,
 And my soul and flesh decay.

For my life in sorrow flies,
 Years are wafted on my sighs,
 And my strength and bones oppress
 Labour in my guilty breast.

Keen reproaches wound my heart,
 Foes and friends the strokes impart :
 Social bands my presence dread,
 Lo ! the passing stranger's fled !

As the dust to death consign'd,
 None my name recalls to mind :
 So the vessel on the ground
 Spreads its broken fragments round.

Yet their slanders meet my ear,
 Whither can I flee from fear ?
 For their counsels strike dismay,
 And my life's their destin'd prey.

PART THE FOURTH.

In Thee I trust, *All-gracious* LORD !
 I said, still resting on Thy *Word*,
 " Thou art *my* GOD : " admit the claim,
 And *faith* shall triumph in the name.

My *times* Thy purposes fulfil,
 My joys and griefs obey Thy will :
 Oh let Thy arm my foes restrain,
 And *earth* and *hell* shall rage in vain.

Thy presence to my soul display,
 And shine my gloomy fears away :
 Let *mercy* to my thankful heart
 Its saving health and joys impart.

From guilt and shame my soul defend,
 Since up to Thee my pray'rs ascend :
 But 'tis Thy justice strikes, when death
 Closes in shame the sinner's breath.

The lying lips, which utter wrong,
 The sland'ring, proud, contemptuous tongue,
 That dares blaspheme^b and grieve the just,
 Shall sink to silence and the dust.

PART THE FIFTH.

How rich, how vast, *All-bounteous* LORD,
 The treasures of Thy grace !
 The mercy rolling thro' Thy *Word*,
 In boundless promises !

The triumphs of Thy *cross* proclaim
 The wonders of Thy love :
 Thence all who fear and trust Thy name,
 Eternal blessings prove.

Bright beams, that from Thy présence shine,
 Inclose Thy servants round :
 Nor shall the sons of pride combine
 To break the sacred bound.

There, (blest pavilion !) there they dwell,
 And lift their joyful songs,
 Safe shelter'd from the *pow'rs of hell*,
 Or strife of sland'rous tongues.

^b Verse 18.—See 1 Pet. iv. 4.—Βλασφημίας.

I'll bless the LORD, how oft to *me*
 His wondrous grace is shown !
 Where, in His *Church*,^c His majesty,
 And all His glory's known !

PART THE SIXTH.

Blind *unbelief* my soul distrest,
 In dang'rous haste I cried,
 No more Thy *grace* shall calm my breast,
 Thy *mercy* is denied.

But, let *my faith* on GOD rely,
 And in His *truth* rejoice ;
 When to His throne I rais'd my cry,
 He heard my suppliant voice.

Ye saints adore and love the LORD,
 His hand preserves the just ;
 But measures out a full reward,
 And makes the proud accurst.

With *holy courage* in your breast,
 Your heav'nly way maintain ;
 Your hearts, who on His promise rest,
 His *mercy* shall sustain.

^c Verse 21.—See Is. xxvi. 1.

PSALM XXXII.

THE progress of a *penitential spirit* is here described in a most interesting manner, from the first conviction of sin, till it issue in an assured sense of *pardoning mercy*. This is presented as an encouragement to the *prayer of the humble*, and of those who *fear God*. The expression of reliance is followed with a promise of Divine instruction and guidance, and a caution against that brutal obstinacy, or that senseless disobedience, which requires the severity of correction.—Sin will certainly bring sorrow; but the *penitent sinner* shall as surely be happy in *forgiving grace*.—This only is the *blessed man*.

PART THE FIRST.

How happy is the man,
 Whose guilt is found no more !
 Whose sins *forgiving mercy* gain,
 By *mercy cover'd o'er* !
 How happy, whom the LORD
 Absolves from ev'ry sin !^a
 Whose heart with grace divinely stor'd
 Conceals no guile within !
 While conscious guilt supprest
 In silence lay conceal'd,
 What anguish fill'd my aching breast !
 My bones their firmness yield !
 By *night* I felt Thy hand ;
 My fears oppress'd the *day* ;
 Weary I faint, as parched land
 Beneath the summer's ray.

^a Verse 1, 2.—See 2 Cor. v. 19.; Rom. iv. 6—8.

Before the heav'nly throne
 I spread my guilt abroad ;
 I said, " my num'rous sins I'll own,
 " Nor hide them from my God !"

Swift as the humbling thought,
 (THOU MAJESTY DIVINE !)
 Thy *sov'reign* grace its succour brought,
 And seal'd *forgiveness* mine.^b

Thy *mercy's* rich display
 The *penitent* shall hear,
 That trembling lips may learn to pray,
 While *mercy* bows its ear.

When guilt or sorrows roll,
 Like mighty waves on high,
 Thy *mercy* shall redeem his soul,
 Nor let the floods come nigh.

PART THE SECOND.

Thou art my *HIDING PLACE*,
 My *SAVIOUR*, and my *LORD*,
 Tho' troubles rise, Thy *sov'reign* grace
 Shall songs of joy afford.

My heart has heard Thee say,
 (Thy goodness I adore !)
 " My eye shall guide thee in the way,
 " And all thy paths explore.

^b Verse 5.—See 2 Sam. xii. 13. ; 1 John i. 9.

“ The senseless horse and mule,
 “ Reluctant to the rein,
 “ Yield to its *force*, averse to rule ;
 “ Let *love* my saints constrain.”

While for the guilty head
 Unnumber'd griefs are stor'd,
 Still *mercy's guardian wings* are spread
 Round those who trust the LORD.

Ye, who the LORD revere,
 Oh triumph in His name,
 His praises, with a heart sincere,
 In shouts of joy proclaim !

PSALM XXXII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

How bless'd the man, supremely bless'd,
 Whose sins *forgiveness* prove !
 Whose *guilt*, with *penitence* confess'd,
 Is cover'd o'er with *love* !

How bless'd the man, the righteous GOD
 In *righteousness* arrays ;^c
 Nor e'er imputes the guilty load,
 The charge which justice lays !

^c See Rom. iv. 1, 2, &c.

Whose spirit, humble and sincere,
 No treach'rous purpose hides ;
 From guile his inmost thoughts are clear,
 And truth his practice guides.

While conscious guilt within my breast
 In silence lay conceal'd,
 My anxious spirit knew no rest,
 My bones their firmness yield.

Beneath Thy hand, to sorrow doom'd,
 By day, by night, I lay ;
 As the parch'd land, by drougt consum'd,
 Faints in the summer's ray.

Before my heav'nly *Father's* throne
 I spread my sins abroad ;
 I said, " I'll all my wand'rings own,
 " Nor hide them from my GOD."

O wondrous love ! the humbling thought
 Had scarce repentant fled,
 When *sov'reign grace forgiveness* brought,
 And rais'd my fainting head.

This shall the *penitent* behold,
 And chide his gloomy fear ;
 Shall near Thy seat his griefs unfold,
 While *mercy* waits to hear.

Tho' floods of guilt around him spread,
 Thy hand shall lift him high ;
 From the rough billows screen his head,
 Nor let the waves come nigh.

PART THE SECOND.

My *HIDING PLACE*, my *SAFE RETREAT*,
 In Thee, my GOD, I find :
 Thy grace, when storms around me beat,
 Exalts my thankful mind.

In humble faith, Thy voice I hear,
 “ I’ll all thy ways explore,
 “ I’ll make thy paths of duty clear,
 “ My eye shall pass before.
 “ The senseless horse, the stubborn mule,
 “ The reins reluctant stay :
 “ Their mouths undisciplin’d to rule :—
 “ But let My saints obey.”

What sorrows, numberless and great,
 Are for the wicked stor’d !
 While *mercy’s shell’ring wings* await
 Round those who trust the LORD !

Ye righteous, in His *name* rejoice,
 Devoted to His fear :
 In shouts of joy exalt your voice,
 With lips and heart sincere.

PSALM XXXII.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

How bless’d the man, with *mercy* crown’d,
 Whose sins have all forgiveness found !
 Whose deep transgressions, cover’d o’er
 With pard’ning blood, are seen no more !

How blest the man, to whom the LORD
Doth His own righteousness afford !
Whom mercy clears from ev'ry sin,
Whose heart conceals no guile within.

My guilt with conscious fear 'supprest,
What anguish fill'd my aching breast !
My soul in gloomy silence lay,
And groan'd the tedious hours away.

By night Thy heavy hand I bare,
Nor could the day relieve my care :
With drought consum'd, my vigour flies,
As the parch'd fields, by summer's skies.

I made my guilt and sorrows known,
With deep contrition, at Thy throne :
I said, " I'll all my sins confess,
" And seek Thy grace and righteousness."

Scarce had my breast the thought conceiv'd,
Thy *grace* my anxious fears reliev'd ;
Cleans'd my whole soul with *blood divine*,
And seal'd Thy *pard'ning mercy* mine.

Oh boundless love ! the rich display
Shall teach the trembling lips to pray ;
The *penitent*, with godly fear,
Shall plead—while *mercy* waits to hear.

Tho' floods of guilt and sorrows roll,
Like mighty waters, round his soul,
O'er all the LORD shall lift him high,
Nor let the rushing waves come nigh.

PART THE SECOND.

My *HIDING PLACE*! my griefs resign'd,
 In THEE a *SAFE RETREAT* I find :
 Bless'd *SAVIOUR*! Thou wilt aid impart,
 While songs of triumph fill my heart !

With humble faith, I heard Thee say,
 “ My *SPIRIT* shall direct thy way ;
 “ My searching eye shall pass before,
 “ And ev'ry doubtful path explore.

“ The senseless horse, the stubborn mule,
 “ Their mouths undisciplin'd to rule,
 “ Reluctant feel the curbing rein ;
 “ But let My love My saints restrain.”

Around the wicked, tho' in state,
 Sorrows unknown, unnumber'd, wait :
 While *mercy's guardian wings* afford
 Safety to those who trust the LORD.

Ye, who adore JEHOVAH's name,
 With cheerful gratitude proclaim
 His mercies ; and, with holy fear,
 Shout to His praise, with hearts sincere.

PSALM XXXIII.

A Psalm of triumphant praise to GOD, for His faithfulness to His word, and His ability to perform it, confirmed by His works of *Creation* and *Providence*. The *Church*, from these considerations, determines to rejoice in Him, and supplicates the *continuance* of His mercy.

PART THE FIRST.

REJOICE—your voice in triumph raise,
Ye righteous, who the LORD revere ;
How comely is the voice of praise,
From cheerful lips, and hearts sincere.

Your praises to the LORD belong,
Let all your instruments combine ;
To His great *name* renew the song,
With skilful arts your voices join.

His *Word*, our everlasting stay,
His *Justice* and His *Truth* secure :
His *Works* His *faithfulness* display,
Rich is His *grace*, His *promise* sure.

He *Judgment* loves—but *Mercy* near
Unites with *Justice* in His *Word* :
He bids the earth His *Gospel* hear,
Fill'd with the *goodness* of the LORD.

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *WORD*,^a Eternal God !
Spake—at the high command,
 The heav'ns their beauteous arch abroad
 Spread o'er the land:
 Thy *SPIRIT*,^b Breath divine !
 With pow'r creative flies,
 Their *hosts of light* innum'rous shine,
 O'er all the skies.

At Thy command, the *deeps*
 Beneath the mountains pour ;
 Thy hand in mighty confluence keeps
 The treasur'd store :
 Let earth adore its LORD !
 Down to its caverns hurl'd,
 He binds ;—or calls them with His word,
 And drowns *a world* !

Let all the earth draw near,
 And bow with awe profound ;
 The LORD JEHOVAH claims your fear,
 His praise resound :
 He *spake*—Lo ! earth and skies
 Their perfect forms disclose,
 He bade the beauteous order rise,
 And *Order* rose !

^a Verse 6.—The *WORD* of the LORD (JEHOVAH).—John i. 1—3.

^b The *SPIRIT* of His mouth.—Gen. i. 2.; Job xxxiii. 4. See *Poli Syn. Crit.*

Their counsels He'll restrain,
 And heathen lands assuage ;
 He makes their deep devices vain,
 And vain their rage :
 The counsel of the LORD
 Stands—nor resistance fears ;
 Firm are His thoughts, and fix'd His word,
 Thro' endless years.

Supremely blest their coasts,
 Beyond the lands abroad,
 Who claim JEHOVAH, LORD OF HOSTS,
 Their *cov'nant* GOD :
 'Midst whom, th' ETERNAL LORD,
 Selected for His own,
 Proclaims His grace, reveals His *Word*,
 And builds His throne.

PART THE THIRD.

JEHOVAH, LORD MOST HIGH!
 From Heav'n, with boundless gaze,
 Casts wide His *all-discerning* eye,
 And *Man* surveys :
 Where high enthron'd He dwells,
 In the bright realms of light,
 Earth all its peopled lands unveils,
 Before His sight.

His hand creative made,
 With nice discerning art,
Man's form divine : and *life* obey'd
 The springing *heart* :

His praise He'll not divide,^c
 Alone He builds the frame,
 From Him no work, no thought, can hide,
O'ER ALL SUPREME!

Let *Kings* JEHOVAH know,
 His will their arms can bless,
 Alone the vict'ry can bestow :
 His *pow'r* confess !
 In vain the num'rous host
 Spread o'er th' embattled field,
 In vain their strength the mighty boast,
 With courage steel'd.

The *horse* inur'd to war,
 In combat his delight,
 Views the fierce battle from afar,
 And courts the fight :
 His strength and courage vain ;
 Proud, 'midst the hostile bands,
 He falls—the marshall'd legions slain ;
 When GOD commands!

PART THE FOURTH.

O'er the earth the LORD inspecting,
 (Fix'd His *providential* care)
 To His saints His eye directing,
 These His *special bounty* share :

^c Verse 15.—*He fashioneth their hearts alike.* Heb. יָחַד, “*He alone formed the heart.*” His wisdom and power alone created, who still observes all the works and ways of men.

Those who fear Him still beholding,
 On their souls His glories shine ;
Mercy in its wings infolding
 Those on *Mercy* who recline.

He, of *life* the LORD and *giver*,
 Shall their *GUARDIAN* GOD be found,
 Shall from pestilence deliver,
 Spreading plagues and deaths around :
 He, when want and famine rages,
 Guards and rescues from the grave,
Love divine, thro' endless ages,
 Shall their ransom'd spirits save.

Thee, JEHOVAH, Thee adoring,
 Prostrate at Thy throne we bend,
 Humbly there Thy grace imploring,
 Waiting till Thy grace descend :
 Thou our *HELP*, Almighty *SAVIOUR*!
 Let Thy arm be still reveal'd,
 Cast around Thy *grace* and *favour*,
 As our everlasting *shield* !

In Thy love our heart rejoices,
 While Thy promises we claim ;
 Thee we praise with cheerful voices,
 Trusting in *Thy HOLY NAME* :
 LORD, Thy *mercy* without measure
 Fills the *cov'nant of Thy grace* !
 Pour on us that heav'nly treasure,
 For on THEE our hopes we place !

PSALM XXXIV.

FROM a remarkable interposition of JEHOVAH in behalf of His servant, recorded 1 Sam. xxi. 10, &c. the Psalmist encourages himself and others to prayer and confidence in GOD, in every time of perplexity and danger. For this purpose also he describes the dangerous state of the wicked, as resting under the frowns of Divine displeasure; and the security of the righteous, as blest with the *presence*, guarded by the *power*, and partakers of the *mercy*, of JEHOVAH. From hence he triumphs, through faith, in the final and certain deliverance of all His servants out of all their troubles.

PART THE FIRST.

FROM day to day, while life revolves,
 I'll bless my heav'nly LORD;
 His praise my grateful heart resolves,
 My thankful lips record.

With holy joy, with cheerful voice,
 His wonders I'll declare;
 Till humble *penitents* rejoice,
 And in my triumph share.

Exalt the LORD—in songs of praise
 With me His grace proclaim;
 Uniting in His courts to raise
 Fresh honours to His name.

Whene'er His heav'nly aid I sought,
 With sorrow in my heart,
 His grace, which my deliv'rance wrought,
 Bade all my fears depart.

Thus all His saints, before His throne,
Have urg'd their humble claim ;
His beams of glory round them shone,
Nor left their hopes to shame.

To Him the poor his griefs disclos'd,
With anxious care oppress ;
He heard, and ev'ry fear compos'd,
And calm'd th' afflicted breast.

PART THE SECOND.

The *ANGEL* of *JEHOVAH*^a nigh
Protects His *Church* around ;
More than the martialld hosts that lie
Spread o'er the tented ground.

Oh taste and see how rich His love !
What kindness fills His breast !
The men who trust the *LORD* shall prove
How all His saints are blest.

Before His throne with rev'rence stand :
His providential eye
Shall guide His saints, His bounteous hand
Shall all their wants supply.

^a Verse 7.—The *ANGEL JEHOVAH*. That person in (יהוה מלאך) *JEHOVAH ALEIM* who, as the appointed *MEDIATOR* between *GOD* and *Man*, is the מלאך *MESSANGER* or *ANGEL* of the *Covenant* ; and, as such, transacts all the concerns of His *Church*, and of the world. “ This (מלאך) *ANGEL*, “ which frequently appeared to the *Church* of old, was evidently a human “ form, surrounded or accompanied by *light* or *glory* ; with or in which “ *JEHOVAH* was present.”—See *Parkhurst*, under מלאך.

FILIUS DEI, qui dicitur *ANGELUS JEHOVAH*.—Gen. xvi. 7 to 13, and xix. 1, and xxxii. 24 to 30, and xlviii. 15, 16 ; Is. lxiii. 9, &c. Qui, instar Ducis summi, multis Angelorum copiis instructus, tuetur pios.—*Poli Syn. Crit.*

Young *Lions* roam the desert wide,
 And search in vain for food ;
 But GOD will ev'ry saint provide
 With ev'ry needful good.

PART THE THIRD.

Ye youthful minds, whose hopes are high,
 Let truth arrest your ear ;
 My lips instruction shall supply,
 And teach JEHOVAH's fear.

Where is the man whose soul aspires
 To *life* and *length of days*?
 Whose mind *substantial good* desires,
 And *joy* that ne'er decays ?

Thy guarded tongue by grace restrain
 From ev'ry evil word ;
 Thy lips from vanity refrain,
 Nor let a lie be heard.

From sin's alluring paths depart,
 His precepts to obey ;
 Peace the fix'd object of thy heart,
 The tenor of thy way.

For GOD, with ever-watchful eyes,
 Will all His saints regard :
 To listen to their plaintive cries
 His mercy stands prepared.

But the stern vengeance of His face,^b
 The terrors of His frown,
 Shall sweep the sinner from his place,
 To endless ruin down.

PART THE FOURTH.

His saints, when sinking in distress,
 To GOD direct their cry ;
 He hears them, and commands redress,
 And brings deliv'rance nigh.

The *broken heart*, to grief resign'd,
 Shall His kind *pity* feel ;
 And *contrite spirits* quickly find
 How *mercy* loves to heal.

What num'rous scenes of varied grief
 His saints and servants share ?
 But *mercy* quickly sends relief,
 And makes their bones its care.

His justice shall for vengeance call,
 And stop the sinner's breath ;
 Soon shall the *persecutor* fall
 In everlasting death.

Then their *REDEEMER* and their LORD
 His servants shall approve,
 Nor leave *one* saint, who trusts His word,
 Deserted of His love.

^b The *face* is put for *wrath*, because *wrath* is especially discovered by the countenance.—Lev. xvii. 10.

PSALM XXXIV.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Now shall my heart and thankful tongue
Thro' life JEHOVAH's praise prolong :
Nor will my lips decline His praise,
Thro' changing scenes of future days.

My soul, so oft by Him restor'd,
Shall speak its triumph in the LORD ;
Till humble sinners hear my voice,
And in His pard'ning love rejoice.

Oh now with me exalt His name,
With me JEHOVAH's praise proclaim ;
He listen'd, as I rais'd my pray'r,
And scatter'd all my fears afar.

Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry place,
His saints have sought, and found His grace ;
Nor, while His mercy beam'd around,
Could all the *pow'rs of hell* confound.

The *poor*, who knows no help beside,
To Him in hopeless sorrow cried ;
He heard him, and in calm repose,
Plac'd him on high o'er all his foes.

PART THE SECOND.

Around the men, who own His fear,
The *ANGEL* of JEHOVAH's near :
Not tented hosts, that spread the field,
Such safety or such triumph yield.

Oh taste and see how vast His love !
 How rich the grace His servants prove !
 How happy, how divinely blest,
 The men who on His promise rest !

Ye saints, with fear, before His throne
 His *providential* bounty own :
 Their num'rous cares to Him resign'd,
 Who fear the LORD no want shall find.

Young *Lions* o'er the desert plain,
 By hunger urg'd, may roam in vain :
 But they who seek the LORD shall know
 His hand can ev'ry good bestow.

PART THE THIRD.

Children, your *parents'* call obey,
 Hear, and let *wisdom* guide your way ;
 Your hearts to *sacred truth* afford,
 And learn from me to fear the LORD.

Where is the man whose mind aspires,
 And *life* and *length of days* desires ?
 Who seeks *substantial good* to gain,
 So sought by man, but sought in vain ?

From sland'rous words withhold thy tongue ;
 Nor dare pronounce the thing that's wrong ;
 From falsehood let thy lips refrain, '
 Which GOD abhors, and *Men* disdain.

In action pure ; sincere of heart ;
 From all iniquity depart :
 Thro' life, to bless its last review,
 In *peace* delight, and *peace* pursue.

For, lo! the LORD, from out the skies,
 Views all His saints with watchful eyes ;
 And, when their sorrows urge their pray'r,
 He bows, and makes their wants His care.

But sinners, who transgress His word,
 Shall meet the terrors of the LORD :
 His frowning face shall blast their mirth,
 And blot their mem'ry from the earth.

PART THE FOURTH.

When sorrows rise, or fears oppress,
 From GOD the righteous seek redress,
 He hears ; and, as their cries ascend,
 Bids every storm of trouble end.

The *broken heart*, th' afflicted sigh,
 Will call the LORD's compassion nigh :
 He bids the *contrite spirit* rest,
 In His own love securely blest.

How various are the scenes of woe !
 What num'rous griefs, the righteous know ?
 But GOD shall ward th' afflictive stroke,
 Nor shall one bone of theirs be broke.

Behold ! the wicked, who rebel,
 Shall sink beneath His wrath to hell ;
 And daring sinners die accurst,
 Who hate and persecute the just.

Then shall His arm His servants save,
 And raise His ransom'd from the grave ;
 Nor shall *one* soul, that trusts His word,
 Be left deserted of the LORD.

PSALM XXIV.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

Now my fix'd resolve is taken;
 To exalt JEHOVAH's praise ;
 Grateful songs of *faith unshaken*
 Shall attend my future days :
 GOD, *my* GOD, in Thee I'll glory,
 Raise to Thee my cheerful voice,
 Till the humble fall before 'Thee,
 Hear Thy mercy and rejoice.

O ye saints, exalt the *SAVIOUR*, ●
 Lift with me His name on high,
 He who, with unbounded favour,
 Bow'd indulgent to my cry !
 When in humble supplication
 At His throne my pray'r He heard,
 He, the GOD of *my salvation*,
 Sav'd my soul from all I fear'd.

Saints of old, when woes oppress'd them,
 Rais'd their eyes to Him alone ;
 He from all their fears releas'd them,
 While His favour round them shone :
 When the needy suppliant near Him,
 Poor and wretched, sought relief,
 Mercy bow'd its ear to hear him,
 And redeem'd from all his grief.

PART THE SECOND.

Lo! the LORD around them standing,
ANGEL of *JEHOVAH* near,
 All His martiall'd hosts commanding,
 Saves the men who own His fear :
 Sinners, now, reclining on Him,
 Taste and see how great His love !
 Bless'd are they that trust upon Him,
 Sweet the peace His servants prove.

Oh, ye saints of GOD, before Him
 Let your grateful praises flow ;
 Love Him, trust Him, and adore Him,
 For His saints no want shall know :
 Youthful *Lions*, hungry, roaring,
 Wander oft in vain for food ;
 But the men His aid imploring
 Ne'er shall want a thing that's good.

PART THE THIRD.

Children, ye whose hearts are tender,
 Listen with attentive ear,
 Foolish hopes and joys surrender,
 Learn from me JEHOVAH'S fear :
 Ye, whose minds aloft aspiring
 Long for *life* and *length of days*,
 Honours, riches, fame, desiring,
 Ev'ry good which life displays :

If you seek *substantial pleasure*,
 Sought so oft by man in vain,
 Let your tongues no slander treasure,
 And your lips from lies restrain :
Piety is sweet employment,
Sin and *folly* end in woe ;
 Follow *peace*, (how rich th' enjoyment !)
 Peace with GOD, and *Man* below.

For the LORD, in endless favour,
 O'er the just directs His eye ;
 He their *FRIEND*, their *GUIDE*, their *SAVIOUR*,
 Bows His ear whene'er they cry :
 But, when sinners disobey Him,
 On His face what frowns arise ?
 All His terrors round array Him,
 Till their place from mem'ry dies.

PART THE FOURTH.

When the just, their fears unfolding,
 Spread before Him all their grief,
 Then the LORD, on high, beholding,
 Quickly sends the kind relief :
 Near the *wounded spirit* standing,
Mercy pities ev'ry cry,
Grace, its speedy help commanding,
 Loves the *penitential sigh*.

Num'rous waves of trouble rolling,
 Oft His humble saints oppress ;
 But the LORD, their rage controlling,
 Saves His servants from distress :
 He, of life and health the giver,
 Will avert th' afflictive stroke,
 Will from ev'ry fear deliver,
 Lest one bone of theirs be broke.

Bold transgressors, vengeance daring,
 In His wrath shall die accurst ;
 They shall perish, deep despairing,
 Who with hate pursue the just :
 But the LORD's eternal favour
 All His ransom'd *Church* shall prove,
 Nor shall *one*, who trusts the *SAVIOUR*,
 Be deserted of His love.

PSALM XXXV.

THE sorrows and prayers of *David*, in the midst of his enemies, must here be considered as typical of the humiliation of *CHRIST*, and His earnest supplications to His heavenly *FATHER*; in which He was heard and answered.—Heb. v. 7, 8. In this also He is our *pattern*, as well as the *Author of our salvation*. Let the redeemed therefore rejoice in His victory, and magnify the *LORD*, for His delight in His people.

PART THE FIRST.

PLEAD, plead, My cause—'midst pow'rful foes,
MESSIAH cries, Thy pow'r oppose;
Eternal LORD! where battles rage,
Firm for the fight, Thy arm engage.

Hold, hold the *shield*, the *buckler* bear,^a
To Thee belong the *lance*, the *spear*;
My GOD, My enemies control,
And speak *salvation* to My soul.

Then shall^b the men who seek My life,
Confounded in th' unequal strife,
Asham'd return; their arts malign,
Thy hand to ruin shall consign.

Thus shall My enemies all fly,
As *chaff* that's scatter'd o'er the sky:
And thro' their paths, expos'd to view,
The *Angel of the LORD* pursue.

^a Verse 2.—Pingitur hic Deus armatus, &c.—*Ἀρτοποιημένος, et ἰπποπόμος, &c.*—*Poli Syn. Crit.*

^b Verse 4.—See Psalm vi. 10, note ^b, page 24.

There, as their slipp'ry footsteps stray,
 Yet shall Thine *Angel* urge their way ;
 Till o'er the earth, 'midst scorn and dread,
 The wretched fugitives are spread.

PART THE SECOND.

The *Priests* and *Scribes*, with causeless hate,
 Around the *dying SAVIOUR* wait,

And vent their impious joys :
 Their ruin hastens unawares ;
 Their deep device themselves ensnares ;
 And the whole race destroys.

Nor *Priests*, nor *Scribes*, amidst the slain,
 Nor *Pow'rs of hell*, His soul detain,

Which throng the *cross* around :
 Joyful in GOD, the *SAVIOUR* cries,
 " 'Tis *finish'd*," and ascends the skies,
 With GOD's *salvation* crown'd !

JEHOVAH, *MAJESTY DIVINE* !

Who shall compare his arm with Thine ?

Omnipotent to save ! _
 Tho' *earth* and *hell* His soul oppress,
 By THEE He rises to His rest,
 And triumph's o'er the grave !

This let the *poor afflicted* see,
 And place their confidence in THEE,
 Thou boundless source of grace !
 Safe on that pow'r His saints repose,
 By which the LORD, their *SAVIOUR*, rose,
 And there my hopes I place.

PART THE THIRD.

Behold, the Great *REDEEMER* stands,
 Surrounded by the treach'rous bands,
 Abhorr'd—with secret crimes revil'd,
 Which not His spotless thought defil'd.

Their malice as *His mercy* strong,
 His *kindness* recompens'd with *wrong* ;
 Thro' life His varied sorrow flows,
 Till on the *cross* those sorrows close.

What *mercies* can with His compare,
 Who all our sins and sorrows bare !
 For us He fasts—for us arise
 His pray'rs—nor will the LORD despise.

What kind compassions fill His mind ?
 More than a *friend* in Him we find :
 Not *brethren's* sympathy so great,
 Nor *sons*, which weep a *mother's* fate.

Yet, where His griefs were sharp and strong,
 The impious crowd with triumph throng :
 While the vile rabble's coarsest breath
 Adds insult to the pangs of death.

There, as our weight of *guilt* He bare,
 The nails His sacred body tear ;
 And, round His *cross*, the abject band
 Gnash with their teeth—and scornful stand.^c

^c Verse 16.—“With hypocritical mockers in feasts.” לַעֲנֵי מַעַת, who mock, a mocking (i. e.) who greatly deride.—See Parkhurst, on לַעֲנֵי. See also Ainsworth in loc.

JEHOVAH sees—His *son* to save,
 He hastes, and rescues from the grave :
 Bids His *united manhood*^a rise,
 And bear its vict'ries to the skies.

Then let the *Church* His grace proclaim,
 And spread JEHOVAH'S pow'r and name :
 JESUS—Thy *cross* our *life* we own,
 And hail the triumphs of Thy throne.

PART THE FOURTH.

JESUS bows His dying head ;
 Crowds insulting 'round Him spread ;
 Wink the eye with causeless hate ;
 And in barb'rous triumph wait.

Peace their murd'rous hearts disdain,
 Nor their faithless lips restrain :
 Those whom peaceful arts delight
 Objects of their sportive spite.

Words of malice, words of pride,
 JESUS, *spotless Lamb*, deride :
 “ Ah ! aha ! our watchful eye
 “ Mark'd the secret guilt,” they cry.

Now the LORD His *son* beholds,
 Nor His lengthen'd silence holds ;
 Now He hears the *SAVIOUR'S* pray'r ;
 Nor regardless stands afar.

^a Verse 17.—יְחִידָתִי, *my united one*. See Psalm xxii. 20, note 8, page 104. “ CHRIST prays for the deliverance of the nature He had assumed, “ and in which He delighted.”—*Bishop Horne*.

NOW JEHOVAH, Mighty LORD,
 Bids His *truth* confirm His *word* :
 Righteous judgments blast their joy,
 And their faithless hopes destroy.

Tho' their hearts insulting say,
 " *So we'd have it*—rise and slay ;"
 GOD His *dying son* shall own,
 Rais'd to fill th' eternal throne.

PART THE FIFTH.

Lo ! the LORD, the Mighty *SAVIOUR*,
 Quits the *grave*, the *throne* to claim ;
 Object of His endless favour,
 GOD o'er all exalts His name :
 Those who hate Him
 Cloth'd with everlasting shame.

Shout for joy, with songs of praises,
 Ye who in His name delight ;
 Shout—'tis GOD our *SAVIOUR* raises
 To His throne, in endless might !
 'Tis JEHOVAH,
 Crowns *our LORD* in realms of light !"

GOD His *Servant* lifts to glory,
 Bids Him all His honours share :
 Now, JEHOVAH, we adore Thee,
 And Thy *righteousness* declare :
 Endless praises
 Shall His ransom'd *Church* prepare.

PSALM XXXVI.

THE wickedness of man, arising from a want of the fear of God, is here contrasted with the Divine mercy and loving-kindness. From hence the Psalmist encourages his prayer for the Church at large, and for his own deliverance in particular; assured that he shall finally triumph, when all his enemies shall be destroyed for ever. So shall the Believer be "more than a conqueror, through Him who hath loved him!"

PART THE FIRST.

WITHIN my heart^a I spake,
 (There the great guilt I saw)
 The wicked, LORD, Thy fear forsake,
 "Then boldly break Thy law."

With self-delusion blind,
 He hides his crimes within;
 Till God by strict inquiry find,
 And manifest his sin.

His words from truth depart,
Deceit is on his tongue,
 And, *wisdom* banish'd from his heart,
 He hastes to practice wrong.

Deep, on his bed, he lays
 His mischievous designs,
 And marks and plans his impious ways,
 Nor secret guilt declines.

^a Verse 1.—"Saith within my heart."—From the observation of what passed in his own heart, he discovered the source of all evil.

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *mercy*, LORD, transcends
 The heav'ns exalted high ;
 Fix'd o'er the *clouds*, Thy *truth* extends
 Beyond the changing sky.

Firm as the mountain's base
 Thy *righteousness* we own ;
 Who can Thy wondrous judgments trace ?
 Those *sacred depths* unknown !

Thy *providential care*
 The *race of man* sustains ;
 And *beasts* Thy daily bounty share,
 Pour'd o'er the fertile plains.

How excellent Thy *love*,
 In all Thy works display'd !
 Thy *wings*^b the *sons of Adam* prove
 Their *everlasting shade* !

Thy house with grace is stor'd,
 Thy blessings there abound ;
Rivers of pleasures, from Thy *Word*,
 Pour their rich streams around !

^b Verse 7.—Frequens in Psalmis figura, ab alis CHERUBINORUM arcæ propitiatorio obumbrantium, opinor, proxime ducta ; remotius vero ab avibus, quæ pullos alarum umbra a radiis solaribus defendunt.—*Bishop Hare*. See Matt. xxiii. 37. ; Deut. xxxii. 11.

PART THE THIRD.

My GOD, alone in Thee
Life like a *fountain*^c dwells !
 Thy *Light*, by which the light we see,
 The darkest shade dispels.

To such as know Thy way
 Let all Thy love appear ;
 To those Thy *righteousness* display,
 Whose hearts are found sincere.

The sons of pride assail !—
 Their impious rage control ;
 Nor let the *pow'rs of hell* prevail
 To shake my steadfast soul.

I see the sinner fall !
 My foes shall rise no more ;
 No more their triumph they recall :
 Thy *mercy* I adore !

PSALM XXXVI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

WATCHING o'er my wand'ring heart,
 There the source of guilt I found ;
 Sinners from *Thy fear* depart,
 Thence their daring sins abound :
 Lo ! the man of impious mind,
 Bold in *self-delusion* grows ;
 But the LORD his guilt shall find,
 And his hidden deeds disclose.

^c Rev. xxii. 1. ; John xvii. 3.

In his words deceit he hides,
 Mischief dwells upon his tongue,
 For his heart no wisdom guides,
 Prone to think and practice wrong :
 On his bed his schemes he lays,
 Hails his mischievous designs,
 Marks and plans his impious ways,
 Nor the *secret crime* declines.

PART THE SECOND.

LORD, Thy *mercy* vast and high,
 O'er the highest heav'ns ascends !
 O'er the *clouds*, beyond the sky,
 Fix'd secure, Thy *truth* extends !
 Firmer than the mountain's base,
 LORD, Thy *righteousness* we own :
 Who can all Thy *judgments* trace ?
Heights unseen ! and *depths* unknown !

While Thy *providential care*
Man's high-favour'd race sustains,
 Still for *beasts* Thy hands prepare
 Fruitful fields, and flow'ry plains :
 But, *my* GOD, how rich the *love*,
 Thro' Thy ways of grace display'd !
 Safe we trust, and shelter prove,
 In Thy *wing's* protecting shade.

Blessings in Thy house abound,
 There Thy saints Thy fulness know :
 Streams of *mercies* rise around,
Pleasures like a river flow :
 There Thy servants sweet employ,
 Sweetest satisfaction, find ;
 Drinking, with a sacred joy,
 At the *source of bliss* reclin'd.

FOUNT OF LIFE! alone in **THEE**
 Life's *perpetual fountain* dwells !
 In Thy *Light* we light shall see,
 Light, which ev'ry shade dispels:
 O'er the men who know Thy name
 Let Thy boundless kindness flow :
 Own the humble sinner's claim,
 And Thy righteousness bestow.

Shall the foot of pride prevail,
 Lifted o'er my prostrate breast ?
 Shall my fainting spirit fail,
 By the *pow'rs of hell* oppress ?
 Let Thy arm my foes destroy,
 Till they fall to rise no more :
 Then, my **GOD**, with holy joy,
Mercy—Mercy, I'll adore !

PSALM XXXVII.

THE *mystery of Providence* is here unfolded, and *sinful anxiety* at the prosperity and power of the ungodly reprov'd, by the consideration of the care of GOD over His people; the sure protection He affords them, though unseen; their certain restoration and deliverance; and the speedy termination of all earthly glory. Thus supported, let faith rest, through every perplexing dispensation, in steadfast reliance upon the word and truth of GOD, and His faithfulness shall fulfil the believing expectation of His people.

PART THE FIRST.

THY anxious cares, my soul, resign,
 Tho' prosp'rous sinners rise to state:
 Nor, vex'd with envious thoughts, repine,
 When men profane grow rich and great.

Quick, like the *springing grass*, they rise,
 As quick their transient glories fade:
 So the frail *flow'r of morning* dies,
 Cut down before the *evening* shade.

Firm on JEHOVAH'S arm recline,
 His precepts thy perpetual care,
 Then GOD thy dwelling shall assign
 Safe in the land—and feed thee there.

On Him, thy soul's supreme delight!
 Fix with content thy steadfast mind;
 Then shall thy wishes, form'd aright,
 From Him their full enjoyment find

Commit to Him thy doubtful way,
And trust His faithfulness and care :
His goodness shall thy path display,
And soon a prosp'rous end prepare.

Clear as the *light* thy *truth* shall shine,
And clouds of malice vanish soon :
Thy righteousness and pure design
Bright as thê beams which blaze at noon.

PART THE SECOND.

Safe in the LORD His saints may rest,
And calmly wait His will ;
Tho' sinners prosp'rous, rich, and blest,
Their purposes fulfil.

No more with angry mind arraign
The goodness of the LORD :^a
My soul, thy murm'ring thoughts restrain,
Lest I transgress His word.

Th' ungodly, 'midst his pride and state,
Shall meet his sudden doom :
Whilst they who on JEHOVAH wait
Secure a peaceful home.

Short is the sinner's boasted reign,
Tho' honours round him pour,
Search, search afar—alas! 'tis vain,
His place appears no more !

^a Verse 8.—“Cease from anger,” (i.e.) arraign not the ways of GOD.

Then shall the *meek* thro' earth extend
 Their heritage secure ;
 And *peace* o'er all their steps descend,
 Till *Heav'n* that peace secure.

PART THE THIRD.

Around the *just* the *tempter* lays
 His unsuspected toils ;
 Watches, unseen, his doubtful ways,
 And marks the destin'd spoils.

JEHOVAH smiles—His arm on high
 Shall all His servants guard :
 He sees the day of vengeance fly,
 The sinners just reward.

The sword unsheath'd, he aims the blow,
 The righteous to destroy :
 The poison'd arrow on the bow
 His secret arts employ.

In vain—for from His *servant's* breast
 The LORD shall ward the stroke :
 In their own heart their sword shall rest,
 And ev'ry bow be broke,

PART THE FOURTH.

Better is the scanty fare
 Which the pious poor supplies,
 Than the wealth the wicked share,
 Tho' to splendid state they rise :

GOD their lifted arm disdains,
 Quick their broken glory falls !
 But His pow'r the just sustains,
Strength renews and *peace* recalls.

'Tis the LORD observes their days,
 Orders all their times in love,
 Holds their steps, and guides their ways,
 To His endless joys above :
 When around *diseases* fly,
 Then JEHOVAH safely leads ;
Plagues and *famine* stalking nigh,
 Still His hand protects and feeds !

Nourish'd for the sacred fires,
 See the fatted victim dies :
 Quick the rapid flame aspires,
 Quick away the vapour flies :
 Thus the wicked, Mighty LORD !
 Perish at Thy wrathful stroke ;
 All Thy foes, before Thy word,
 Vanish like the altar's smoke.

While the sinner, basely low,
 Borrows, but returns no more,
 Mercy will the righteous show,
 Gen'rous to diffuse his store :
 When the LORD for *blessing* calls,
Blessings round His servants spread ;
 But His *curse*, where'er it falls,
 Sinks to death the guilty head.

PART THE FIFTH.

Now let the *just* in GOD confide,
 His wisdom all his steps shall guide,
 He loves his paths to see :
 Th' exulting foe exults in vain,
 He falls but to arise again,
 Sustain'd, O LORD, by Thee.

Ne'er have I seen, tho' age invade,
 A saint deserted of His aid,
 His sons an alms implore :^b
 While mercy guides his lib'ral hands,
 Blest is his seed, since GOD commands
 His blessing on his store.

Then from the ways of sin depart,
 And let His precepts guide your heart,
 Who guards your dwellings round :
Justice and *Truth* the LORD approves,
 Nor from His saints His eye removes,
 Till plac'd on heav'nly ground.

Soon shall the wicked sink from view,
 Their seed His justice shall pursue,
 And-on their tents remain :
 But then the righteous shall arise,
 Possess the earth, possess the skies,
 And endless glory gain !

^b Verse 25.—Perhaps the Psalmist did not mean to say, that it never does take place, but that it is very unusual; so much so, that through a long life he had never seen it.—Prov. xi. 25.

PART THE SIXTH.

When sacred knowledge fills the mind,
 What sweet delight His servants find ?
 The just, His lips with wisdom stor'd,
 Proclaims Thy judgments, Mighty LORD !
 Nor shall his willing steps depart,
 Thy law engrav'd upon his heart.

See, envious of his happy state,
 Around his path the wicked wait :
 With murd'rous arts the *Tempter* stands ;
 But GOD shall rescue from his hands ;
 Nor, when before His throne, refuse
 To clear His saints, tho' *hell* accuse.

Wait on the LORD, and keep His way ;
 His *Word* thy guide ; His *arm* thy stay ;
 Then, while on earth with safety blest,
 Heav'n shall secure thy endless rest !
 Thine eyes the sinner's fate shall see,
 Safe shelter'd thro' eternity !

PART THE SEVENTH.

Like the *Green Bay*, which, verdant grown,
 In its own soil,^c no change has known,
 I saw the *wicked* rise to pow'r :
 Quickly he pass'd—his place I sought,
 I sought again, alas ! '*twas not* !
 Quickly he pass'd, to rise no more !

^c Verse 35.—A *native tree*, grown from the seed, in the same spot, without transplantation, which commonly thrives better than such as are

But, mark the man of mind sincere,
 Th' Eternal GOD his only fear,
 How *peaceful* is his *dying breath* !
 He bids the welcome moments fly,
 His peace secure beyond the sky,
 When sinners sink to endless death.

Salvation, heav'nly LORD, is Thine,
 Firm on Thy strength Thy saints recline,
 Thine arm their glory shall sustain :
 Amidst their foes, thro' ev'ry fear,
 Thou Great *DELIV' RER*, always near,
 In Thee they trust, nor trust in vain.

removed to another soil.—“*Hic volunt esse arborem indigenam, seu sponte
 “ ortam, quales felicius crescunt.*”—*Bishop Hare*. “*Arbores felicius crescunt
 “ in solo natali, quam quæ in aliud transferuntur.*”—*Poli Syn. Crit.* See
Dan. iv. 10, 11, and 20, 21.



PSALM XXXVIII.

THIS Psalm, though considered as one of the Penitential Psalms, does not appear, in many parts of it, to be applicable to *David*; nor as such adapted to the use of the *Christian Church*. But part of it is applied to *CHRIST*, by the best expositors, and the whole may be understood as accomplished in *HIM*. It is, however, first rendered as a Penitential Psalm, and then referred to the *REDEEMER's passion*, and as already so fulfilled. In this sense it will be peculiarly suited to the *Christian Church* and worship, and assist our solemn meditations, when looking by faith at Him, “who was wounded for *our* transgressions, and bore the chastisement of *our* peace.”

PART THE FIRST.

THY vengeance, righteous LORD, remove,
See, whelm'd with grief I stand :
Nor in Thy fiercest wrath reprove,
But with a *Father's* hand.

Thy darts infix'd, what pain and smart
Runs thro' my conscious mind !
Thy hand lies heavy on my heart,
To ceaseless griefs consign'd.

Health from my tortur'd body flies,
Thy anger in my breast :
And, while my sins to mem'ry rise,
I seek in vain for rest.

Lo ! o'er my head my sins remain,
Great GOD, Thy servant spare :
The weight unable to sustain,
Or all Thy wrath to bear.

PART THE SECOND.

Like wounds corrupting in my frame,
 By guilt and anguish torn,
 Oppress'd with sin, o'erwhelm'd with shame,
 My foolishness I mourn.

Thy terrors all my soul dismay,
 And bow my spirit down :
 While clouds of sorrow shade the day,
 Beneath Thy angry frown.

In deep recesses of my heart
 The foul contagion lies,
 O'er *ev'ry pow'r*, in *ev'ry part*,
 The lep'rous stains arise.

Feeble and faint, alas ! no more
 Or health or ease I find :
 My constant complaints around I pour,
 With a disquiet mind.

Yet, gracious GOD, before Thy throne
 Shall my desires arise :
 Let mercy soften ev'ry groan,
 And pity all my sighs.

PART THE THIRD.

How pants my heart, with fear dismay'd !
 How fast its vigour flies !
 Death spreads around its gloomy shade,
 And darkens o'er my eyes.

Once bless'd with friendship (sweet delight!)
 I hail'd the sacred flame :
 No more !—far fleeing from my sight,
 Not breth'ren own the name.

While the base foes, who seek my life,
 With snares surround my feet,
 Their mischiefs plan, or counsel strife;
 Or meditate deceit :

Deaf are my ears, and dumb my tongue,
 While men their rage fulfil ;
 Patient I bear, resign'd to wrong,
 And bid my lips be still.

On Thee alone my hopes recline,
 On Thee, the LORD, I wait ;
 My GOD shall hear—His grace shall shine,
 And change my mournful state.

PART THE FOURTH.

Hear me, O LORD, lest men deride,
 And triumph in my shame,
 Lest, if my feet to folly slide,
 Their glory they proclaim.

For, lo ! my languid spirit faints,
 My fearful steps decline,
 My sorrows and my sad complaints
 In quick succession join.

Yet, humbly waiting at Thy throne,
 I'll all my sins declare;
 My great iniquities I'll own,
 And pour my sorrows there.
 But, LORD, my foes, with vigour strong,
 In numbers still increase;
 With causeless hate around me throng,
 Still hostile to my peace.
 They who for *good* my *hurt* devise
 Their envious pride display,
 Since on Thy *Word* my soul relies,
 And loves to tread Thy way.
 Then ne'er my fainting soul forsake,
 For Thee, *my GOD*, I claim;
My GOD will not His promise break,
 While resting on His name.
 Haste to my help—my steadfast mind
 Shall still on Thee repose :
 Salvation in Thy arm I find,
 And triumph o'er my foes.

PSALM XXXVIII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

REBUK'D, chastis'd, Thy wrath sustain'd,
 What griefs the *SAVIOUR'S* soul dismay!
 Thine arrows in His heart remain'd,
 Thy hand, O LORD, afflictive lay.

Within His body's tortur'd frame
 His bones with constant anguish fail'd;
 Thine anger wak'd the burning flame,
 When *guilt*, but *not His own*, prevail'd.

Beneath *our* num'rous sins He stood,^a
 Their burden rolling o'er His head:
 How great the weight! how vast the load!
 The GOD sustain'd, the *manhood* bled!

Deep were the wounds our folly gave,
 The wounds the *dying SAVIOUR* bore,
 When, bow'd in agonies to save,
 Life flow'd from ev'ry bleeding pore.

Beneath *our guilt* His loins opprest,
 His flesh the dreadful torment bare,
 Feeble and broke, His anguish'd breast,
 Pour'd to Thine ear the dying pray'r.

Thy throne receives His earnest cries,
 His groans Thy kind compassion move;
 Now on His *cross* Thy *Church* relies,
 And thro' *His death* implores *Thy love*.

PART THE SECOND.

With panting heart, and vigour flown,
 Light from His failing eyes withdrew:
 His friends th' endearing bonds disown,
 Nor 'midst His griefs the *SAVIOUR* knew.

^a Verse 4.—“*Mine iniquities*,” those which rested upon CHRIST, as the sinner's SURETY.—Is. liii. 6.

No friendly sympathy prepares
 Its aid—when foes around Him meet,
 When hatred spreads its fatal snares,
 In mischief's speaks, or plans deceit.
 But, silent 'midst the foul disdain,
 Deaf are His ears, and dumb His tongue ;
 His lips no base reproaches stain ;
 Nor censures to His heart belong.
 On Thee, O LORD, His hopes reclin'd,
 To hear ; to vindicate His name :
 Thy hand sustain'd His sinking mind :
 Then hear, thro' HIM, our humble claim.

PART THE THIRD.

O hear My pray'r, the SAVIOUR cried,
 Lest o'er My soul My foes rejoice :
 " Behold, behold, His footsteps slide !"
 His foes exclaim, with boasting voice,
 Sorrow and guilt their load prepare,
 And o'er His breast unceasing roll :
 Nor did my LORD refuse to bear
 The sins and burdens of my soul !
 Behold His pow'rful foes arise,
 With *causeless malice* round Him throng ;
 They *evil* for His *good* devise ;
 His kindest *love* repay with *wrong*.
 He asks—JEHOVAH's pity flows,
 Swift to uphold His GOD appears ;
 His *great salvation* He bestows,
 His *Church* with joy His *vict'ry* hears.

PSALM XXXIX.

IN consideration of the vanity of life, the Psalmist determines not to complain in *murmurings* to *man*, but to present his humble and fervent *supplications* to GOD; intreating *wisdom* to improve by his afflictions, *pardon* for their sinful cause, and a speedy *removal* of them. He then expresses his submission to the Divine will, but earnestly pleads for a mitigation of his sorrows, and a delay of the final sentence, till more ready for the solemn change.

PART THE FIRST.

MY heart its fix'd resolve declar'd,
 Its murm' rings to repress :
 I said, " My cautious ways I'll guard,
 " Nor shall my tongue transgress.

" While sinners round my soul remain,
 " And all my ways observe,
 " Fix'd on my lips I'll place the rein,
 " Nor shall my purpose swerve."

In cautious *silence* long I stood,
 Nor *grief* nor *joy* exprest :
 Till *sorrow*, like a whelming load,
 Lay heavy on my breast.

Hid in my heart, while musing long,
 The fire reluctant burn'd,
 It burst the bounds^a—it fir'd my tongue,
 From *Man* to THEE I turn'd.

^a Verse 3.—Jer. xx. 9.

PART THE SECOND.

- " Teach me, O LORD, the destin'd end
 " Which all my days shall close,
 " What frailties ev'ry stage attend !
 " How swift the current flows !
 " Life's but a span ! Man's longest years
 " Are *nothing*, LORD, to Thee :
 " When fix'd in glory he appears,
 " What splendid vanity !^b
 " Earth's shad'wy forms his ardour gain,
 " He toils with useless cares :
 " He heaps his treasur'd stores in vain,
 " Nor knows his future heirs.
 " Great GOD ! from vanities like these
 " What can my soul desire ?
 " To THEE my longing spirit flees,
 " To THEE my hopes aspire.
 " Thou gracious LORD, let *mercy* rise,
 " And all my guilt remove :
 " Nor let the world my hopes despise,
 " Supported by Thy love."

PART THE THIRD.

Silent I stood beneath Thy rod,
 And silent still I'll stand ;
 Thy right I own—'twas Thee, *my* GOD,
 I own Thy chast'ning hand.

^b Verse 5.—James iv. 14.

But shall that hand, severely just,
 To me destructive prove ?
 Oh, from this feeble dying dust
 Thy vengeful stroke remove.

When with rebukes Thy justice flies,
 To close his narrow span,
 Crush'd like the *moth*, his beauty dies;
 Such *vanity* is man !

Then let my cries arrest Thine ears,
 Nor still Thy help deny,
 While, weeping in this vale of tears,
 Beneath Thy hand I lie.

A *stranger* on this distant shore,
 From stage to stage I go :
 As all my fathers were before,
 Short *sojourner* below !

Then cease Thy hand, my strength repair,
 Ere to the grave I fall :
 My GOD, thro' life Thy servant spare,^c
 And be in Heav'n my all !

^c Verse 13.—Job x. 20, 21.

PSALM XL.

A Prophetic Psalm, in which the experience of the Psalmist is so expressed as to be applicable in its full extent only to the LORD our REDEEMER: in His voluntary undertaking; bearing the load of our innumerable sins, upon the *cross*; glorifying all the Divine perfections in His *work*; and proclaiming it in His *resurrection*, and by means of His *Gospel* in the assemblies of His Church. It concludes, like most of the Prophetic Psalms, with a *triumphant song of victory*, and an encouragement to the *poor* and *needy* to trust in their Almighty REDEEMER.

PART THE FIRST.

TO Heav'n I rais'd my earnest cries,
My soul to patient hope resign'd;
Swift to my aid JEHOVAH flies,
His *mercy* to my *pray'r* inclin'd.

From the dark pit, where horrors meet,
His arm withdrew my sinking head,
Firm on a *rock* He plac'd my feet,
My steps sustain'd, and onward led.

Now He exalts my songs of praise,
Nor can my grateful lips refrain;
To GOD, *our* GOD, my heart shall raise
A new—an elevated strain!

My vict'ries shall His saints record,
And stand with holy fear imprest,
Taught, by my triumph, on the LORD
In faith's high confidence to rest.

PART THE SECOND.

Bless'd is the man, whose hopes divine
 Firm on JEHOVAH'S strength confide,
 Nor, vainly confident, recline
 On men of falsehood and of pride.

O LORD, *our* GOD, with sweet surprise,
 We view *creative pow'r* display'd;
 Thy works in num'rous forms arise,
 'The wonders which Thy hands have made !

But who can search the glorious plan !
 Who to its boundless heights can trace
 Thy *purpos'd love* to ruin'd man !
 Thy thoughts of *everlasting grace* !

In vain our finite pow'rs combine,
 O'er all Thy ways of grace prevail ;
 In vain Thy praises we design,
Numbers, and time, and language fail !!

PART THE THIRD.

No beasts, to sacrifice consign'd,
 Nor richest gifts, the LORD desires :
 In vain, for sin, the off'ers bind
 The victim, for the sacred fires.

“ For ME, My GOD,” the *SAVIOUR* cries,
 “ Thy hand the *mortal frame* prepares :
 “ Lo ! lo ! Mine ear (My heart complies)
 “ The mark of willing service bears.

“ I come, Thy counsels to fulfil,
 “ Thy *oracles*^a My *name* impart ;
 “ Swift to perform Thy sacred will,
 “ Thy laws engrav’d upon My heart.
 “ Now, where the crowded court o’erflows,
 “ Thy *grace*, Thy *justice*, I’ll proclaim ;
 “ Nor shall My lips (JEHOVAH knows)
 “ Withhold the glories of Thy name.
 “ I’ll not conceal Thy *righteousness*,
 “ Thy *full salvation* I’ll declare :^b
 “ Till *ransom’d crowds* Thy *truth* confess,
 “ And in My endless triumph share.

PART THE FOURTH.

“ My GOD, Thy *tender mercies* show,
 “ Tho’ *vast transgressions* o’er Me roll :
 “ Thy *loving-kindnesses* bestow,
 “ And let Thy *truth* preserve My soul.
 “ Unnumber’d sorrows round Me spread,
 “ By sins, by countless sins,^c oppress !
 “ More than the hairs which shade My head,
 “ They melt My heart within My breast.
 “ Indulgent LORD, o’er all My foes,
 “ Haste, as My great *DELIV’RER*, near ;
 “ Oh let Thy strength My soul enclose,
 “ And instant for My help appear.

^a Verse 7.—“*The volume of the book,*” the antient rolls on which the *Law* and the *Prophets* were written.—Heb. x. 5—23.

^b Verse 9.—Acts i. 8.; Mark xvi. 15, 16.; Rom. iii. 21, 22.; Ps. xxii. 22—25.

^c Verse 12.—(*i. e.*) *Mihi imputatæ*.—Is. liii. 6.; Mark xv. 26.; 2 Cor. v. 21. *Various, Poli Syn. Crit.*

“ Then all who seek and wait My fall,
 “ Turn’d backward, shall their shame display :
 “ They laugh—reproach—for vengeance call,
 “ And vengeance shall the LORD repay.

“ Now let the men who seek Thy face,
 “ With joy, Thy *faithfulness* record,
 “ And all who love the *SAVIOUR’S* grace,
 “ Proclaim aloud—*Exalt the LORD* !

“ But I—a needy suppliant stand,
 “ Yet will the LORD regard My cry :
 “ *My GOD, My HELP*, Thy aid command,
 “ Swift on the wings of mercy fly.”

PSALM XL.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

MY humble pray’r I long preferr’d,
 And waited till JEHOVAH heard :
 He bow’d—attentive to My voice:
 From the dark pit, where horrors meet,
 From *guilt* and *sin* He pluck’d My feet,
 And bade My wond’ring heart rejoice.

Firm on a *rock* He plac’d My soul ;
 Now let the noisy billows roll,
 There shall I stand, and stand secure :
 The LORD preserves My dang’rous ways,
 In a *new song* I’ll speak His praise,
 Thro’ endless ages to endure.

How wondrous is His grace to Me !
 That grace admiring crowds shall see,
 And in JEHOVAH's strength confide :
 Bless'd is the man (they all shall cry)
 Whose hopes upon the LORD rely,
 Nor turn to men of lies and pride.

O LORD, *My* GOD, in pow'r Divine !
 What works of wonder round Me shine !
 Yet richer far Thy *thoughts of grace* !
 Who can their sum, their order, tell ?
 Their numbers all My pow'rs excel !
 Their glories far surmount My praise !

PART THE SECOND.

Not richest gifts, in sacrifice,
 Nor off'rings, where the victim dies,
 For sin consum'd, the LORD desires :
 But JESUS bows His willing ear,
 The mark of servitude to bear,^d
 He bows to all the LORD requires.

“ I come, (He cries) behold, My name
 “ Thy antient oracles proclaim ;
 “ Swift to perform Thy sov'reign will :
 “ Thy law's engrav'd within My heart,
 “ Nor shall its precepts thence depart,
 “ I love Thy counsel to fulfil.”

^d Verse 6.—See Is. l. 5. I cannot but think, whatever has been argued to the contrary, that an allusion is here made to the ceremony mentioned Ex. xxi. 1—6. And, as this devotedness of the *SAVIOUR* to *do the will* of His *FATHER*, as *His Servant*, was publicly acknowledged before men, when He took a *body* of the same nature as His brethren, the figurative lan-

Now, where the *great assembly* waits,
 Thy *righteousness*, thro' *Zion's gates*,
 Eternal LORD, His lips disclose :
 While on Thy faithfulness He stays,
 His *cross* Thy *Truth* and *Grace* displays,
 And thence complete *salvation* flows !

There did Thy *Mercies* round Him rest,
 Thy *Truth* sustain'd His lab'ring breast,
 Tho' on *His* soul *our* sorrows fell :
 More than the hairs which shade the head,
 On Him our num'rous sins were laid,
 When wrestling with the *pow'rs of hell* !

But then the LORD, His *HELPER*, rose,
 His arm exalts Him o'er His foes,
 While with indignant rage they burn :
 Aha ! the boasting rabble cries,
 For vengeance calling as He dies !
 And vengeance did the LORD return.

Now let the men, who seek Thy face,
 Who love th' appointed *SAVIOUR's* grace,
 Shout, as they sing, "*Exalt the LORD* !"
 From deep distress He heard His cry,
 He, kind *DELIV'ERER* ! hasten'd nigh :
 JESUS, Thy vict'ries we record.

guage of the Psalm, which was most correspondent to that dispensation, is rendered by the Apostle by "*a body hast Thou prepared Me*," as expressing the true design of the figure, and most suitable to the New Testament dispensation.—See also *Bishop Hare*.

PSALM XLI.

THE blessedness of the *benevolent man*.—Against the reproaches and treachery of his enemies the Psalmist appeals to GOD, and triumphs in the confidence of His unchangable *love* and *care*.

Part of this Psalm is applied to CHRIST, (John xiii. 18.) and the whole may be suitably applied to Him, “*who for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich;*” “*in whom all fulness dwells,*” that “*out of His fulness we may receive, and grace for grace;*” who was nevertheless “*despised and rejected of men,*” &c. but who is now “*exalted at the right-hand of the Majesty on high, till all His enemies are made His footstool.*”

PART THE FIRST.

BLESS'D is the man whose gen'rous mind
 With kind compassion glows:
 Th' *afflicted poor* his *pity* find,
 To them his *bounty* flows.

To him the LORD, when troubles rise,
His pity shall extend;
 With all his sorrows sympathize,
 And sure deliv'rance send.

His life, the LORD's peculiar care,
 His blessings shall enjoy :
 Nor shall his foes his steps ensnare,
 Nor all their arts destroy.

His GOD with *mercy* shall sustain
 And sooth his dying bed :
 His hand, when languishing with pain,
 His *peaceful couch* shall spread.

Thus JESUS pitied human woes,
 With sympathy divine :
 And still His hand His grace bestows ;
 O may that grace be mine !
 While His example I pursue,
 Thy *mercy* I implore ;
 Defil'd with sin the best I do,
 O GOD, my soul restore.

PART THE SECOND.

My foes revile, with rage combine,
 In insolence and mirth :
 “ When shall he die, his name decline,
 “ And perish from the earth ?”
 If, friendship feign'd, his steps he turn,
 And courteous visit pay,
 'Tis but some evil to discern,
 In malice to display.
 Against my soul, with treach'rous hate,*
 Behold, my foes arise,
 In secret counsels whisp'ring wait,
 Some inj'ry to devise.
 “ Some odious crime, some guilt,” they cry,
 “ Doth Heav'ns high vengeance store ;
 “ 'Tis GOD afflicts—His judgments nigh,
 “ He sinks to rise no more !”
 The friend, who all my counsels shar'd,
 (Ungrateful, base returns !)
 For whom my table was prepar'd,
 My *love* with *treach'ry* spurns.

PART THE THIRD.

Thou gracious God, when *Satan's* pow'r
 With guilt and fears combine,
 Around me, in the gloomy hour,
 With beams of mercy shine.

From scenes of sorrow and distress
 My soul triumphant raise,
 Then shall my foes Thy pow'r confess,
 And hear me shout Thy praise.

Now let my joyful hopes abound ;
 That *mercy* ne'er shall fail,
 Which yet *has* spread its wings around,
 Nor let my foes prevail.

Then still I'll trust Thy pow'r and grace,
 Deliv'rance to command,
 Till, 'midst Thy saints, before Thy face,
 In endless bliss, I stand.

Bless'd be the LORD JEHOVAH'S name,
 In *Israel* is His seat :
 His grace from age to age proclaim,
 The loud *Amen* repeat.

PSALM XLI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

HAPPY is the man whose mind,
 Gen'rous, merciful and kind,
 Feels a *suff'ring brother's* woes :
 To the *poor* whose *bounty* flows.

While his sympathizing heart
 Bids his lib'ral hands impart,
 Him, when sinking to the grave,
 GOD shall *pity*, GOD shall *save*.

He, the LORD's peculiar care,
 Shall on earth His blessings share :
 Thou, JEHOVAH, near his side,
 From his envious foes shalt hide.

GOD shall with His strength sustain,
 When he languishes with pain :
 When disease invades his head,
 He is couch shall softly spread.

Pitying all our human woes,
 JESUS thus His grace bestows :
 He, sustain'd by *Pow'r Divine*,
 Bids *His* favour round *us* shine.

LORD, defil'd the best I do,
 Tho' Thy footsteps I pursue,
 Thus Thy *mercy* I implore,
 Heal my soul, my soul restore.

PART THE SECOND.

See, my foes in malice cry,
 " When shall he deserted die ?
 " When his name (ah ! wanton mirth !)
 " Perish, blotted from the earth ?"

If his treach'rous heart pretend
 Courteous visit of a friend,
 Still he aims some crime to find,
 To the voice of *fame* consign'd.

LORD, behold my foes arise,
 How my inj'ry they devise !
 Deeply fix'd their treach'rous hate,
 Near my soul they whisp'ring wait.

“ Some detested crime,” they cry,
 “ Bids the darts of vengeance fly ;
 “ Hence around afflictions pour,
 “ Sinking, he shall rise no more.”

He who all my counsels led,
 Shar'd my heart, and shar'd my bread,
 Lifts his heel (ah base returns !)
 And my *love* with *treach'ry* spurns.

PART THE THIRD.

LORD, when foes and fears combine,
 Let Thy *mercy* round me shine :
 Raise me in the dang'rous hour ;
 Then shall all confess Thy pow'r.

Here my confidence I place,
 Since my soul, sustain'd by grace,
Has o'er ev'ry foe prevail'd,
 Nor *as yet* Thy *Mercy* fail'd.

In that grace my soul confides,
 'Tis Thy hand upholds and guides,
 And shall lead where beams divine
 From Thy face eternal shine !

Blessings on JEHOVAH's name !
Israel's GOD with praise proclaim !
 Age to age let grateful men
 Still repeat the loud *Amen* !

PSALM XLII.

HOW beautifully does this Psalm express the longings of the Believer's soul, after the house and ordinances of GOD, when separated from them for a time, by providential or afflicting dispensations? The remembrance of past seasons of spiritual enjoyment there; the various conflicts of his mind under the discouragements of unbelief; and the revivals of his faith and hope in consideration of the *truth* and *grace* of GOD; are here most strikingly described.

PART THE FIRST.

AS the chas'd *hart*, 'midst sultry gleams,
Pants for the cool refreshing streams,
So 'midst my foes, O GOD, I flee;
So pants my weary soul for THEE.

My soul athirst, with strong desires,
To GOD, the *living* GOD, aspires:
When shall I enter, LORD, and know
The *joys* which from Thy *presence* flow.

For here, while banish'd from Thy sight,
Tears are my food, by day, by night:
While scorers, as I breathe the sigh,
“*Where, where's thy GOD?*” insulting cry.

Oppress'd, to anxious thoughts consign'd,
I pour the sorrows of my mind
To THEE; while in my mem'ry rise
The scenes which once rejoic'd my eyes.

How sweet the times, when 'midst the throng,
Up to Thine house, with grateful song,
I led their steps;—to praise and pray,
And worship on the *festal day!*

Why then with griefs o'erwhelm'd my breast ?
 Why with disquietude opprest ?
 Hope thou in GOD—His smiles shall raise,
 And yet renew my songs of praise.

PART THE SECOND.

See, O *my* GOD, my fears arise,
 My soul in deep affliction lies ;
 And, while th' insulting foe prevails,
 Within my breast my spirit fails.

Thrust from Thy courts, and driv'n afar,
 In the wide world I trust Thy care ;
 My GOD, Thy mercies I adore,
 Still distant from the heav'nly shore.^a

Deep calls to *deep*,^b the threat'ning cloud
 Bursts from on high, and, thund'ring loud,
 Pours all around—the billows roll,
 And wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul !

^a Verse 6.—“*The land of Jordan*,” &c. where he wandered up and down, when he fled from the face of Absalom. At which time it is supposed he wrote this and the following Psalm. I have accommodated this passage to the circumstances of the *Christian Church*, omitting the names *Jordan*, *Hermon*, *Mizar*, &c. or it may be rendered more literally thus—

Yet, tho' like *David* driv'n afar,
 From *Jordan's* streams I'll trust Thy care ;
 I'll think of all Thy mercies still,
 'Midst *Hermon's* fields, from *Mizar's* hill.

^b Verse 7.—An allusion to a storm at sea, or the bursting of water spouts, in overwhelming torrents, common on the Jewish coast ; or perhaps to the confusion of the *deluge*. Sensus est, mala malis continuo succedere, quasi calamitas calamitates invitaret. Comparatio vero sumpta a diluvio magno, &c.—*Bishop Hare*. See also *Horne in loc.*

Yet still I'll trust, JEHOVAH nigh
 His *loving-kindness* will supply :
 He claims my *song*—He claims my *pray'r*;
 The GOD who makes my life His care !

“ *My GOD, my ROCK,*” I'll humbly say,
 “ Why thus forsaken while I pray ?
 “ Forgotten, mourning, here I go,
 “ Oppress'd beneath th' indignant foe !”

Their keen reproach, their venom'd words,
 Pierce to the soul like sharpen'd swords :
 My hope, my fainting hope, they shame,
 And, “ *Where's thy GOD ?*” again exclaim.

But why with griefs o'erwhelm'd my breast ?
 Why with disquietude oppress ?
 Hope Thou in GOD, His praise abroad
 My soul shall speak—*my HEALTH ! my GOD !*

PSALM XLII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

As the *hart*, thro' deserts flying,
 Pants the cooling stream to see,
 Urg'd—fatigu'd—and deeply sighing—
 So my soul, O GOD, for Thee :
 So my soul—with thirst unceasing,
 GOD, the *living GOD*, to view ;
 When, ah when, Thy glories tracing,
 Shall Thy courts my joys renew ?

Banish'd far those scenes of pleasure,
 Dearest to my longing soul,
 Streaming tears, which know no measure,
 Freely flow, without control:
 How can sorrow cease complaining?
 Lo! my tears my food supply!
 While my foes, my griefs disdaining,
 "Where's thy God?" insulting cry.

Mem'ry former joys reviewing,
 To my God my soul I pour;
 Pleasing scenes in vain renewing,
 Scenes which now delight no more:
 Happy seasons!—when ascending
 To Thy house I led the throng;
 Crowds the *festal day* attending,
 With the voice of joy and song!

Why, my soul, with fears distressing,
 Thus to anxious thoughts resign'd?
 Why, disquietude oppressing,
 Whelm'd in grief my downcast mind?
 Hope in God—for, He my *SAVIOUR*!
 In-His love my soul shall rest;
 Still rejoicing in His *favour*,
 And His praise inspire my breast.

PART THE SECOND.

O my God, by Thee forsaken,
 Prostrate in the dust I lie;
 Faith by gloomy terrors shaken,
 All my hopes within me die:

Yet, my soul, in Thee confiding,
 Meditates Thy mercy still,
 Tho' on *earth's* dark coasts abiding,
 Distant far from *Zion's* hill.^c
Deep to deep responsive calling,
 Thunders roar—the torrents roll;
 Bursting clouds 'round me falling,
 Wave on wave o'erwhelms my soul:
 Yet the LORD, His grace commanding,
 Will with *mercies* crown my *days*;
 He my *GUARDIAN*, near me standing,
 Cheers my *nights* with *pray'r* and *praise*.
 GOD, my *ROCK*, Thy grace restraining,
 Why forget my troubled breast?
 While, in hopeless griefs complaining,
 By the *pow'rs of hell* opprest?
 Sharp as swords, my spirit wounding,
 Words of deep reproach they aim;
 While, with envious joy surrounding,
 "Where's thy GOD?" my foes exclaim.
 But my soul, with fears distressing,
 Why to anxious thoughts resign'd?
 Why, disquietude oppressing,
 Whelm'd in grief my downcast mind?
 Hope in GOD—His *light* and *favour*
 Shall my lips to praise recall;
 He my everlasting *SAVIOUR*!
 GOD my *HEALTH*! my GOD! my *ALL*!

^c Or,—Tho' near *Jordan's* streams abiding,
Hermon's fields, or *Mizar's* hill.—See note ^a, page 210.

PSALM XLIII.

A continuation of the former Psalm, and of the same subject.

JUDGE me, O GOD ; from men profane

My *righteous cause* defend :

Amidst th' assaults of hell sustain,

And kind deliv'rance send.

O GOD, my *STRENGTH*, Thy aid bestow ;

Forsaken and opprest,

Why should my soul still mourning go,

And griefs o'erwhelm my breast ?

Thy *Light* and *Truth*, my GOD, display,

And all my hopes fulfil ;

Direct my steps, and guide my way,

Up to Thy *holy hill*.

In worship, at Thine *altars* there,

I'll all my pow'rs employ :

My willing soul shall songs prepare,

My GOD, my *BOUNDLESS JOY* !

The *organ's* sacred swell shall join,^a

In concert with my *song* :

O GOD, my GOD, the sounds divine

Shall pour *Thy name* along.

Why then should gloomy thoughts distress ?

Why inmost troubles roll ?

Why deep disquietude oppress

My downcast, trembling soul ?

^a This passage is accommodated to the instrument now in use in the Church,

Hope thou in GOD, my grateful tongue
 Shall still His praise recall:
 These *names* with faith inspire my song,
 My GOD, my *HEALTH*, my *ALL*!!

PSALM XLIII.—VERSION II.

RIGHTEOUS *JUDGE*, from Heav'n defend me,
 For unjust the charge they lay ;
 From Thine arm *deliv'rance* send me,
 Tho' my treach'rous foes dismay :
 GOD, my *ROCK*, Thy grace restraining,
 Why reject my troubled breast ;
 While, in hopeless griefs complaining,
 By the *pow'rs* of *hell* opprest.

Now, Thy *Light* and *Truth* displaying,
 Gracious GOD, my hopes fulfil ;
 Guide my steps (my steps obeying)
 Lead me to Thy *holy hill* :
 There Thine *altars*, LORD, surrounding,
 Praise shall all my *pow'rs* employ ;
Organ with the *choir* resounding,
 " Thou, my GOD ! my *BOUNDLESS JOY* !

Why, my soul, with fears distressing,
 Thus to anxious thoughts resign'd ?
 Why, disquietude oppressing,
 Thus o'erwhelm'd my downcast mind ?
 Hope in GOD, His *light* and *favour*
 Shall to praise my lips recall ;
 He my everlasting *SAVIOUR* !
 GOD my *HEALTH* ! my GOD ! my *ALL* !

PSALM XLIV.

THE *Church*, recounting the former *mercies* of GOD to her, and ascribing all her victories to His own sovereign *grace* and *favour*, still hopes for His salvation. In the midst of great distress and trouble, conscious of integrity in His service, she intreats the LORD's appearance in her behalf.

PART THE FIRST.

OFT have our ears, Great GOD, been taught,
What for our fathers Thou hast wrought ;
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of Thy works of old !

When Thine own arm Thy people led,
The heathen race from *Canaan* fled :
The trembling nations driv'n afar,
Thy *chosen tribes* were planted there.

Not by *their sword* the land they gain'd,
Not *their own arm* their right sustain'd,
Thy gracious presence, and Thy hand,
Bade them possess the promis'd land.

O GOD, command—THOU still our *KING*,
Thy *Church* deliv'rances shall sing :
While, thro' Thy name, we boldly tread
O'er prostrate hosts, beneath us spread.

Still we disclaim *our bow* or *sword*,
And wait salvation from the LORD ;
On HIM we trust ; His mercies claim ;
Whose presence puts our foes to shame.

From *morning* dawn till *evening* close,
 Firm on our GOD our hopes repose :
 Our *SAVIOUR*, to Thy name we'll raise
 The tribute of eternal praise !

PART THE SECOND.

Why, LORD, forsaken of Thy aid,
 Cast from Thy care, with shame dismay'd,
 No more our troops, (Thy presence nigh)
 With ardour fir'd, to vict'ry fly ?

But, quick retreating from the field,
 Thou bid'st their wonted courage yield :
 While the fierce foe, whose malice burns,
 Triumphant to the spoil returns.

Like *sheep*, beneath the slaught'ring hand,
 Destin'd for food, we trembling stand ;
 Dispers'd we fly ; or captive sold
 For nought—Thy foes Thy servants hold.

LORD, while Thy wrath to vengeance grows,
 The neighb'ring realms their rage disclose :
 Our name the proverb and the sneer
 Of nations which despise Thy fear.

Confusion rushes o'er our heads,
 And fierce derision round us spreads ;
 Yet will we not forget Thy name,
 Nor e'er Thy *cov'nant* oath disclaim.

Ne'er shall our hearts rebellious stray,
 Nor wander from Thy sacred way,
 Tho' 'midst th' oppressor's fiery breath,
 Or cover'd with the glooms of death.

GREAT SEARCHER of the inmost heart,
 If e'er from Thee our thoughts depart,
 If e'er to other gods we turn,
 Shall not Thine eyes the guilt discern ?

But, lo ! while men for vengeance call,
 'Tis in Thy cause our armies fall ;
 Devoted in th' unequal strife,
 Like victims to the slaught'ring knife,

PART THE THIRD.

Almighty LORD, Thy slumb' rings break,
 Why sleep Thine eyes ? to *justice* wake :
 Arise—nor, casting from Thy care,
 Sink Thine own people in despair.

Why should Thy face, where mercies dwell,
 Its beams of majesty conceal ?
 Regardless of the woes that wait
 Around our long afflicted state ?

Behold ! our soul with sorrow bends,
 And down to dust our life descends ;
 And, while Thy arm its aid denies,
 Prostrate on earth deserted lies.

Rise for our help, Eternal LORD !
 Salvation shall attend Thy word :
 On *Mercy*, LORD, alone we claim,
 Redeem us : and exalt Thy name !

PSALM XLV.

THE glory of the *KING of saints*, His beauty and eloquence, His victory, and eternal dominion, as *GOD over all*, &c. are here described; and the Church is invited to leave all her earthly and carnal hopes, for the enjoyment of His favour. A figurative representation then follows of the glory which He has prepared for her, the honour she should obtain, and the succession of her members from the *Jewish* to the *Christian Church*. The heart of every Believer will rejoice thus to celebrate His fame and pay Him honour in His Church below, till time shall end, and in His Church above, throughout eternity!

Our Church hath, with great propriety, appointed this Psalm to be read among the proper Psalms on *Christmas Day*.

PART THE FIRST.

How glows^a my raptur'd heart,
To speak the theme divine!
The *KING's* high honours to impart!
JESUS, the praise is *Thine*.

Swift as the *writer's pen*,
My tongue shall speak Thy name,
Thou fairer than the sons of men,
In all the ranks of fame.

Thy *beauties* all transcend!
Thy *lips* with *grace* o'erflow!^b
And GOD, His blessings without end
Shall still on Thee bestow.

^a Verse 1.—Heb. *Boileth* or *bubbleth up a good matter, or the good word*.

^b Verse 2.—John vii. 46.; Song v. 12.; Luke iv. 22.

Then on Thy potent thigh
 Gird Thy victorious sword ;
 High deck'd in glorious majesty !
 Triumphant in Thy *Word* !^c

Mount Thy triumphal car,
 And prosp'rous onward ride ;^d
Justice and *Truth* Thy way prepare,
 But *Meekness* at Thy side.

Thy own Almighty hand,
 For deeds of might confess'd,
 Shall bid Thy terrors round Thee stand,
 And make Thy people bless'd.

Thy *Word*, like fiery darts,^e
 The stubborn breasts shall meet,
 Shall pierce and bend the rebel hearts,
 Submissive at Thy feet.

PART THE SECOND.

O JESUS, MIGHTY GOD !^f
 Eternal is Thy throne :
 Thy *Sceptre Justice* spreads abroad,
 Thro' all the nations known.

^c Verse 3.—*His sword* is *His word*.—Rev. i. 16. ; Is. xi. 4. ; Eph. vi. 17. ; Heb. iv. 12.

^d Verse 4.—Rev. xix. 11—16.

^e Verse 5.—Rev. vi. 2.

^f Verse 6.—Here CHRIST our KING is magnified as GOD over all.—Heb. i. 8.

In *righteousness divine*
 Thy heart's supreme delight,
 Nor evil, tho' in state it shine,
 Can e'er allure Thy sight.

Thence GOD, Thy GOD, hath shed
 His *oil of cheering grace*,
 Exalting high Thy glorious head
 O'er all th' *anointed race*.

In robes of *glory* drest,
 How wondrous Thine array !
Myrrh, aloes, cassia, o'er Thy vest
 Their richest scents display.

Around, the mix'd perfumes
 Spread their sweet odours wide,
 All fragrant thro' the iv'ry domes,^s
 Where heav'nly joys abide.

The royal virgins round
 Their diff'rent stations hold,
 While on Thy right the *Queen* is found,
 In *massy robes of gold*.

PART THE THIRD.

O, *virgin daughter*, hear,
 In sweet attention bend,
 JESUS demands a *willing ear*,
 And let His *Church* attend.

^s Verse 6.—*Ivory palaces*, (i. e.) inlaid with ivory.

No more with ling'ring eye
 Thy native people view ;
 Well pleas'd thy father's house deny,
 Nor earthly joys pursue.

So shall the *KING* desire
 Thy beauties to possess ;
 He bids thee to His heart aspire,
 And as thy *LORD* confess.

Then shall the virgin race
 From *Tyre* their off'rings bring,
 While suppliant nobles ask thy grace,
 The fav'rite of the *KING* !

PART THE FOURTH.

The *Church* divinely fair,
 Her royal birth divine,
 Her heav'nly beauties shall prepare,
 And for her *LORD* they shine.

Within all glorious made,
 What graces clothe her mind !
 In robes of *righteousness* array'd,
 By heav'nly skill design'd !

More bright than massy gold,
 Or rich embroider'd vest,
 Unrival'd shall the *KING* behold
 His *Church* in *glory* drest !

Her fair companions near
 Her footsteps shall attend,
 With holy ecstasy appear,
 And in His palace bend.

Tho' time shall long displace
 Thy sires of *Jewish line*,^h
 Still shall thy long successive race,
 On earth as *Princes* shine.

JESUS, Thy glorious name
 My song shall now record ;
 And earth thro' distant times proclaim
 Thy praise, Eternal LORD !

PSALM XLV.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

My heart a lofty theme shall sing,
 The glories of the heav'nly KING :
 Swift as the rapid writer's quill,
 My tongue its purpose shall fulfil.

JESUS, my LORD, how heav'nly fair !
 What *beauties* can with Thine compare !
Grace from Thy lips divinely flows,
 And GOD His endless gifts bestows.

^h Verse 16.—Instead of *Jewish* kindred, an illustrious race of Believers among the Gentiles; “of whom were to be chosen *Christian Kings* to govern the world, and *Christian Bishops* to preside in the Church.”—*Bishop Horne*. Rev. i. 16.—Upon the whole of this Psalm see also *Bishop Horsley's* Posthumous Sermons, Vol. 1, Sermon. 4, 5, 6, 7.

To conquest rise, *MOST MIGHTY LORD* !
 Gird on Thy thigh Thy potent *sword* ;
 Let *awful majesty* be near,
 And *glory* in Thy train appear.

Let the bright car Thy hand obey,
Justice and *Truth* prepare Thy way :
 In prosp'rous valour onward ride,
 With *Meekness* seated at Thy side.

Thy own right-hand, exalted high,
 Shall bid Thy awful terrors fly :
 Like sharpen'd arrows shot around,
 Thy *Word* the rebel heart shall wound.

Then shall the world Thy conquests greet,
 And bend submissive at Thy feet ;
 With *willing mind* Thy *rule* embrace,
 Bow to Thy *laws*, and hail Thy *grace*.

PART THE SECOND.

JESUS, the MIGHTY GOD ! we own
 Th' eternal honours of Thy throne !
 Thy *righteous sceptre* shall maintain
 The endless *glories* of Thy reign.

In *justice*, with a heart upright,
 Is fix'd Thy unreserv'd delight ;
 Thy mind all pure, unstain'd within,
 Abhorrent from the ways of sin.

Thence GOD, *Thy* GOD, His *SPIRIT* shed,
 Like *oil of gladness*, o'er Thy head,
 Rais'd Thee on high, and fix'd supreme,
 O'er each *anointed race*, Thy name.

In robes of *light* and *glory* drest,
Myrrh, *aloes*, *cassia*, o'er Thy vest
 Mix rich perfumes ; where joys around
 Thro' splendid palaces resound.

Thy *virgin train* their off'rings bring,
 Each one the *daughter of a King* :
 While on the right the chosen *Queen*
 In robes of *Ophir's gold* is seen.

PART THE THIRD.

O *Virgin Daughter*, in His fear,
 Bow to Thy LORD a *willing ear* :
 He bids His *Church* (His love to know)
 Her friends and father's house forego.

Then shall the *KING*, with great desire,
 Thy *beauties* in *His grace* admire ;
 Himself, thy LORD, He bids thee claim,
 And bow submissive at His name.

Then *Tyrian* maids their gifts shall bring,
 To hail the *fav'rite* of the *KING* :
 And nobles, which around thee wait,
 Thy pow'ful favour shall intreat.

PART THE FOURTH.

All glorious is the *Church* within,
 She claims her heav'nly origin !
 In *righteousness* divinely drest,
 More splendid than the *gold-wrought* vest.

Soon shall the *KING* behold her rise,
 In *glory* cloth'd, beyond the skies ;
 More beauties shall those robes impart,
 Than the fine needle's finest art.

The fair companions of her train
 Around Thy presence shall remain,
 With holy triumph enter near,
 And in Thy palaces appear.

When time's revolving years displace
 Thy *antient sires*, of *Jewish race*,
 Still shall Thy long successive line
 Of sons, on earth, as *Princes* shine.

JESUS, *my KING* ! I'll grave Thy name¹
 On the bright lists of endless fame :
 And men from age to age shall raise
 Their tribute of continu'd praise !

¹ Verse 17.—*I will make Thy name to be remembered, &c.*

Oh mihi tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
 Spiritus et quantum sat erit tua dicere facta.

Virgil, Æc. iv. l. 53, 54.

PSALM XLVI.

THE *Church* of **GOD** shall stand secure amidst all the revolutions of the world, though like those strong earthquakes in which universal nature is thrown into confusion, and earth and seas mingled together. The *Church* is here represented as triumphing in this confidence ; and, in the security of the *holy city*, enjoying the streams of *covenant grace*, which, unlike the turbulent waters of the world, in continual agitation, flow through the happy place in one constant and peaceful current, from the throne above. Such is the privilege of every Believer, if *faith* can trust the *promise* and *truth* of **GOD**.

In the latter part of the Psalm the same ideas are expressed without a figure : and the *Church* is called upon to wait quietly and patiently till all her trials are over, in submission to the sovereign will of **GOD** ; in whose hands are peace and war : and in confidence of His care and protection.

PART THE FIRST.

GOD is our *REFUGE* and support,

When storms around us fly :

His presence our secure resort ;

In troubles always nigh.

Then shall my soul disdain to fear,

Tho' earth remove away ;

Tho' the torn hills convuls'd appear,

And rush beneath the sea.

Tho' round their base its waters break,

And raging billows roar ;

Tho' mountains at the swelling shake,

Dissever'd from the shore.

Still *Zion*, *City of our God*,

No dang'rous storms shall know ;

There *grace* its *rivers* spreads abroad,

And streams of *Mercy* flow.

Within her sacred Temples known,
 Her heav'nly LORD abides :
 Amidst His saints, which crowd His throne,
 His majesty resides !

Ne'er shall her firm foundations move,
 (His pow'r her *STRENGTH* and *STAY*)
 His *aid* is faithful as His *love*,
 Nor shall that aid delay.

Oft have her foes, with rage inspir'd,
 The furious tumult stirr'd :
 He spake—the earth itself retir'd,
 And melted at His word.

With us we boast the *ARM DIVINE*,
 The LORD of *HOSTS* His name !
 On *Jacob's* GOD we still recline,
 And HIM *our REFUGE* claim.

PART THE SECOND.

Come view His works—behold ! 'tis GOD !
 He wakes the world to arms ;
 He bids destruction stalk abroad,
 And *war* the world alarms.

He *speaks*—thro' all the earth afar,
 Th' ensanguin'd battles cease :
 The bow, the spear, the burning car,
 Yield to the arts of *peace*.

He bids me—'tis His high command,
 " Tho' troubles rise, *be still* :
 " Know Me as GOD—confess My hand,
 " Resign'd to *all* My will.
 " O'er heathen lands afar I'll reign,
 " And there exalt My sway ;
 " Thro' earth My glories I'll maintain,
 " And make the world obey."
 With us we boast the arm divine,
 The LORD OF HOSTS His name !
 On *Jacob's* GOD we still recline,
 And HIM *our REFUGE* claim.

PSALM XLVI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

THE MIGHTY GOD our *REFUGE* stands,
 He in our aid His strength commands,
 Our *present help* when trouble's nigh !
 My heart no more shall yield to fear,
 Tho' the torn earth convuls'd appear,
 And 'midst the wild confusion fly.
 Still in JEHOVAH'S grace we trust,
 Tho' from their base the mountains burst,
 And in the stormy ocean hide ;
 Tho' its high waves tumultuous roar,
 And rocks, dissever'd from the shore,
 Sink deep beneath the swelling tide,

The *City of our* GOD below
 No desolating storms shall know,
 Rivers^a of love glide gently by :
 Sweet *streams of everlasting grace*
 Flow from His throne, and bless the place,
 Thy holy Temples, GOD *MOST HIGH!*

There in the midst *her* GOD resides,
 His *glory* o'er her courts abides,
 Nor shall her firm foundations move :
 Quick, for her aid, *her* GOD shall rise,
 Nor all her enemies surprize,
 Surrounded by *Eternal Love*.

The heathen rag'd—her foes rejoice,
 To tumult stirr'd—before His voice
 Earth trembles and dissolves away :
 With us the LORD OF *HOSTS* we claim,
 The GOD of *Jacob* is His name !
 OUR REFUGE, OUR ETERNAL STAY!

PART THE SECOND.

Come, view His works—behold ! 'tis GOD !
 War, at His word diffus'd abroad,
 O'er earth in dire destruction turns :
 He *speaks*—and battles disappear ;
 He breaks the bow ; he snaps the spear ;
 And bids the useless chariots burn.

^a Verse 4.—Rev. xxii. 1. The *stormy waves of the sea* destroy all before them ; but, on the contrary, the *gentle streams of a river* refresh all around them. They are here beautifully contrasted, to show the difference between the *world* and the *Church*. The one in continual agitation, through the storms of Divine displeasure for sin : the other refreshed by the streams of Divine grace and blessings, through covenant mercy.

“ *Be still,* ”—He cries, “ on Me rely,
 “ Know Me as GOD—exalt Me high,
 “ Earth shall confess My sov’reign sway : ”
 With us the LORD OF HOSTS we claim,
 The GOD of *Jacob* is His name !
 Our REFUGE, our ETERNAL STAY !

PSALM XLVI.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

JEHOVAH, our *REFUGE* and *ROCK*,
 In trouble His help shall supply ;
 Tho’ earth be remov’d with a shock,
 Still GOD, our *REDEEMER*, is nigh :
 Then why should we tremble or fear,
 Tho’ mountains be plung’d in the sea ?
 Tho’ its waters in tumult appear ?
 And the rocks ’midst the conflict should flee ?

His *Church*, yet secur’d from above,
 Stands firm, as the *City of GOD* ;
 There the streams of His *covenant love*
 Flow peaceful and fruitful abroad :
 In His tent the *MOST HIGH* shall reside,
 In the midst will JEHOVAH remain,
 Unshaken her walls shall abide,
 He’ll help—nor a moment refrain.

How often with tumult and noise
 Did her foes their fierce malice display ?
 He *spake*—and, behold ! at His voice
 Earth trembled and melted away !
 With us is **JEHOVAH OF HOSTS**,
 Our **GOD**, as in *Jacob* of old ;
 Our soul of His faithfulness boasts,
 And in **GOD** we *our REFUGE* behold !

PART THE SECOND,

O come and contemplate His hand,
 The **LORD** in His wonders adore ;
 Thro' earth, at His sov'reign command,
 War and conquest their ravages pour :
 He bids—and the earth in His fear
 From wars and from sorrows shall cease ;
 He breaks both the bow and the spear,
 And the chariots the fires shall increase.

'Tis His voice, (how delightful the strain !)
 “ *Be still*, and confess Me as **GOD** ;
 “ O'er the heathen exalted I'll reign,
 “ Exalted o'er earth all abroad :”
 With us is **JEHOVAH OF HOSTS**,
 Our **GOD**, as in *Jacob* of old ;
 Our soul of His faithfulness boasts,
 And in **GOD** we *our REFUGE* behold !

PSALM XLVII.

A triumphant song, in which all people are called to join, for the *ascension* of MESSIAH to His throne, in His *mediatorial and universal Kingdom*; with “*all power in Heaven and earth*” placed in His hands; and all His enemies beneath His feet. The images are borrowed from the ascent of the *ark* to Mount *Zion*, and it is with great propriety appointed by our Church as part of its worship on *Ascension-Day*.^a

PART THE FIRST.

CLAP, clap your hands, ye people round,
In concert with the choral sound :
Sing to our GOD ; His praise prolong,
Let holy triumph fill the song.
Sing to our GOD !

JESUS the LORD ascends on high !
He reigns *in glory* o’er the sky !
Let the whole earth its off’rings bring,
Exalt His name—proclaim Him KING !
JESUS ascends !

Wide thro’ the world He spreads His sway,
And bids the heathen lands obey,
His Church with willing off’rings greet,
And bend submissive at her feet.
HE rules the world !

^a As the sense is perfect without the additional line, this Psalm may either be sung as long measure, or with the additional line as peculiar measure.—The same will apply also to Psalm xlviii.

On high th' *inheritance divine*
 His hand shall to His *Church* assign,
 And fix on *Canaan's* coasts above
 The objects of His endless love.
 Those realms of rest.

PART THE SECOND.

GOD *is gone up!*^b—the shouts on high
 Attend the *SAVIOUR* through the sky :
 JESUS the LORD! The trumpets' sound
 Hails Him arising from the ground.
 GOD *is gone up!*

Sing to *our* GOD, His praises sing,
 And hail, O hail IMMANUEL KING!
 O'er the whole earth His sceptre sways,
 And claims your most distinguish'd praise.^c
 IMMANUEL'S KING!

His reign the heathen lands shall own,
 His *holiness* secures His throne ;
 And earthly Princes gather round,
 Where *Abr'ham's* race and GOD are found.
 O'er all He reigns.

^b Verse 5.—GOD *is gone up* ; GOD *manifest in flesh* is gone up ! As when the *ark* went up from Kirjathjearim to Jerusalem, 2 Sam. vi. 15. ; 1 Chron. xiii. 8, and xv. 26. ; or as when the *ark* was carried by Solomon into the Temple, 2 Chron. v. so CHRIST is ascended with triumph to Heaven :—Luke xxiv. 51, 52. (See Ainsworth.)

^c Verse 7.—אִמְנוּל מַשְׁכִּיל, "*Sing ye the Maschil,*" (i. e.) the song of instruction ; perhaps one of those Psalms so denominated. Such were the 32d, 42d, 44th, 45th, 52d, 53d, 54th, 55th, 74th, 78th, 88th, 89th, and 142d ; perhaps the allusion may here be made to the 45th, or 78th, or 89th, as peculiarly suited to the subject of which the Psalmist is here treating.

Princes by Him their pow'r extend,
 Earth's *mighty shields*^d to JESUS bend :
 He bids them *rule*—He bids them *die*,
 Himself o'er all exalted high !
 The *PRINCE* supreme !

PSALM XLVII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Now let your lifted hands
 Clap to the choral sound ;
 Sing to the LORD, ye distant lands,
 And shout around :
 JESUS, the LORD MOST HIGH !
 (O'er earth His terrors hurl'd)
 Confirms His throne above the sky,
 And rules the world !

The people shall obey,
 His *Church* with off'rings greet,
 And Gentile lands their honours lay
 Beneath her feet :
 He for His *Church* prepares
 Th' *inheritance of light*,
 The object of His endless cares,
 His chief delight.

^d Verse 9.—Rev. xi. 15. “ *The shields of the earth,*” those who are appointed to protect the earth, Magistrates, Governors, &c.

PART THE SECOND.

JESUS ascends on high !
 And shouts *our* GOD surround ;
 The trumpets hail Him thro' the sky,
 With solemn sound :
 Sing praises to *our* GOD !
 United praises sing !
 Your praise repeat, and shout abroad,
 IMMANUEL'S KING !

O'er all th' obedient earth
Our GOD exalted reigns :
 To Him devote with skilful mirth
 The solemn strains :
 Let heathen lands adore,
 His just dominion own,
 While endless holiness and pow'r
 Secure His throne,

Earth's sov'reign *Princes* join
 With *Abr'ham's* favour'd race,
 Where *Abr'ham's* GOD, with pow'r divine,
 Displays His grace :
 Its *mightiest shields* shall fall,
 By Him they *rule*—or *die*,
 JESUS ascends—He reigns q'er all,
 Exalted high !

PSALM XLVIII.

THE beauty, glory, and security of the *Church* in the presence and protection of her *GOD*; at the sight of whom all her enemies tremble and flee away. All around are called to observe her *bulwarks* and her *palaces*, but her great strength and security is in the eternal care of *GOD*, her *GOD*. Hence it is very properly used by our Church on *Whit-Sunday*. Compare it with Psalm xli.

PART THE FIRST.

GREAT is the LORD ; His glories claim
 Our high acknowledgments of praise ;
 His *Church* shall celebrate His fame,
 His *Church*, the *City* of His grace.
Great is the LORD, exalt His fame,
His works your boundless honours claim !

OR,

Great is His awful name,
 JEHOVAH'S praise proclaim.

His heav'nly beauties spread around,
 What mount with *Zion's* mount compares ?
 Joy flows from thence thro' earthly ground,
 There the great KING His throne prepares.
Great, &c. (Repeat as before.)

There, in her palaces, her GOD
 His *grace* and *majesty* makes known ;
 He spreads His *pow'r* and *love* abroad,
 And builds her *refuge* in His throne.
Great, &c.

Earth's sov'reign *Kings* their armies led,
 Against the *Church* their pow'rs combine :
 They saw !—they wonder'd !—trembled !—fled !
 While round His *Church* His *glories* shine.

Great, &c.

Their dauntless courage yields to fear,
 And more than lab'ring women's pangs,
 Broke as the navy's pride,^a when near
 O'er the dark sea the tempest hangs.

Great, &c.

We've heard Thy promise, *LORD OF HOSTS!*
 And seen Thine *arm* fulfil Thy *Word* :
 Thence *Zion* her foundation boasts
 Secure as her Eternal *LORD* !

Great, &c.

PART THE SECOND.

O GOD, within Thy Temple's gate
 Thy *loving-kindness* we adore :
 Great is Thy name ; Thy praise as great,
 Shall sound thro' earth, from shore to shore.

Great, &c.

^a Verse 7.—*Tarsish*.—*Tarsish* was the name of the son of *Javan*, (Gen. x. 4.) of whom *Tarsus*, the chief city of Cilicia, in Syria, had its name. From thence they went by shipping into far countries, Africa, India, Ophir, &c. (1 Kings xxii. 48, and x. 22.) Hereupon that sea was called *Tarshish*, and generally the name is applied to every ocean or main sea.—See *Ainsworth*. Therefore also the ships of *Tarsish* are put (by a figure) for ships in general.—*Poli Syn. Crit.*

Thy hand Thy righteousness displays,
 In Thee let *Zion's* sons rejoice,
 Let *Judah's* daughters rise to praise
 Thy *judgments*, with a cheerful voice.
Great, &c.

Go, view the *City* of His grace,
 And walk her *mighty walls* around :
 Go, number thro' the sacred place,
 The *tow'rs* which guard the favour'd ground.
Great, &c.

Mark well her *bulwarks* ; heav'nly pow'r
 And mercy in her cause engage :
 See, where her stately *Temple's* tow'r,
 And tell the fame to ev'ry age.
Great, &c.

For GOD, whom *Zion* boasts her friend,
 Our GOD *unchangeably* is known :
 Our *GUIDE*—who will our steps attend,
 Till death advance us to His throne.
Great, &c.



PSALM XLIX.

THE vanity of riches and worldly power are here proved, from their total insufficiency to redeem an immortal soul. The prosperous man may bless himself in life, and be accounted blessed by others; but death will put an end to all his happiness and glory. In the grave the *wise* and the *unwise* lie equally undiscerned and undistinguished; nor can human power or glory follow their possessors, beyond the limits of the grave, into another world. He, therefore, who hath no higher hope or enjoyment than earthly and sensual delights, lives and dies like the *brutes* which perish. From these views the Psalmist argues against the fear of man, however rich or powerful.

PART THE FIRST.

LET earth thro' all its limits hear,
The world attentive bend,
Both *high* and *low*, with willing ear,
The *rich*, the *poor*, attend.

For *wisdom* shall direct my tongue,
Thro' all my thoughts it flows :
I'll on my *harp* in sweetest song
My *parable* disclose.

Why should I fear in gloomy days,
When wickedness grows great ?
Tho' false supplanters watch my ways,^a
And sinners round me wait ?

^a Verse 5.—*The iniquity of my heels*, (Heb. עֲקֵבַי) *of my supplanters*, of the wealthy and powerful, who desire to supplant and overthrow me.—See *Horne*, and *Various in Poli Syn. Crit.*

Flush'd with success, in wealth and pride,
 They boast their hoarded gain :
 In their vast treasur'd heaps confide,
 But, ah ! the trust how vain !

None can preserve his *brother's* breath,
 Nor the *high ransom* give ;
 Redeem the *mortal frame* from death,
 And bid *corruption* live !

But vast and boundless is the *price*,
 Th' *immortal soul's* esteem !
 What human *pow'r* or *wealth* suffice,
 From *ruin* to *redeem* ? ^b

Behold ! 'tis done ! His wonders tell :
 JESUS the LORD can save !
 'Tis HE *redeems* the *soul* from *hell* !
 HE *ransoms* from the *grave* !

PART THE SECOND.

The wise, the fools, the brutish mind,
 Alike to death descend :
 They leave their treasur'd heaps behind,
 For which their heirs contend.

They build, 'they plant, and vainly hope
 To fix a lasting fame :
 They raise their stately mansions up,
 And there inscribe their name.

^b Verse 8.—*It ceaseth for ever, (i. e.) it can never be accomplished.*

But *man*, in all his honours drest,
 'Midst all his honours flies,
 Knows no delay—no place of rest,
 Till like the *brute* he dies.

The folly of their vain design
 Their thoughtless children view ;
 To their false maxims still incline,
 And the same path pursue.

Till death, like flocks to slaughter led,
 Sweeps the whole race away :
 And, in the grave's dark wormy bed,
 Consumes the mould'ring prey.

Yet soon the *glorious morn* shall break,
 The *just* shall rise to reign :
 But *sinnners* to destruction wake,
 And everlasting pain !

Then shall my GOD redeem this clay,
 And raise it from the grave,
 Receive my soul to realms of day,
 And into *glory* save !

PART THE THIRD.

Let not thy *fears* thy *faith* confound,
 Tho' man in wealth be blest ;
 Tho' pow'r and glory clothe him round,
 And on his children rest.

He dies—his honours and his cares
 With all his hopes are fled:
 No more his dignity he bears,
 Descending 'midst the dead.

Deceiv'd by life's delusive views,
 He bless'd his happy days:
 And him, who worldly good pursues,
 The sensual world will praise.

But soon he sinks, where, join'd in death,
 His *Fathers* sunk before:
 Where, mingled 'midst the shades beneath,
 They see the light no more.

For *man*, in all his glory drest,
 In senseless folly lies;
 Unconscious of the heav'nly rest,
 Till like the *brute* he dies!



PSALM L.

A sublime description of the glory of GOD *our SAVIOUR*, in the promulgation of His *Gospel*, and the destruction of His enemies in the *Jewish state*. Or, the glory of the GOD of *Judgment*, in the introduction of His *eternal kingdom*, and the gathering of His saints to Him. And, as the LORD delights not in ceremonious observances, without the sincere worship of the heart, hypocrites are called upon to consider their ways, lest they perish in everlasting destruction; and His people to offer the tribute of grateful praises, and to direct their conduct by His precepts.

PART THE FIRST.

THE MIGHTY GOD, JEHOVAH, speaks :
To earth, while 'round His thunder breaks,
He calls; from where the *rising Sun*
Hastes till his *western race* is run.

From *Zion*, glory of the skies !
Where beauty's full perfections rise,
He bursts in *majesty* abroad,
And shines o'er all; th' Eternal GOD !

He comes, He comes, *our* GOD behold !
No more His lips their silence hold :
Devouring *fire* prepares His way,
And *clouds* and *tempests* round Him play.

To *Heav'n* He calls—the *Heav'ns* shall hear,
The *souls* beneath His throne appear :
To *earth* the mighty summons cries,
“ Now let the *sleeping dust* arise.”^a

^a Verse 4.—He shall call to the *Heavens* from above, &c. (i.e.) Shall call the *Angels* from above, and *men* from earth beneath; (so the *Chaldees*, with *Ainsworth*;) or, the *souls* of men from above, their *bodies* from earth beneath, again to unite, and live for ever, in an eternal union of misery or of felicity.

“ My throne for judgment I command,
 “ Let the whole earth before Me stand :
 “ But first My saints around Me place,
 “ Bless’d objects of redeeming grace !

 “ Those who on earth, with humble mind,
 “ Alone on *cov’nant grace* reclin’d ;
 “ With *sacrifice* before Me stood,
 “ *Best sacrifice, the SAVIOUR’S blood !*”

Now *Judgment* shall His *Truth* proclaim,
 And vindicate His awful name :
 The Heav’ns His righteousness declare,
 For GOD, *Himself the JUDGE*, is there !

PART THE SECOND.

Hear, O My people, *Israel* hear,
 GOD, *thine own* GOD, demands thy fear :
 “ Hear, while thy follies I arraign,
 “ My *justice* shall the charge maintain.

 “ I’ll not reprove thy sacrifice,
 “ Nor bid increasing victims rise :
 “ Thy stated forms have not declin’d ;^b
 “ Vain sacrifice without the mind !

 “ Nor *goat’s* nor *bullocks* I’ll require,
 “ To thin thy *flocks*, or feed My fire :
 “ The *forest beasts* My pow’r obey,
 “ And *flocks* on thousand hills which stray.

^b Verse 8.—*To have been, &c.* Heb. *They have been continually before me.*

“ Form’d by My hand each *fowl* I claim,
 “ I know their nature ; call their name :
 “ Mine are the *beasts* which o’er the plain
 “ Wild in destructive fury reign.

“ If hunger should My soul invade,
 “ Shall My complaint to thee be made ?
 “ When the whole world, with all its stores,
 “ Is Mine—and at My feet adores !

“ Say, shall I ask thy *herds* for food ?
 “ Or drink thy *goats* or *bullock’s blood* ?
 “ Up to My throne let *praises* fly,
 “ And *vow* and *pay* to GOD MOST HIGH !

“ In the dark day, when troubles rise,
 “ To Me direct thy earnest cries ;
 “ I’ll send deliv’rance from My throne,
 “ And thou shalt make My glory known.”

PART THE THIRD.

“ Why (says the LORD) should sinners dare,
 “ To preach My *Word* ; My *laws* declare ?
 “ Why should the men, who hate My name,
 “ My *grace*, My *cov’nant grace*, proclaim ?

“ Long has thine ear refus’d to bend
 “ To counsel—or My voice attend :
 “ Ne’er could My words attention gain,
 “ Cast still behind thee with disdain.

“ When the vile *thief* his arts displays,
 “ Thy treach’rous heart approves his ways :
 “ Nor has thy mind indignant fled
 “ Th’ impure *adult’rer’s* lawless bed.

“ Thy mouth its ill-designs proclaims ;
 “ Thy tongue deceit and malice frames ;
 “ Thou sit’st, and, with a treach’rous smile,
 “ Thy lips a brother’s fame revile.

“ Oft has thy heart these deeds renew’d ;
 “ Forbearing long I silent stood :
 “ Till, bold in impious folly grown,
 “ Thou thought’st My purpose like thy own.

“ But soon to *Judgment* I’ll arise,
 “ And place thy guilt before thine eyes,
 “ Thy deep *hypocrisy* reveal,
 “ Nor from th’ assembled world conceal.

“ Hear, sinners, hear My faithful word,
 “ Ye who have long forgot the LORD !
 “ Hear, lest My anger round Me rend,
 “ When none¹ can save—when none defend.”

He, who presents his praise on high,
 Shall best JEHOVAH glorify :
 And he, who guides his steps aright,
 In GOD’S *salvation* shall delight.

PSALM L.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

Lo ! the MIGHTY GOD appearing,
 From on high JEHOVAH speaks !
Eastern lands the summons hearing,
 O'er the *West* His thunder breaks :
 Earth beholds Him !
 Universal nature shakes !

Beauty there its rays unfolding,
Zion shall *our* GOD display :
 Lo ! He comes ! nor silence holding,
Fire and *clouds* prepare His way :
Tempests round Him,
 Hasten on the dreadful day !

To the *Heav'ns* His voice ascending,
 To the *earth* beneath He cries :
 “ *Souls immortal* now descending,
 “ Let the *sleeping dust* arise,
 “ Rise to Judgment,
 “ Let My throne adorn the skies !
 “ Gather first My saints around Me,
 “ Those who to My *cov'nant* stood ;
 “ Those who humbly sought and found Me,
 “ Thro' the *dying SAVIOUR'S blood* :
 “ Bless'd REDEEMER !
 “ Sweetest *sacrifice* to GOD !!”^c

^c Verse 5.—Eph. v. 1.

Now the Heav'ns on high adore Him,
 And His righteousness declare :
 Sinners perish from before Him,
 But His saints His mercies share :
 Just His Judgment,
 GOD, *Himself the JUDGE*, is there !

PART THE SECOND.

“ Hear, My people, *Israel* hear Me,
 “ While thy follies I reprove :
 “ -I am GOD, let *Israel* fear Me ;
 “ I'm *thy* GOD, let *Israel* love ;
 “ I'll accuse thee,
 “ Why from Me thy heart remove ?
 “ I'll not blame thy sacrifices,
 “ Wanting from the sacred fire :
 “ Forms abundant man devises,
 “ Forms cannot to Me aspire :
 “ I'll no off'ring
 “ From thy diff'rent *herds* require.
 “ Mine the *beasts* thro' *forests* roving ;
 “ *Flocks* o'er thousand *hills* that stray :
 “ *Fowls* the *mountains'* *summit* loving,
 “ *Beasts* for food, or *beasts* of prey,
 “ My creation,
 “ KNOWN to ME, My word obey.

- “ High o’er all in glory reigning,
 “ If to hunger I incline,
 “ Shall I sit to thee complaining,
 “ When the world itself is *Mine* ?
 “ Shall I feed on
 “ Blood of *goats*, or flesh of *kine* ?

 “ Thanks are My best sacrifices,
 “ Vows perform’d to GOD *MOST HIGH* !
 “ In the day when trouble rises,
 “ To My throne direct thy cry ;
 “ I’ll deliver,
 “ Thou My name shalt glorify.”

PART THE THIRD.

- “ Why, O sinner, ME profaning,
 “ Why (says GOD) My statutes name ?
 “ Why, My *cov’nant grace* disdaining,
 “ Still My *cov’nant grace* proclaim ?
 “ Hating counsel ;
 “ All My laws expos’d to shame.

 “ When thine eyes the *thief* observed,
 “ Then thy heart approv’d his ways ;
 “ With the base *adult’rer* swerved,
 “ And thy tongue deceit displays,
 “ Speaks in slanders,
 “ And thy brother’s life betrays.

“ Long in silence I have waited,
 “ Long thy guilt in secret grown ;
 “ Till thy heart, with pride elated,
 “ Thought My counsels like thy own :
 “ I’ll reprove thee,
 “ Till thy crimes exact are known.”

Sinners hear, JEHOVAH’s speaking !
 Ye who, thoughtless, GOD despise !
 Hear, lest, in His wrath awaking,
 Vengeance rend you as it flies ;
 None can save you,
 If His arm to Judgment rise.

He, who offers grateful praises,
 Best exalts JEHOVAH’s name ;
 He, whose mind His law embraces,
 Will aright his conduct frame :
 GOD’s salvation
 Shall the humble sinner claim.



PSALM LI.

THIS penitential Psalm will need no explanation to the mind of the penitent sinner. It exemplifies the true characters and progress of a *repentant spirit*. "The heart appears in every line, and the bitter anguish of a wounded conscience discovers itself by the most natural and affecting symptoms."—"The soul of shame, of sorrow, and of remorse, of sincere repentance and bitter anguish, under the agonies of guilt, breathes strong and fervent through every line of this hallowed composition." The Psalmist first supplicates for *mercy*, with an acknowledgment of the justice of God in condemnation; then follows a confession of the *depravity of nature* as the cause of all sin, a prayer for *regenerating grace*, *returning peace and joy*, and *future preservation*. But true grace is generous and enlarged; the suppliant, in the experience of *mercy* himself, will instruct others in the right way of the LORD, and commend the whole Church to His favour and care. "If we learn from this sad example of what the Scripture calls *the deceitfulness of sin*, to be cautious of the first beginnings of it, and not to indulge those sensual appetites, which, when given way to, draw men insensibly into crimes they would have once trembled at the thoughts of committing, we shall make the best and wisest improvement of this melancholy part of *David's* history, and be real gainers by his sorrows." And "it is, perhaps, *David's* greatest consolation, at this moment, when he blesses God for the providential effects of his fall, that those crimes which wrought his shame, and sorrow, and infamy, have, in the humility, the piety, the contrition of them (in this and several other Psalms upon the same occasion), rescued and reformed millions."

PART THE FIRST.

O'ERWHELM'D with guilt, O LORD,
 Thy *mercies* I intreat ;
 I plead the promise of Thy *Word* :—
 Thy grace and truth complete.
 Thy *mercies* who can count ?
 Those *mercies*, LORD, display ;
 With *blood divine*, tho' great th' amount,
 Blot all my crimes away.

O wash my soul from sin,
 Cleanse ev'ry secret part ;
 And put Thy *SPIRIT'S* grace within,
 To purify my heart.

My sins, Thou *gracious* God,
 Before Thy face I'll set ;
 I'll spread them to Thine eyes abroad,
 Nor e'er my crimes forget.

Against Thy laws they rise,
 The honours of Thy thrône ;
 Nor floods of sorrow from my eyes
 Can the vast guilt atone.

But, tho' condemn'd I fall,
 Thy *justice* I revere :
 Thy sentence *just* and *right* I'll call,
 In Judgment THOU art clear.

PART THE SECOND.

Pollution, guilt, and shame,
 Defil'd my infant breath ;
 Conceived in sin, my shapeless frame
 Grew with the seeds of death.

But, lo ! Thy laws demand
 A *heart* and *conscience* pure ;
 'Tis *Truth sincere* alone can stand
 Thy trial to endure.

Then let Thy *wisdom*, LORD,
 My inmost soul refine ;
 Form my intentions by Thy *Word*,
 And to Thy laws incline.

As by th' *aton*ing blood,
 With *hyssop* sprinkled round,
 The *leper* unpolluted stood,^a
 Nor guilt nor spot was found :

So, since the *fountain* flows,
 O purge my guilty stains,
 Till whiter than the purest *snows*,
 Descending o'er the plains.

O let me hear Thy voice,
 Whence joy and gladness rise,
 Then shall my *broken bones* rejoice ;
 When *mercy* health supplies.

PART THE THIRD.

No more behold my sin,
 But blot my guilt from sight,
 Create my spirit clean within,
 And form my heart aright.

Oh, bid me not, dismay'd,
 Far from Thy presence fly,
 Nor yet Thy *HOLY SPIRIT'S* aid
 Eternally deny.

Distress'd, to Thee I flee,
 Thy *saving joys* restore,
 And let Thy *SPIRIT, gen'rous, free,*
 Guard me to fall no more.

^a Verse 7.—An allusion is here made to the mode of cleansing the *leper*.
 See Lev. xiv. 1—7, &c. Heb. ix. 13, 14.—or Numb. xix.

Then will I teach Thy ways,
 And bid transgressors hear :
 Till sinners turn to seek Thy grace,
 And trust, and love, and fear.

Save me from guilt of blood,
My SAVIOUR, and my LORD,
 Then shall I speak Thy *truth* abroad,
 The *promise* of Thy *Word*.

My trembling lips release,
 Long clos'd in guilt and shame ;
 So shall my mouth exult, nor cease
 Thy praises to proclaim.

PART THE FOURTH.

No *off'ring* GOD requires,
 Nor *victims* please His eye,
 Else should His altars blaze with fires,
 And *flocks* and *herds* should die.

The humble *contrite breast*,
 The spirit's *broken sighs*,
 Are gifts on which His love can rest,
 Nor will the LORD despise.

Thy *Mercies* from above,
 To *Zion, LORD*, extend :
 Built by Thy pow'r, and watch'd with love,
 Now let her walls ascend.

Well pleas'd, Thou then shalt see
 Her pray'rs and praise arise,
 Presented with the *Cross* to Thee,^b
 That *perfect sacrifice*!

PSALM LI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

GREAT GOD, Thy *Mercies* I intreat,
 For boundless is Thy *grace*!
 Thy *Mercies* num'rous are, and great,
 There all my hopes I place.

Compassion in Thy bosom reigns,
 And *Mercy's* Thy delight;
 Then cover o'er my guilty stains,
 And blot them from Thy sight.

Purge me, O GOD, from secret guilt,
 From ev'ry stain within;
 The *blood divine* my *SAVIOUR* spilt
 Can cleanse from ev'ry sin.

To Thee, while on my heart it lies,
 I'll all my burden pour;
 I'll spread my sins before Thine eyes,
 Nor e'er forget them more.

^b Verse 19.—This is rendered in reference to the great *Antitype* of those *figurative sacrifices*, as most suitable to the *Christian Dispensation*.

Aim'd at the honours of Thy throne,
 My crimes Thy name disgrace :
 What can the mighty guilt atone,
 Which dares provoke Thy face ?
 My GOD, condemn'd before Thy sight,
 Thy *justice* I revere:
 I own Thy sentence *just* and *right*,
 In *Judgment* THOU art clear.

PART THE SECOND.

Born in pollution ; guilt and shame
 Defil'd my *infant* breath ;
 In sin *conceiv'd*, my shapeless frame
 Receiv'd the seeds of death.
 But *truth sincere* alone can stand
 The trial of Thine eye ;
 Can meet Thy law's severe demand,
 Thy solemn scrutiny !
 Then let Thy *wisdom*, gracious LORD,
 My inmost soul refine ;
 Form my intentions by Thy word,
 And to Thy laws incline.
 As *hyssop* once, with *rites of blood*,
 Sprinkled the *leper* o'er ;
 Till undefil'd the off'rer stood,
 Nor found pollution more :
 So, while the stream from *Calv'ry* flows,
 Oh cleanse my *lep'rous stains*,
 Till whiter than the purest *snows*,
 Descending o'er the plains.

Oh, let Thy heart-reviving voice
 Its healing grace command,
 Then shall the bones again rejoice,
 Once broke beneath Thy hand.

PART THE THIRD.

Thy face averted from my sin,
 LORD, blot my guilt from sight :
 Create my spirit clean within,
 And form my heart aright.

No more reject me from Thine eye,
 Nor cast my soul afar ;
 Nor ever to my heart deny
 Thy *SPIRIT'S* guardian care.

Those *joys*, my GOD, which once I knew,
 Those *saving joys* restore :
 Thy *SPIRIT'S free!* His grace renew,
 Nor let me wander more.

Then will I call transgressors near,
 While I declare Thy ways :
 The humble *penitent* shall hear,
 And seek Thy promis'd grace.

Far off the guilt of blood remove,
 My *SAVIOUR* and my GOD !
 Then shall my tongue declare Thy *love*,
 And speak Thy *truth* abroad.

Long seal'd in silence and in shame,
 My trembling lips release ;
 So shall my mouth Thy praise proclaim,
 In songs that never cease.

PART THE FOURTH.

No *sacrifice* my GOD requires,
 Else should the *victims* die ;
 But off'rings in the sacred fires
 Can ne'er delight Thine eye.

The *trembling sighs*, the *contrite breast*,
 Are GOD's best sacrifice :
 The *broken heart*, with guilt oppress,
 The LORD will ne'er despise.

Now let Thy *Church* afar extend,
 With *mercies* from above :
 And bid her sacred walls ascend,
 Surrounded by Thy *love*.

Then shall Thine eyes delighted see
 Her *pray'rs* and *praise* arise,
 Presented at the throne to Thee,
 With JESU's sacrifice.

 PSALM LI.—VERSION III.

PART THE FIRST.

HAVE mercy, LORD—with guilt oppress,
 I on Thy *loving-kindness* rest :
 Ne'er was Thy *grace* (I here confide)
 To *humble penitence* denied.

Who can Thy *Tender Mercies* count ?
 So vast, so infinite th' amount !
 Then, LORD, (for *Mercy's* Thy delight)
 Blot my transgressions from Thy sight.

Oh wash me, till no guilty stain,
 Purg'd by th' *atoning blood*, remain :
 And let Thy *SPIRIT* cleanse my mind,
 Nor leave one favour'd sin behind.

With deep remorse, before Thy throne,
 My great iniquities I own :
 Nor can their mem'ry e'er depart,
 Engrav'd in sorrow on my heart.

Against Thee, LORD, my sins arise,
 Aim'd at Thy throne, they meet Thine eyes :
 Thy righteous sentence I revere,
 I am condemn'd, but THOU art clear.

PART THE SECOND.

Behold ! the stain of nature's sin,
 Fix'd in my birth, remains within,
Conceiv'd in guilt, of impious race,
 Deep in pollution and disgrace.

But *truth sincere* alone can stand,
 To meet Thine eyes' severe demand ;
 Then let Thy *wisdom*, LORD, control,
 Renew, and purify, my soul.

As undefil'd the *leper* stood,
 Sprinkled with *hyssop* and with *blood*,
 So purge me, till no spot be seen,
 Till my whole heart be pure and clean.

Oh wash my guilty crimes away,
 Lo ! *Calv'ry* can the *grace* display,
 Can make me, while its *fountain* flows,
 White as the fresh-descending *snows*.

Then let me hear Thy sov'reign voice,
Which bids the trembling heart rejoice :
So shall Thy *mercy's* healing pow'r
My *broken bones* to health restore.

PART THE THIRD.

LORD, hide Thy face, lest wrath arise,
Nor place my guilt before Thine eyes :
My deep transgressions cover o'er,
And blot them to appear no more.

My GOD, restore my guilty state,
And a *clean heart* within create :
My *spir't* by Thy grace renew,
And form it upright, pure, and true.

Cast not my trembling soul away,
Far from Thy life-reviving ray ;
Thy *HOLY SPIRIT's* aid impart,
Nor let His grace forsake my heart.

Tho' yet Thy absence I deplore,
Thy *saving joys* again restore ;
And let Thy *SPIRIT, gen'rous! free!*
Uphold my future steps with Thee.

Then I'll proclaim Thy love abroad,
Thy *boundless mercies, O my GOD !*
And sinners, while Thy grace they learn,
To Thee, with holy joy, shall turn.

GOD, *my salvation!* kind and good !
Oh cleanse me from the guilt of blood ;
Then shall my tongue aloud record
The *truth* and *promise* of Thy *Word*.

Oh let my lips, long seal'd with shame,
 By Thee releas'd, Thy *mercies* claim ;
 So shall my mouth its silence break,
 Enraptur'd, and Thy praises speak.

PART THE FOURTH.

No *sacrifice* the LORD desires,
 Else should the *altar's* sacred fires
 With slaughter'd *victims* court His sight ;
 But off'rings ne'er can GOD delight.

The *contrite spirit's* trembling sighs
 Are GOD's best gifts in sacrifice ;
 He'll not despise the *broken heart*,
 Nor bid His kindnesses depart.

Let *Zion*, with Thy favour blest,
 Extend her *glory* and her *rest* ;
 Thy *Church* with sacred walls surround,
 And guard her consecrated ground.

Then shall Thine eyes delighted see
 Her pray'rs and praise ascend to Thee ;
 Her *faith* presenting to the skies,
 The *SAVIOUR'S* perfect sacrifice.

PSALM LI.—VERSION IV.

PART THE FIRST.

MERCY, heav'nly LORD, extend,
 Let me all Thy *kindness* know ;
Kindnesses which know no end
 From Thy throne unceasing flow :

Who can all Thy *mercies* count ?
 Who their numbers can display ?
 Vast and infinite th' amount !
 Blot my sins and guilt away.

Thro' my soul, thro' ev'ry part,
 Let Thy cleansing influence spread ;
 Purge and purify my heart
 With the *blood* the *SAVIOUR* shed :
 All my sins to Thee contest,
 Prostrate at Thy throne I fall ;
 Grav'd in sorrow on my breast,
 Still their mem'ry I recall.

Gracious GOD, before Thy throne,
 High in guilt my crimes arise ;
 Aim'd at Thee—at Thee alone,
 Tho' around their mischief flies :
 Righteous are Thy ways, O LORD,
 All Thy *judgments* I revere ;
 Just Thy *Laws*, and just Thy *Word*,
 Tho' I perish, THOU art clear.

Form'd in sin, by birth unclean,
 Guilt defil'd my *infant* breath,
 First *conceiv'd* with guilty stain,
 Life matures the seeds of death :
 But, my GOD, a *heart sincere*,
Truth alone, Thine eyes approve ;
 Let me then Thy *wisdom* hear,
 In my heart implant Thy love.

As of old the *hyssop* round
 Sprinkled the *atoning blood*,
 Till no more the spot was found ;
 Cleans'd the grateful *leper* stood :
 So, since *Calv'ry's fountain* flows,
 Purge my heart from ev'ry stain,
 Till I vie with whitest *snows*,
 Fresh descending o'er the plain.

PART THE SECOND.

Gracious *SAVIOUR*, let Thy voice
 Spread its gladness o'er my heart ;
 Then shall *broken bones* rejoice,
 While Thy words their health impart :
 Turn Thy face, nor view my sin,
 Blot my follies from Thy sight,
 Clean create my heart within,
 Form my spirit pure and right.

Bid me not, with guilt dismay'd,
 Hopeless from Thy presence fly ;
 Nor Thine *HOLY SPIRIT'S* aid
 Ever to my soul deny :
 Tho' withdrawn, to Thee I flee,
 All Thy *saving joys* restore ;
 Let Thy *SPIRIT, gen'rous! free!*
 Hold me, that I fall no more.

Then around I'll teach Thy ways,
 While the bold transgressors hear ;
 Sinners shall adore Thy grace ;
 Humbly turn ; devoutly fear :

Save me from the guilt of blood,
 Thou *my SAVIOUR*, and *my LORD!*
 Then I'll speak Thy truth abroad,
 Faithful to fulfil Thy *Word*.

PART THE THIRD.

Open, LORD, my lips to praise,
 Long fast clos'd with guilt and shame,
 Then to Thee the song I'll raise,
 All Thy glories to proclaim :
 GOD no *sacrifice* desires,
Off'rings ne'er can please His eye,
 Or I'd tend the sacred fires,
 Num'rous *flocks* or *herds* should die.

But, my GOD, the *contrite breast*,
Trembling pray'rs, and *broken sighs*,
Heart-felt groans, with sin oppress,
 Are Thy *sweetest sacrifice* :
 To the *broken contrite heart*
 GOD shall all His *grace* display,
 Never shall His love depart,
 Turn'd with silent scorn away.

Bid Thy *Church* afar extend,
 Bless'd with *Mercies* from above :
 Let her walls secure ascend,
 Built by *everlasting love* :
 Then her *pray'rs* and *praise* shall rise,
 While Thine eyes delighted see,
 With the *SAVIOUR'S sacrifice*,
 More than all her *flocks* to THEE.

PSALM LII.

THIS Psalm, under an allusion to the character and conduct of *Doeg, the Edomite*, (1 Sam. xxi.) represents the malice of the *Anti-christian Power* against the *Church*; or of *Satan*, the great enemy of *Man*. But the *Church*, and every individual Believer, shall triumph over all their enemies; and flourish in everlasting beauty in the *Paradise* above.

PART THE FIRST.

MIGHTY Tyrant, great and strong,
Why, with *insolence* and *wrong*,
Boasting, as thy arts profound
Pour in wide *destruction* round.*

Lo ! JEHOVAH, MIGHTY GOD !
Spreads His *mercies* all abroad ;
Bids the world His *goodness* trace,
Great in *pow'r* ! yet rich in *grace* !

But thy tongue, replete with lies,
Active mischiefs to devise,
Plots unknown, and works unseen,
Like the sharpen'd razor keen !

Goodness ne'er allures thy mind,
Still to wickedness resign'd ;
Truth thy treach'rous heart forsakes,
And thy mouth in *falsehood* speaks.

Practis'd in deceitful smiles,
While thy tongue the meek beguiles,
Still thy words, with ranc'rous joy,
Aim in secret to destroy.

* The Psalmist thought it strange that any *man* should value himself on his being able to do mischief, when GOD esteems it His glory to do good

But the LORD shall vengeance take,
Bow thy pride, thy sceptre break :
Pluck thee from thy native place,
Plung'd in sorrow and disgrace.

As o'erturn'd the stubborn oak
Prostrate lies, by tempests broke,
Thus the LORD thy life shall lay,
Rooted from the earth away.

Then the *just* shall see and fear,
GOD, the *RIGHTEOUS JUDGE*, revere,
And, secur'd, with fearless voice,
O'er thy fallen pow'r rejoice.

PART THE SECOND.

Behold the man of impious mind,
The man, who ne'er on GOD reclin'd,
Whose heart on treasur'd stores relied,
In the vain confidence of pride.

While high in wealth and state he grew,
He bade his heart its way pursue,
Vainly secure—for GOD shall rise,
And, lo ! the fated victim dies !

But I shall in His courts be seen
Fresh as the *Olive, ever green*,
While thereon His unchanging grace
My everlasting hopes I place.

Now I'll proclaim Thy praise abroad,
Thine arm has conquer'd, *MIGHTY GOD* !
Thy name I'll trust, its pow'r confess,
Thy saints delight that name to bless.

PSALM LIII.

[See Psalm XIV.]

PART THE FIRST.

THE fool, with insolence and mirth,
 Vents his profane desires :
 “ *There is no God* who rules the earth,
 “ Nor strict account requires.”

Thence, from a heart corrupt and vile,
 The deeds of guilt arise ;
 Their daring crimes their soul defile,
 And each Thy law defies.

The LORD from Heav’n survey’d the ground,
 His eye inquir’d abroad,
 “ Where is the man of wisdom found ?
 “ The man that seeks his God ?

“ Alas ! the *heart* perversely strays,
 “ O’er *all* corruption reigns !
 “ Not *one* My sacred law obeys !
 “ Not *one* My fear restrains !”

PART THE SECOND.

Is *wisdom* lost, to turn no more,
 From men of sensual joys ?
 Who, as their bread, His saints devour,
 ’Midst vanity and noise ?

Ne'er did their pray'r to God arise,
 In youth and prosp'rous days :
 But num'rous causeless fears surprize,
 When health and strength decays.

The sinners, who His *Church* enclose,
 The LORD shall scatter far :
 He scorns the raging of her foes,
 And sinks them to despair.

Now let *salvation* rise and spring
 From *Zion's* chosen seat :
 To *Israel's* sons, Eternal KING!
 Thy thoughts of love complete.

Let *Grace* a guilty world restore,
 And *liberty* proclaim :
 Then shall Thy *Church* with joy adore,
 And shout the SAVIOUR'S name !



PSALM LIV.

THE Believer is, in this world, a *stranger* and a *pilgrim*; and, as in an enemy's land, he feels the opposition of the *world*, the *flesh*, and the *Devil*. But let him rejoice in GOD his *HELPER*, and offer the sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, till delivered from all his troubles, and crowned with everlasting victory. Our Church, considering this Psalm as applicable to the *sufferings* and *victory* of CHRIST, has appointed it to be read on *Good-Friday*.

MY GOD, Thy servant save,
 For gracious is Thy name;
 Thy strength can raise me from the grave,
 Then hear my humble claim.

To Thee I lift my cries,
 Thy sov' reign aid prepare,
 For *pow'rs of earth* and *hell* devise
 To sink me in despair.

Where shall my spirit hide?
 Where from th' oppressor^a fly?
 Fearless of GOD, His pow'r denied,
 Who dares His arm defy!

Lo! GOD, my *GUARDIAN*, near,
 Shall all my foes control:
 The LORD in mercy shall appear
 With those who help my soul.

^a Verse 3.—See 1 Sam. xxiii.

My mighty foes enrag'd
 His mightier arm shall slay :
 His *truth* and *promise* stand engag'd,
 His judgments to display.

With cheerful mind, O LORD,
 I'll all Thy praise proclaim :
 'Tis sweet, 'tis pleasant, to record
 The wonders of Thy name.

JESUS, Thy pow'r divine
 From ev'ry grief shall raise,
 Shall all my foes to shame consign,
 While I behold and praise ! ^b

PSALM LIV.—VERSION II.

PRESERVE me, JEHOVAH ; *my* GOD, in Thy name
 I fix all my *trust*, and Thy *Mercy* I claim :
 Thy *Mercies* in JESUS, that *NAME* all Divine !
 That *STRENGTH OF SALVATION*, on whom I recline.

My pray'r, O my *SAVIOUR*, my sorrows, attend,
 Thine ear to my cries in Thy faithfulness bend ;
 For strangers are risen, their arts they employ,
 And *Satan* and *hell* watch my soul to destroy.

^b Verse 7.—*Mine eye hath seen his desire, &c.* or rather, (as the words *his desire* are supplied,) *mine eye hath looked (i. e.) with confidence, upon mine enemies ; (i. e.) secure of victory over them.*

I feel their oppression, ah, who can secure !
 Ah, how shall my soul thro' the conflict endure !
 I sigh and I tremble whene'er they appear,
 Since GOD they despise, nor His terrors revere.

Lo, GOD is *my HELPER* ! JEHOVAH is nigh !
 He'll save, and *His strength* to *my helpers* supply,
 My GOD is Almighty—His *truth* is my stay,
 My foes shall all fall, for He'll cast them away.

My GOD, all Thy praises I'll freely proclaim,
 My *SAVIOUR*, 'tis sweet to exalt Thy *great name* :
 Redeem'd from all trouble, Thy grace I'll adore ;
 Mine eyes shall behold till my foes are no more !



PSALM LV.

AMIDST scenes of outward trouble and inward temptation, the Believer longs for the *wings of a dove*, to fly away to his heavenly rest: but as yet he must seek his relief in prayer, and by *faith* cast his burden on the LORD, waiting in patient hope till he obtain that rest above. Part of this Psalm is applied to Christ (verse 13, 14), and the whole may be considered as His language in the days of His flesh, as a pattern to His Church in the midst of her afflictions.

PART THE FIRST.

MY GOD, Thine ear indulgent bend,
Nor hide Thy face away :
From Heav'n my earnest cries attend,
While in distress I pray.

My soul on waves of trouble borne,
Pours out its deep complaint :
Loud as the noisy storm I mourn,
And 'midst the conflict faint.

By earth dismay'd, by hell oppress'd ;
My foes with malice blame :
They load with guilt my anxious breast,
And their mad rage proclaim.

My heart is pain'd ; the shades of death
Their terrors round me spread ;
While fearful tremblings seize my breath,
And horrors overwhelm my head.

Thus from within the bursting sigh
 Mounts to the throne above :
 “ Oh that my soul on wings could fly,
 “ And emulate the dove.
 “ Swift I’d escape ; I’d flee afar,
 “ Some secret place to find,
 “ Hid from the world’s wide scene of care,
 “ And rest my troubled mind,
 “ I’d stretch my everlasting flight,
 “ And bid the world farewell,
 “ From sin and strife, to realms of light,
 “ Where peace and quiet dwell.”

PART THE SECOND.

Sons of violence and strife
 In lawless pow’r confide ;
 God shall close their dang’rous life,
 Their counsels He’ll divide :
 ‘Midst His *Church* throughout the day,
 Lo! their arts His saints confound ;
 Thro’ the night they spread dismay,
 And walk her walls around.

There—for righteousness is fled,
 Once guardian of her peace ;
 Mischief lifts her murd’rous head,
 And sorrows fill the place :
 O’er the *Church* the wicked reigns,
 Practis’d in deceitful arts ;
 Guile its secret purpose gains,
 Nor from her streets departs.

Had the man, my foe avow'd,
 Consign'd my soul to scorn,
 Heedless 'midst the rage I'd stood,
 With equal spirit borne :
 Had the man, with hatred fir'd,
 Urg'd his insolence and pride,
 I had sought, in peace retir'd,
 Some secret shade to hide.

But, 'tis he, my *guide*, my *friend*,^a
 (Misnam'd, alas !) betrays !
 On my life his arts descend,
 Once partner of my ways :
 Mutual counsels sweetly join'd
 Did our mutual bliss complete ;
 Or we sought, with joyful mind,
 The crowded temple's gate.

Now my GOD His arm shall raise,
 And now my cause defend ;
 Death the sudden prey shall seize,
 And swift destruction send :
 Earth of old its centre clave,
 While alive the rebels fall,
 Thus shall GOD prepare their grave,
 Their sins His vengeance call !

^a Verse 13, 14.—*My guide*, אֱלֹהִים, a most trusty friend.—See Parkhurst
 John xiii. 21, 27 ; xviii. 3.

PART THE THIRD.

O'erwhelm'd with sorrows and with fears,
 To Thee, my GOD, I'll pray ;
 Thou, LORD, shalt save—Thine arm appears
 My everlasting stay.

My pray'r shall burst the *ev'ning* shade,
 And with the *morning* rise,
 At *noon* my off'rings shall be paid,
 For GOD will hear my cries.

When strong temptations urg'd me round,
 When sinking to despair,
 In Him my soul deliv'rance found,
 And lost its anxious care.

His arm shall all my sorrows close,
 And rescue from the grave,
 High rais'd in vict'ry o'er my foes,
 Omnipotent to save !

PART THE FOURTH.

GOD their threat'ning voice shall hear,
 And bow their spirit down ;
 He of old was *Israel's* fear,
 Eternal is His throne !
 Since, unchang'd, in prosp'rous state,
 With the tide of life they roll,
 Ne'er on *Israel's* GOD they wait,
 Nor fear His just control.

Lo ! their tyrant arms arise,
 The *sons of peace* to wound,
Truth their erring hearts despise,
 By *faith* nor *promise* bound :
 Smooth as *oil* their peaceful words,
War pervades their hostile heart,
 False the peace—the sharpen'd swords
 Wound with a real smart !

PART THE FIFTH.

Still on the LORD thy burden roll,
 Nor let a care remain ;
 His mighty arm shall bear thy soul,
 And all thy griefs sustain.

Ne'er will the LORD His aid deny,
 To those who trust His love ;
 The men, who on His grace rely,
 Nor *earth* nor *hell* shall move.

But Thou, *my* GOD, shalt crush my foes,
 Slain by Thy arm divine :
 Half spent the sinner's days shall close,
 While I, on Thee recline.



PSALM LVI.

THE peculiar beauty of this Psalm consists in the animated view the Psalmist takes of the *truth, faithfulness, and glory*, of the *Word of God*; directing the Believer to the proper grounds of his confidence, in all his trials, persecutions, and afflictions.—Let us, in singing it, recollect the Divine promises, which are “*all Yea and Amen in CHRIST JESUS*,” and take comfort.

PART THE FIRST.

BE merciful, my God,
And set my soul at rest ;
Beneath destructive malice trod,
By daily foes opprest.

Still watchful to devour
Both *earth* and *hell* are nigh ;
Behold their numbers and their pow’r,
JEHOVAH, GOD MOST HIGH!

In times when fears arise,
I’ll place my trust in Thee,
Safe on Thy *Word* my faith relies,
The *Refuge* where I flee.

Thy *Word*, on which I rest,
My sinking hope shall raise ;
Thy *Word* with triumph fills my breast,
And claims my highest praise.

In God my trust I’ll place,
While here His love I view,
Nor fear, supported by His grace,
What *flesh* or *sense* can do.

PART THE SECOND.

Unceasing thro' the day
 They wrest the words I speak ;
 Deep in their thoughts their mischief lay,
 And murd'rous counsels take.

Around my ways they spread,
 And secret ambush place ;
 They mark, unseen, the steps I tread,
 And wait my soul's disgrace.

Thou GOD of *truth* and *might*,
 Shall guilt Thy arm withstand ?
 Shall the bold sinner 'scape Thy sight,
 Or vengeance of Thy hand ?

When justice shall awake,
 The terrors of Thy frown
 Shall all their pow'r united break,
 And cast the people down.

PART THE THIRD.

Observ'd, *my* GOD, by Thee,
 From stage to stage I rove,
 Thine eyes my various changes see,
 And number each remove.

Preserve my falling tears,
 And on my sorrows look,
 Are not my dangers and my fears
 Recorded in Thy book ?

Whene'er to Thee I cry,
 My foes shall backward flee,
 Assur'd I trust—for GOD is nigh,
 And wields His arm for me.

My GOD, Thy faithful *Word*
 Shall my high triumph raise ;
 Blest in Thy love, Eternal LORD !
 Thy *Word* hath all my praise.

In GOD my trust I'll place,
 While here His love I view ;
 Nor fear, supported by His grace,
 What *earth* or *hell* can do.

PART THE FOURTH.

Thy vows, my gracious GOD,
 Constrain my willing mind ;
 My heart shall speak Thy praise abroad,
 By *gratitude* inclin'd.

When near the shades of death,
 And sinking to the grave,
 Thy *mercy*, LORD, prolong'd my breath,
 I felt Thy pow'r to save.

Will not *my* GOD appear,
 And still uphold my ways ?
 Then shall I pass, Thy presence near,
 Thro' life to endless days.

PSALM LVI.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

MY GOD, my gracious GOD, to Thee,
 Urg'd by devouring foes, I flee,
 To Thee for *Mercy* cry ;
 O view me in th' unequal fight,
 Oppress'd by numbers ; aw'd by might ;
 JEHOVAH, GOD MOST HIGH !

In times when fears alarm my breast,
 Still on Thy faithful *Word* I'll rest,
 And there my hopes renew :
 Thy *Word*, my GOD, demands my praise,
 In Thee I'll trust thro' all my ways,
 Nor fear what *flesh* can do.

They wrest my words, with vile design,
 In secret arts and counsels join,
 And watch the steps I tread :
 Shall daring guilt evade Thy frown ?
 Thy wrath, my GOD, shall cast them down,
 To perish 'midst the dead.

Thine eyes observe the path I go,
 Rest on my ways, my wand'rings know,
 And number each remove :
 Thy *bottle* holds my falling tears ;
 Thy *book* hath register'd my fears ;
 So tender is Thy love !

PART THE SECOND.

When to the LORD I lift my cry,
 My foes dismay'd shall backward fly,
 For GOD my cause maintains :
 My faithful GOD ! I'll praise Thy *Word*,
 Thy promise, O Eternal LORD,
 Firm as Thy throne remains !

On GOD my confidence I stay,
 Nor terrors shall my soul dismay,
 Tho' *earth* and *hell* combine :
 My soul, with gratitude inflam'd,
 Fulfils the vows Thy mercy claim'd,
 And all my praise is Thine.

For Thou, *my* GOD, when shades of death
 Hung round my soul, preserv'dst my breath,
 Tho' sinking to the grave :
 Shall not Thy hand my steps befriend ?
 O lead me, guide me, to the end,
 And to Thy *glory* save.



PSALM LVII.

MERCY is the only plea of a sinner in the midst of *guilt* and *sorrow*. And the *wings* of the *CHERUBIM*, (representing the *love* and *protection* of the *FATHER*, *SON*, and *SPIRIT*, uniting with the *Man CHRIST JESUS* in the *Covenant of Redemption*) are his sure *Refuge*. Here *mercy* and *truth* meet together; here they are highly exalted, above the *Heavens*, and beyond the mutable clouds; for which the redeemed will for ever glorify and exalt their *GOD* and *SALVOUR*.

PART THE FIRST.

O GOD, Thy *mercy* I intreat,
 So bountiful and free!
 On Thee with humble trust I wait,
 That *mercy* grant to me.

Thy *shelt'ring wings* around me cast,^a
 The *Refuge* of th' *opprest*,
 Till ev'ry cloud of sorrow's past,
 I'll there securely rést.

O GOD *MOST HIGH!* 'midst threat'ning storms,
 To Thee I lift my cries;
 My GOD, who ev'ry wish performs,
 And ev'ry want supplies.

When foes reproach, when sorrows rend,
 My GOD from Heav'n shall save,
 From Heav'n His *truth* and *mercy* send,
 And rescue from the grave.

^a Verse 1.—Ez. i. 24.; Is. xxxi. 5.

Like hungry *Lions*, *pow'rs of hell*
 Against my soul engage :
 'Midst men of fiery minds I dwell,
 Whose angry passions rage.

Their *teeth* like pointed spears ; their *words*
 Sharp as the flying dart ;
 Their sland'rous tongues as piercing *swords*,
 Which penetrate the heart.

O GOD, exalted be Thy name,
 Exalt Thy glory high !
 Thro' the whole earth extend Thy fame,
 And thro' the boundless sky !

PART THE SECOND.

Around my steps their nets they spread ;
 What fears my soul pervade !
 But GOD shall sink their guilty head
 In the same pit they made.

My heart is fix'd—O GOD, Thy name
 My willing soul adores :
 'Tis fix'd—the grateful song I'll frame,
 And join th' immortal pow'rs.

Awake my *tongue*—my *soul* awake,
 Join ev'ry sounding string :
 I'll rise before the morning break,
 Thy praise, *my GOD*, to sing.

Thro' earth's wide frame, from shore to shore,
 The world the sounds shall hear :
 While heathen lands Thy name adore,
 And all the nations fear.

High o'er the Heav'ns Thy *mercy* reigns,
 Beyond the distant skies ;
 Thy *truth* immutable remains,
 Where not a cloud can rise.

O GOD, exalted be Thy name,
 Exalt Thy glory high !
 Thro' the whole earth extend Thy fame,
 And thro' the boundless sky !



PSALM LVII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

WHEN gathering storms around me spread,
 My gracious GOD, command Thy aid :
 Let *Mercy's* guardian care inclose,
 Since on Thy *mercy* I repose.

Beneath Thy shade my troubled mind
 Its *Refuge* and its *Rest* would find :
 Beneath Thy *wings* my soul I'll cast,
 Till life's last gloomy hour be past.

Up to JEHOVAH, GOD *MOST HIGH* !
 Thro' earth's dark clouds I urge my cry,
 Whose *mercy* can assuage the storm,
 And all I *want* or *wish* perform.

From Heav'n my God His aid shall send,
 From ev'ry enemy defend,
 His *mercy* and His *truth* display,
 Nor let my fiercest foes dismay.

Like *Lions*, 'midst the *pow'rs of hell*,
 And men of angry minds, I dwell :
 I dread the *persecutor's* words,
 Arrows, and spears, and sharpen'd swords !

Be Thou exalted, O *my* God,
 Above the Heav'ns, Thy high abode !
 O'er all the glories earth can claim
 Extend the honours of Thy name !

[For Version II. of Part II. see Psalm CVIII.]



PSALM LVIII.

A Reproof to unjust and wicked judges. The wickedness of man is here traced up to its source in the depravity of nature; and the judgments of God upon sinners are described, under several expressive images. Thus, notwithstanding present appearances, the superintendence and justice of a righteous God will ultimately be discovered, before all the world.

YE who surround and guide the state,
Does *justice* on your counsels wait ?
Ye *Judges*, with impartial laws,
Does *truth* maintain the righteous cause ?

Ah, how perverse mankind is grown ?
Your hearts the deeds of mischief own ;
Your lawless mind and fearless hand
Spread acts of rapine thro' the land.

Averse by nature to obey,
See from the womb the wicked stray :
Their *tongue* its infant accents tries,
And lisps in falsehood and in lies.

Their *heart* the *serpent's poison* holds :
Like the *deaf adder* in her folds,
Fast clos'd th' *unwilling ear* is found,
To the sweet *charmer's* sweetest sound.

The LORD the *Lion's* teeth shall break,
And from the jaw the grinder shake ;
Their life like running streams shall flow,
Or snapp'd like arrows on the bow.

They like the *slimy snail* decay,
Which passing melts its life away :
As births before the months are run
Consume, nor e'er behold the sun.

Before the *thorny blaze* can rise,
The bubbling cauldron to surprize,
His angry storms shall o'er them bend,
And living to destruction send.

Then shall the *just*, no more afraid,
In judgment view His arm display'd,
Shall raise their holy triumphs high,
While sinners fall, and bleed, and die.

So shall th' astonish'd world declare,
“ The *just* a sure reward shall share :
“ *Yes—there's a God*, whom men shall know,
“ The *JUDGE* thro' all the earth below !”



PSALM LIX.

A description of the malice of *Anti-christian powers*, or the various enemies of the *Church* and the Believer ; but the *GOD of Mercy* is their defence. His *mercy* goes before to anticipate all the designs of their enemies, and His *power* shall accomplish His *purposes of love*. His *power and mercy* therefore claim, and will employ, their eternal songs of praise !

As but few verses of this Psalm are suited to the worship of a Christian congregation, these are rendered in a measure different from the others (*viz.* Long Measure) ; and may thus be easily selected for that purpose, as they form a connected sense.

SAVE me, O GOD, Thine arm display,
And bid my foes Thy pow'r obey :
When *hosts of hell* my soul invade,
Rise, rise, my *all-sufficient* aid.

Save me from the impious mind,
Men to evil deeds inclin'd ;
Let me from the blood-stain'd band
Safe beneath Thy shelter stand.

Lo ! in secret ambush nigh,
Waiting for my soul they lie ;
See the mighty gath'ring round,
Tho' nor crime nor guilt they've found.

See, they run—their arms prepare ;
Causeless is the hate they bear :
Rise, my GOD, Thy help afford,
Mark their malice, gracious LORD !

Thou, the LORD of *HEAV'NLY HOSTS*,
GOD of *Israel's* favour'd coasts,
When Thy *justice* shall awake,
O'er the world shall *judgment* break !

Cast o'er heathen lands, Thine eye,
 Watchful, shall their guilt espy ;
 Nor Thy boundless mercy e'er
 Sinners unrepentant spare.

Fierce as *wolves*, with rage they burn,
 And at ev'ning shade return :
 Or as *dogs*, with howling sound,
 Run the sacred city's round.

Pouring forth their faithless words,
 On their lips are sharpen'd swords :
 " Who," they cry, in slanders bold,
 " Hears in secret while 'tis told."

THOU, JEHOVAH, shalt deride ;
 Who from THEE his guilt can hide ?
 THOU their folly shalt expose,
 And despise Thy crafty foes.

Their strength my dread, I trembling flee,
 And rest in humble faith on Thee ;
 I'll call the LORD my *SURE DEFENCE*,
 And draw my holy triumph thence.

Thou GOD, whose *mercies* round me flow,
 Thy presence shall before me go,
 Prepare my way, and bid me rise,
 To view my conquer'd enemies.

LORD, *our SHIELD*, destroy them not,
 Lest th' example be forgot :
 Spare them, as Thy *warning* spare,
 Scatter'd thro' the earth afar.

There Thy hand shall search their pride,
 Tho' on falsehood they relied :
 Those who curs'd, with impious joy,
There Thy curses shall destroy.

Wrath still foll'wing as they fly,
 Till the fated rebels die ;
 Till to *Jacob's* GOD they bend,
 Ruling to earth's utmost end.

Tho' like *wolves* with rage they burn,
 Then at ev'ning they'll return ;
 Or as *dogs*, with howling sound,
 Run the sacred city's round.

Restless, wand'ring to and fro,
 Thro' the earth the *vagrants* go,
 Seeking wealth with sordid mind,
 Doom'd nor *rest* nor *home* to find.

Now to Thy pow'r the song I'll raise,
 My GOD ; Thy *Mercy* claims my praise ;
 I'll lift on high my early voice,
 While in Thy *Mercy* I rejoice.

In the dark day when troubles rose,
 I bade my soul on Thee repose :
 Thine arm of everlasting pow'r
 My *SURE DEFENCE*, my *REFUGE TOW' R!*

To Thee, my *STRENGTH*, the song I'll frame,
 Thee still my *SURE DEFENCE* I'll claim ;
 And, while Thy *Mercies* endless flow,
 My GOD, Thy endless praise I'll show.

PSALM LX.

THE *Jewish Church*, oppressed with enemies, recollects the exaltation of *David's throne*, secured by promises of victory and perpetuity, as a banner under which they are to fight. So let the *Church* remember the true *David* in His *cross*, and upon His *throne*. Under His banner displayed in the *Gospel*, His *Church* is secure; and, where the powers of nature fail, His *grace* shall give the victory.

PART THE FIRST.

CAST from Thy sight, by Thee oppress,
 My GOD, Thy wrath we feel :
 Return Thou source of sacred rest,
 Again Thy grace reveal.

Broke by Thy pow'r, Thy saints, afraid,
 In fearful tremblings lie :
 O heal the wounds Thy hands have made,
 Lest nature sink and die.

What sorrows round Thy people spread !
 Thy hands their sorrows bind :
 Like mingled wine the awful dread
 O'erwhelms th' astonish'd mind.

But, lo ! the sacred *banners*^a rise,
 The *SAVIOUR'S cross* we view !
 There all Thy saints direct their eyes,
 And there their hopes renew.

^a Verse 4.—“ For the spiritual and eternal salvation of the *Church*, GOD “ raised up His SON JESUS, according to His promise, and displayed the “ banner of the cross, under which Believers are enlisted and led on to “ triumph, because of the truth.”—See *Horne in loc.* Also applied to the Ensign of the Gospel.—Is. xi. 10.; xlix. 22.; lxii. 10. See *Ainsworth*.

In humble faith, Thy chosen bands

In Thine their vict'ry trace :

Display'd the *glorious ensign* stands,

For *truth* confirms the *grace* !

Now let Thy *Church*, which claims Thy love,

This *conq'ring ensign* bear ;

Let Thy right-hand victorious prove,

And hear Thy servant's pray'r.

PART THE SECOND.

Hark ! the LORD JEHOVAH speaks,

From His lips the sentence breaks,

Now His *HOLY ONE*^b shall rise,

And proclaim His victories.

Strains of triumph shall ascend,

While My steps to conquest bend :

Shechem shall My hand divide,

And the line o'er *Succoth* guide ;

Succoth's vale, where beauties shine,

Gilead's balmy fields, are Mine :

Thro' *Manasseh's* peopled coast

Willing servitude I boast.

Ephraim's num'rous tribe shall bend,

And its strength My steps attend :

Judah, with religious awe,

Form and execute the law.

^b Verse 6.—*In His holiness*, or by His *HOLY ONE*, (i.e.) by some holy prophet, 2 Sam. iii. 18 ; or by himself, His consecrated King, and type of CHRIST, who also thus rejoiced in confidence of success, &c.

But, when *Moab's* host I meet,
 'Tis the *vase*^c to wash My feet :
 Soon o'er *Edom's* vanquish'd land
 Shall My *conq'ring* footsteps^d stand.

Shout *Philistia*,^e boast thy might !
 Triumph o'er Me in the fight !
 O'er *Philistia* shouts shall rise,
 And My triumph rend the skies !

PART THE THIRD.

Who shall my soul to vict'ry lead,
 O'er all my pow'rful foes ?
 What arm my cause triumphant plead
 From whence *salvation* flows ?^f

Will not our God our cause maintain,
 Tho' long at distance cast ?
 Tho' long deserted in disdain,
 Shall judgment ne'er be past ?

Vain is the strength which nature boasts,
 When *sins* or *troubles* rise :
 Help us, JEHOVAH, GOD OF HOSTS !
 On Thee our hope relies.

^c Verse 8.—*Wash-pot*, (*i. e.*) applied to the basest services, as a vessel to wash the feet in.

^d *I cast out my shoe* (*i. e.*) walk through, tread down.

^e *Philistia triumph thou, &c.*—Psalm cviii. 9. *Over Philistia will I triumph*; both senses are here preserved. The first may be spoken by way of strong sarcastic irony.

^f Verse 9.—Is. lxiii. 1.

Bold in our GOD we'll onward go,
 And ev'ry danger meet :
 The *SAVIOUR'S* arm shall bind the foe,
 And crush beneath our feet.

PSALM LX.—VERSION II.

Rendered in reference to national corrections, &c.

PART THE FIRST.

O GOD, rejected from Thy care,
 By Thee oppress'd, condemn'd to bear
 Thy chast'ning scourge ; Oh hold Thy hand,
 And turn in *mercies* o'er the land.

Beneath Thy heavy judgments broke,
 It reels and trembles at the stroke :
 Our breaches heal, our fears abate,
 For dangers shake the tott'ring state.

Just are Thy chast'nings, tho' severe,
 Which bid th' astonish'd people fear :
 The *mingled wine* its stupor sheds,
 Around the dire amazement spreads.

But still Thy *banner* guides the fight,
 There all who fear Thy name unite :
 Thy *Gospel-banner* stands display'd,
 On *truth's* eternal basis stay'd !

Then let Thy *Church*, which boasts Thy love,
 In Thee her sure deliv'rance prove :
 Thy own right-hand in triumph rear,
 And hear, O hear, Thy servant's pray'r.

Part II. as before.

PART THE THIRD.

Who shall our troops to vict'ry lead ?
 What arm our cause triumphant plead ?
 Thro' the strong fortress bid them break,
 And all their antient courage wake ?

Will not our GOD His arm display,
 Tho' long beneath Thy wrath we lay ?
 Will not the LORD our help prepare,
 Tho' long deny'd Thy guardian care ?

Rise, rise, JEHOVAH, GOD OF HOSTS !
 Vain is the strength the nation boasts :
 Vain are our *fleets*, our *armies* vain,
 Without *Thy* *favour* to sustain.

Bold in our GOD, we'll onward go,
 Assur'd of vict'ry o'er the foe :
 His word our conquest can complete,
 And bring the nations to our feet.

PSALM LXI.

THE Church, and every individual Believer, resting on the *Rock of Ages*, shall stand secure amidst the strongest floods of guilty fears, amidst afflictions, temptations, and the powers of hell, which shall only dash themselves and break in pieces at its base. There the Believer prays to be led, and fixed on high above them all.

Under a beautiful allusion to the Tabernacle and the *wings* of the *CHERUBIM* (see Psalm lvii.) the Psalmist represents his security; so let the Believer trust in the *covenant love* and *protection* of FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, *our GOD* in CHRIST JESUS. And in the language of the Church of old, when praying for the prosperity of the *King of Israel*, his heart may express its delight in the eternal exaltation of the *KING MESSIAH*.

PART THE FIRST.

O GOD, my cry attend,
 Receive my earnest pray'r;
 Hear, while from earth's remotest end
 I supplicate Thy care.

With stormy tempests broke,
 When overwhelm'd I lie,
 O lead me to that *LIVING ROCK*,
 That's higher far than I!

Oft in Thy *shell'ring shade*
 My soul *has* found repose,
 By Thee, my *TOW'R OF REFUGE*, made
 Triumphant o'er my foes.

Still would my soul abide
 Where all Thy glories shine;
 Beneath Thy *wings* securely hide,
 And peacefully recline.

Thine ear hath not disdain'd
 The humble vows I frame ;
 Thy grace my heritage ordain'd,
 With those who fear Thy name.

PART THE SECOND.

Omnipotent to save,
 Thou didst my *SAVIOUR*^a raise,
 His years prolong beyond the grave,
 Thro' everlasting days.

His hands the *sceptre* bear,
 Eternal is His reign !
 Thy *mercy* and Thy *truth* prepare,
 And His high throne maintain.

So shall Thy name arise,
 In songs of endless praise ;
 While on His grace my soul relies,^b
 And daily off'rings pays.

PSALM LXI.—VERSION II.

LORD, hear my voice, my pray'r attend,
 From earth's far distant coasts I bend,
 With supplicating cry :
 When the dark storm o'erwhelms my breast,
 Then lead me on the *ROCK* to rest,
 That's *higher far* than I !

^a Verse 6.—(Chaldee) of the *KING* MESSIAH.—*Ainsworth*.

^b Verse 8.—“ The Chaldee maketh this paraphrase, when I pay my vows
 “ in the day of the redemption of *Israel*, and in the day when the *KING*
 “ *CHRIST* shall be anointed to reign.”—*Ainsworth*, or *Poli Syn. Crit.*

Long has my soul Thy shelter found,
 And Thee I boast, when foes surround,
 The *row'r* of my defence !
 Still in Thy presence I'll abide,
 Beneath Thy *wings* securely hide,
 And none shall pluck me thence.

Thou, gracious LORD, my vows didst hear,
 And 'midst the men who own Thy fear
 My heritage ordain :
 Thine arm has rais'd my *saviour* high,
 Enthron'd Him *king* o'er earth and sky,
 And bid His years remain !

Eternal shall His throne endure,
Mercy and *truth* His reign secure,
 In the bright realms of day !
 My God, my lips exalt Thy name,
 Salvation from His grace I claim,
 And daily vows repay.

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PSALM LXII.

WHEN the malice of enemies devises the destruction of the Believer, to whom shall he go but unto the *GOD of salvation*? Upon Him he must wait, till His deliverance arrives, and in so doing, his faith shall increase, like that of the Psalmist. Verse 2, I shall not be *gently* moved; but, verse 6, I shall *not* be moved. Here then he, and all the *Church*, must trust *at all times*; on HIM who is their *rock*, their *strength*, their *refuge*. Men, both *high* and *low*, are but vanity; oppression will soon return upon the oppressor; but *power* and *mercy* belong unto the *LORD*, who will, in the end, make the righteous distribution.

PART THE FIRST.

MY waiting soul on GOD relies,
 To patient hope resign'd;
 He sends salvation from the skies,
 To raise my sinking mind.

My *ROCK*! my *SAVIOUR*! my *DEFENCE*!
 My *EVERLASTING STAY*!
 Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
 Nor move me far away.

Why should my foes consult my fall?
 Quick, when my GOD shall rise,
 Like the frail fence, or bending wall,
 Your prostrate ruin lies!

With envious purposes they wait,
 The righteous to destroy,
 To cast him from His high estate,
 His holiness and joy.

Their treach'rous mind delights in wrong,
 Their lips from truth depart ;
 With *blessings* constant on their tongue,
 But *curses* in their heart.

PART THE SECOND.

On GOD, my soul, with patient hope,
 Resign'd in silence wait ;
 He bears my sinking spirit up,
 Then let thy hopes be great.

My *ROCK!* my *SAVIOUR!* my *DEFENCE!*
 My *EVERLASTING STAY!*
 Not all my foes shall pluck me thence,
 Nor move my soul away.

GOD my salvation shall complete ;
 From Him my glory springs :
ROCK of my STRENGTH! my soul shall wait
 Its *REFUGE* in His wings.

Ye saints, whene'er with griefs oppress,
 Recline upon His pow'r ;
 Disclose to Him your anxious breast :
 GOD is our *REFUGE TOW'R!*

PART THE THIRD.

Vain are the men of low degree,
 And men of wealth a lie :
 Lighter than airy *vanity*,
 Let truth its scale apply.

Trust not in might, nor dare oppress,
 Tho' pow'r perverts the law :
 If *wealth* with rapid tide increase,
 Thy *confidence* withdraw.

Once hath the LORD proclaim'd abroad,
 And twice the fame I heard :
 " *Eternal might* belongs to GOD,
 " And *pow'r* attends His *Word* !"

But *mercy* in its rich display,
 Unites to fill Thy throne !
 Thou, LORD, the just reward shalt pay,
 And all Thy servants own.



PSALM LXII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

MY soul, to patient hope resign'd,
 Waits at His throne, my GOD to find ;
 From His high arm salvation flows,
 And bids me triumph o'er my foes.

He is my *rock*, His pow'r I own :
 He is my *saviour*, He *alone* :
 In Him I boast my *sure defence*,
 Nor *hell* shall far remove me thence.

Why should my foes my hurt devise ?
 My *faith* beholds my *SAVIOUR* rise !
 Thro' Him my enemies all fall,
 Like the frail hedge, or bending wall.

Lo ! round the *just* the wicked wait,
 Still envious of his high estate ;
 His *sacred honours* to destroy,
 His *peaceful hopes*, his *holy joy*.

Their falsehoods with delight they frame,
 Unseen th' insidious slanders aim :
 Their tongue its *blessings* round imparts,
 Deceitful *curses* in their hearts !

PART THE SECOND.

My soul, to patient hope resign'd,
 Wait at His throne, thy GOD to find :
 On Him my steadfast hopes rely,
 Nor shall *my* GOD those hopes deny.

He is my *ROCK* ! His pow'r I own,
 He is my *SAVIOUR*, HE *alone* !
 In Him I boast my *SURE DEFENCE*,
 Nor *sin* nor *hell* shall move me thence.

GOD, *my own* GOD, *salvation* brings,
 From Him my boundless glory springs !
ROCK of my STRENGTH ! with endless pow'r !
My GOD, *my REFUGE*, I adore !

Now let the people trust His name,
 In *ev'ry time* His *mercy* claim :
 Pour out your heart before His face,
 Our *REFUGE* is the *GOD of Grace*.

PART THE THIRD

Vain are the men of *low degree*,
 And *wealth* and *pomp* but vanity ;
 When truth its equal scale applies,
 Lighter than *vanity* they rise.

Trust not in *pow'r's* oppressive hand,
 Nor urge by *force* th' unjust demand ;
 When *riches* pour a flowing tide,
 Let not thine heart in wealth confide.

Once hath my *GOD* proclaim'd the word,
 And twice the solemn sounds I heard :
 “ Exalted on th' eternal throne,
 “ Almighty *pow'r* is Mine alone !”

But *Mercy* with His *Pow'r* is join'd,
 The *Refuge* of the humble mind :
 Thy hand shall share the just reward,
 And own Thy servants, gracious *LORD* !

PSALM LXIII.

THE wilderness of *Judah*, where *David* wrote this Psalm, was but a type of the wilderness of this world, where the Believer finds no fountains of joy, nor streams of spiritual consolations. This endears to him the house of the LORD, where he beholds His *power* and *glory*, is satisfied with the *loving-kindness* of the *saviour*, and derives encouragement for his warfare, and confidence of victory over all his enemies. And, while CHRIST their KING is exalted, they who trust in Him may glory, but His enemies shall be eternally confounded.

PART THE FIRST.

O GOD, whence all my comfort springs,
My soul its *early* off'ring brings
To THEE ; while *faith* and *hope* combine
With *holy joy*, to call THEE *mine*.

How thirsts my *flesh* ! my *spirit* faints !
To meet THEE 'midst th' assembled saints ;
Since in this thirsty, weary, ground,
No streams of sacred joy are found.

Thy *glory* there, with sweet surprise,
Thy *pow'r*, has fix'd my wond'ring eyes !
Again, descending from above,
Renew those visits of Thy love.

Thy love, than *life* itself more sweet !
Where all delights in union meet !
Oh let my soul this bliss enjoy,
And praises shall my lips employ.

My pow'rs shall all unite to praise,
While *life* and *breath* prolong my days :
For *life* no pleasure can afford,
But bless'd in THEE, MOST BOUNTEOUS LORD !

PART THE SECOND.

With hands uplifted to the skies,
 LORD, in Thy *NAME* my pray'rs arise :
 That *NAME*, the sum of all desires,
 JESUS, the *NAME*^a which Heav'n admires !

Within Thy house a willing guest,
 What *holy joy has* fill'd my breast ?
 The board where festive lux'ries flow
 Not half such pleasures can bestow.

My grateful soul, with rapture fill'd,
 Shall from my lips its tribute yield :
 On THEE I'll think, with sweet delight,
 'Midst the still watches of the night.

Since, thro' each threat'ning danger brought,
 Thy pow'r *has oft* deliv'rance wrought,
 I'll *still*, beneath Thy *shad'wing wing*,
 Securely hide, and gladly sing.

'Tis THEE, *my GOD*, 'tis THEE alone,
 My heart pursues, and fixes on :
 Thy own *right-hand* shall hold my feet,
 And all my hopes and joys complete.

This last verse in singing may be repeated to introduce

PART THE THIRD.

'Tis THEE, *my GOD*, &c.

^a Verse 4.—See *Horne in loc.*

While they, whose malice seeks my death,
Sink to earth's centre deep beneath,
Their life amidst Thy judgments close,
A portion to their crafty foes :

In GOD the *KING* His joy maintains ;
JESUS the *KING*^b exalted reigns !
Thy pow'r secures His throne on high,
And bids His *Church* on Him rely.

The men, whose heart, whose vows, are His,
Shall triumph in eternal bliss !
But the vile mouth, to falsehoods bred,
Is doom'd to silence 'midst the dead.

PSALM LXIII.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

O THOU GOD of *pow'r* and *grace*,
Humbly let me call THEE *mine* ;
Early will I seek Thy face,
Early let Thy *glories* shine :
Thirsts my fainting *soul* for THEE ;
Longs my *flesh* with ardent sighs ;
In this weary land I see
No refreshing fountains rise.

^b Verse 11.—(*i. e.*) I who am *King* by GOD's anointing, ¹ Sam xvi. 12,
13, and CHRIST the *Son of David*.—Ainsworth.

Yet, within Thy Temple plac'd,
 LORD, Thy *pow'r* and *glory* dwell ;
 There Thy *glory* oft I've trac'd,
 There again Thy *pow'r* reveal :
 Sweet the joys which life bestows,
 Sweeter far Thy smiles of love ;
 From my lips my heart o'erflows,
 Lifts its grateful praise above.

While I *life* and *breath* enjoy,
 I devote that *life* to THEE ;
 Praises shall my *breath* employ,
 Raise my hands and bow my knee :
 In the *NAME* Thy people prize,
 In the *NAME* to THEE most dear,
 Lo ! my hands uplifted rise,
 LORD, my pray'r and praises hear.

PART THE SECOND.

Let the sensual boast delights,
 Where the splendid banquet's found,
 Join in riot thro' the nights,
 While the *wine* and *joy* goes round ;
 Sweeter satisfaction, LORD,
 In *Thy presence* I shall find,
 Than around the *festive board*,
 With the sons of mirth reclin'd.

This the luxury I taste,
 While my mouth its praise renews ;
 Thoughts of THEE the night shall haste,
*Glor*y thro' the *gloom* diffuse :
 Since Thy help was ne'er denied,
 Still beneath Thy *wings* I'll stay ;
 THEE I seek, in THEE confide,
 Thy right-hand upholds my way.

But the dark insidious foe,
 He whose malice seeks my soul,
 Falls to earth and sinks below,
 O'er his head Thy judgments roll :
 By the murd'ring sword destroy'd,
 See, the murd'rer bows to death,
 By the cunning he employ'd,
 Hurried to the shades beneath.

But the KING, beyond the sky,
 JESUS, KING OF GLORY, reigns ;
 In His GOD exalted high,
 He His *holy joy* maintains !
 They, whose vows to Him arise,
 Triumph, on His pow'r repos'd ;
 While the mouth defil'd with lies
 Soon in silence shall be clos'd.

PSALM LXIV.

THE enemies of the *Church* shall fall before the *prayer of faith*, which secures the *arm* of JEHOVAH in her defence, and the salvation of all those who trust in it.

PART THE FIRST.

HEAR me, O GOD ; my voice attend,
While at Thy throne in pray'r I bend ;
Preserve my life, when danger's near,
From ev'ry foe ; from ev'ry fear.

Oh hide me from the secret snare,
When *sin* and *death* their arts prepare ;
From *pow'rs of earth* and *hell* combin'd,
Let me in THEE my *refuge* find.

Like murd'rous *swords*, of sharpen'd steel,
Their tongues their *sland'rous thoughts* reveal :
As *arrows* from the bended bow,
Their *words*, their *bitter words*, they throw.

Swift at the *just* their arrows fly,
Around the fated victims die ;
Nor yields their senseless heart to fear,
Tho' destin'd vengeance hasten near.

Bold in their crimes their hands unite,
 Their impious counsels shun the light ;
 Their arts the social band unfolds,
 “ For who,” they cry, “ our thought beholds ? ”

They search, to wickedness inclin’d,
 Search deep, the impious plan to find ;
 Their hands th’ insidious purpose keep,
 Deep are their thoughts ! their heart is deep !

But GOD—(His arrows on the string)
 Shall mighty vengeance round Him fling :
 Their sharpen’d tongues themselves shall slay,
 While men behold and haste away.

Then shall the world Thy *justice* fear,
 And tremble while Thy *judgment’s* near :
 Shall speak Thy wondrous works, *my GOD*,
 And weigh Thy acts, and fear Thy rod.

But *glory* shall adorn the just,
 While in JEHOVAH’S arm they trust :
 Eternal songs their joys proclaim,
 Who love His *Word*, and fear His *name*.



PSALM LXV.

HE who heareth prayer must be the object of our praise, especially as a *pardoning* God. They are most happy who dwell the nearest to Him, and are most engaged in His service, though His answers to prayer, even when meant in mercy, are oftentimes given in such manner as to alarm the fears of short sighted mortals. This is here confirmed by the consideration of the *general providence of God*. A most delightful view is then taken of the *progress of vegetation*, for which the earth is prepared by the *frosts and searching rains of winter*, which is cherished by the *showers of spring*, and matured, by the *summer's heat*, into *fruitfulness and abundance*, in the season of *autumn*.

PART THE FIRST.

FOR Thee, O God, in Zion's gates,
Our praise in *silent wonder* waits :^a
To Thee Thy *Church* her vows shall pay,
And all Thy *faithfulness* display.

O Thou, whose ear delighted bends,
Where'er Thy people's pray'r ascends,
Let all mankind Thy name adore,
And *altars* rise from shore to shore,

Against our souls our sins prevail,
How deep their guilt ! their numbers fail !
But *Mercy* still o'er all shall rise,
Thy *Mercy* boundless o'er the skies !

^a Verse 1.—*Waiteth*, Heb. "*is silent*" in admiration.

Their vast felicity we own,
 Chosen and plac'd around Thy throne !
 While we, with sweet enjoyment, know
 Thy goodness in Thy *Church* below.

Tho' oft, in righteousness array'd,
 There have Thy *terrors* stood display'd :
 And, while *salvation* cloth'd Thee round,
 Our pray'rs a fearful answer found :

Yet still the earth, with well-plac'd trust,
 On THEE shall rest, the *GOOD!* the *JUST!*
 The distant seas Thy name shall bear,
 And isles remote Thy praise declare.

PART THE SECOND.

Girded with pow'r, Thy mighty hand,
 Bids on their base the *mountains* stand :
 By THEE the swelling *seas*, supprest,
 Resign their *noisy waves* to rest.

Like them, by mad'ning fury seiz'd,
 See the blind crouds in tumult rais'd,
 Thy secret influence calms their mind,
 Again submissive and resign'd.

Thro' all the earth Thy tokens spread,^b
 And fill th' astonish'd world with dread ;
 The rising *East* obeys Thy voice,
 And *Western* climes in Thee rejoice.

^b Verse 6.—*Tokens*, displays of Divine power and goodness.

PART THE THIRD.

Thou glorious LORD ! from Heav'n above,
Earth feels the visits of Thy love :^c
 While from Thy stores the *waters* flow,
 T' enrich the thirsty lands below.

The *corn* its plenteous harvests bears,^d
 Thy hand the gen'rous food prepares :
 Its *springing life* in safety hides,
 And moisture for its growth provides.

Thro' the hard earth, while winter reigns,
 Thy *waters* deluge o'er the plains :
 The *ridges* break—the *furrows* rise,
 And settle to more genial skies.

The *vernal show'r*, Thy word attends,
 To bless the *springing seed* descends ;
 In varied forms Thy goodness near
 Thro' *ev'ry season* crowns the year.

^c Verse 9, 10.—“ Under the beautiful image of a once barren and dry
 “ land, rendered fruitful by kindly showers of rain, turning dearth into
 “ plenteousness, are represented here (as in Is. xxxv. and numberless
 “ other places) the gracious *visitation* of the Church by the SPIRIT; the
 “ *riches of grace and mercy* poured upon the hearts of men, from the
 “ *exhaustless river of God*.—Is. lv. 10. ; Rev. xxii. 1. ; Amos viii. 11.”—
Bishop Horne.

^d “ After the ground is ploughed up, the *former rain* descending upon
 “ the *ridges* and into the *furrows*, dissolveth the parts of the earth, and
 “ so fitteth it for the purposes of vegetation, whenever the seed shall be
 “ cast into it; then cometh the *latter rain*, to assist, and to *bless the*
 “ *springing* and increase thereof, until a *joyful harvest*. Thus doth the
 “ *good SPIRIT of God* both prepare the hearts of His people for the re-
 “ ception of the *Word*, and also enable them to bear fruit, bringing forth
 “ some an hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty.—Matt. xiii. 23.”—*Bishop*
Horne.

Thy *cloudy paths* in drops distil,
 And the parch'd land with plenty fill ;
 While thro' the waste the *pasture* grows,
 From circling *hills* the concert flows.

O'er the rich fields or verdant meads
 His *num'rous flocks* the shepherd leads ;
 The waving *vales* their *harvests* raise,
 And *shout*, and join the *gen'ral* praise.



PSALM LXV.—VERSION II.

PART THE FIRST.

WRAPT in *silent adoration*,
Praise for THEE in *Zion* waits ;
 LORD, accept the just oblation,
 Offer'd vows in *Zion's* gates :
 O our GOD, our pray'r ascending,
 Bow to pray'r a list'ning ear ;
 Till, before Thy throne attending,
 All mankind with joy appear.

Mourning o'er our great transgressions,
 LORD, behold Thy people pray ;
 List'ning to our deep confessions,
 Purge our num'rous sins away :
 Vast their sum !—their numbers failing
 Yet o'er all shall *Mercy* rise ;
Mercy evermore prevailing,
Mercy boundless o'er the skies !

Bless'd are they—how bless'd in glory !
 Chosen by Thy sov'reign love !
 Who around Thy throne adore Thee,
 Dwelling in Thy courts above !
 Humbly we, at distance bending,
 Worship in Thy *Church* below ;
 But while here, Thy love descending,
 Holy joys to transport grow !

Yet, Thy righteousness revealing,
 Oft Thy terrors there appear ;
 Dark'ning clouds Thy grace concealing,
 Answer'd pray'r excites our fear :
 Still, O GOD *of our salvation*,
 Still our help in THEE is found,
 Confidence of ev'ry nation,
 To the sea's remotest bound.

PART THE SECOND.

LORD of *POW'R* ! with might surrounded,
 Rising forth at Thy command,
 By Thy strength securely founded,
 On their base the *mountains* stand :
Seas, in mighty tempests raging,
 Sink, beneath Thy word supprest ;
Boist'rous storms, Thy voice assuaging,
 Lull their *noisy waves* to rest.

Thus when, mad'ning *passions* rising,
 Tumults wild the people seize,
 He unseen—with pow'r surprising,
 Calms the *tumult* into *peace* :
 Distant lands, Thy tokens fearing,
 Tremble at Thy pow'rful voice ;
 But, Thy sov'reign *grace* appearing,
 Makes the *East* and *West* rejoice.

PART THE THIRD.

LORD, Thy *Mercies* round us shining,*
 Bid the *morn* and *eve* rejoice ;
East and *West*, in praise combining,
 Shall obey Thy pow'rful voice :
 From Thy throne of glory bending,
Earth Thy gracious visits knows,
 While, from out Thy stores descending,
 Lo ! the plenteous *water* flows.

Vast and full the copious *river*
 Rises from the throne of GOD ;
 Rich the stream, from GOD the giver,
 On the *thirsty earth* bestow'd :
 Hence, beneath the clods confided,
 See the *corn* in verdure rise ;
 By His bounteous care provided,
 Gen'rous earth, and genial skies !

* Part of Verse 6 is here repeated to introduce Part III.

When the hardy clods congealing,
 Mock the weary ploughman's hand,
 Then the wint'ry torrent pealing,
 Pours its *rivers* o'er the land ;
 Earth receives th' abundant blessing,
 On the *soft'ning* *ridges* shed,
 While, its genial pow'r confessing,
 See the settling *furrows* spread.

Softly now, all nature singing,
Show'rs descend from *vernal* skies ;
 At Thy word, to bless the springing,
 All Thy works to life arise :
 Diff'rent seasons onward rolling,
 Mercies still in each appear :
 Life its various forms unfolding,
 'Tis *Thy goodness crowns the year !*

Thus Thy *cloudy paths* distilling,
 Drop in fatness o'er the land ;
Pastures rich the desert filling,
 Rising *hills* exulting stand :
 Thro' the verdant meadows straying,
 Num'rous *flocks* delighted graze ;
Vales, their *harvest's fruits* displaying,
 Join the *universal* praise.

PSALM LXVI.

AN exhortation to praise the LORD our REDEEMER, for all His wonderful works towards His Church, similar to those wrought for Israel of old. Let our lips join the solemn vow of dedication to Him, and offer up the sacrifice of praise to GOD, through the great atoning sacrifice of the Cross; then shall we soon have reason to invite others to hear the goodness, wisdom, and faithfulness, of GOD, in our deliverance. For, though He will reject the prayer of the hypocrite, he will assuredly hear the cry of the humble, and answer with His mercy.

PART THE FIRST.

JESUS demands the voice of joy,
Loud thro' the lands let triumph ring;
His honours^a should your songs employ,
Let glorious praises hail the KING.

Shout to the LORD, adoring own,
" Thy works Thy wondrous might disclose,
" Thy arm victorious pow'r has shown,
" Thus did *Thy cross* confound Thy foes!

" Low at that *Cross* the world shall bow,
" All nations shall its blessings prove,
" While grateful strains in concert flow,
" To sing Thy *power*, and praise Thy *love*."

Come, view the wonders of His hand,
Wonders of *grace* for man He wrought!
So, thro' the seas, His high command
The joyful tribes to *Canaan* brought.

^a Verse 2.—"Sing forth the honour of His name;" that NAME which is above every name.—Phil. ii. 9, 10.—Horne in loc.

Now, rais'd in triumph o'er His foes,
 JESUS ascends to rule the skies :
 Let no rebellious thought oppose
 His reign—but praise eternal rise.

PART THE SECOND.

O bless our GOD, ye nations round,
 People and lands rehearse His name ;
 And let the voice thro' earth resound,
 Which speaks His *praise*, and spreads His *fame*.

From His command our *life* proceeds,
 Our *souls renew'd* His favour share,
 Our steps His heav'nly wisdom leads,
 His hands our fainting strength repair.

But, LORD ! how wondrous are Thy ways,
 To try our faith, our souls refine ?
 So, passing thro' the *furnace*' blaze,
 The *silver* flows more pure to shine.

Bound in Thy net, our loins opprest,
 Proud troops still trampling o'er our head,
 Thy fires were kindled in our breast,
 Thy waves of trouble round us spread.

But, LORD, triumphant we arise,
 Thro' all Thy guiding hand we trace ;
 Thy love for *songs* has chang'd our *sighs*,
 And brought us to a wealthy place.

My *pray'r*, with holy ardour warm'd,
 My *praise*, shall in Thy temple wait :
 The *vows*, in times of trouble form'd,
 I'll there with holy joy complete.

PART THE THIRD.^b

Here, LORD, upon Thy *altars* slain,
 The *bleeding sacrifice* I see ;
Faith views, and here presents again
 That *bleeding sacrifice* to THEE.

Nor *Rams* nor *Goats* could e'er atone ;
 Nor blood of *Bullocks*, offer'd whole ;
 Nor *incense*, rising round the throne,
 Could please the LORD, or cleanse the soul.

But *here*, my *SAVIOUR*, *here* I view
 Thy *all-atoning sacrifice* :
 I quit my *fears*, my *hopes* renew,
 The *LAMB OF GOD* for *sinner*s dies !

^b I have offered a paraphrase of verse 15th, as most suited to the Christian Dispensation, and most exactly conveying the meaning of the Psalmist.

“ Under the *Gospel*, the obligation of *going to the House of GOD*, and
 “ there *paying vows*, still continues, but the *offerings* are changed. The
 “ *legal sacrifices* have been abolished by the *oblation of the body of CHRIST*,
 “ ‘once for all.’ This *oblation* is commemorated in the *Eucharist* ; at the
 “ celebration of which, we now offer up our prayer and praises, ourselves,
 “ our souls and bodies, a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice, acceptable
 “ to GOD, in the name and through the merits of the *REDEEMER*.”—
Bishop Horne.

JESUS, the *PRIEST*, still intercedes,
 And bears the *blood* before the throne :
 My *faith* that *perfect ransom* pleads,
 And rests secure on CHRIST alone !

PART THE FOURTH.

My grateful song attend,
 Ye saints who fear the LORD ;
 What for my soul His *grace* hath done
 I'll thankfully record.

To Him my pray'r was made,
 In sorrows' gloomy days ;
 He listen'd while my soul complain'd,
 And turn'd my *pray'r* to *praise*.

Yet, if my *doubtful* heart
 In *secret sin* rejoice,
 How shall I dare approach His throne ?
 He'll not regard my voice.

But, *peace* my gloomy fears,
 My faithful GOD *has* heard ;
 Oft as my voice to Heav'n arose,
 His *hand* fulfill'd His *word*.

To bless His wondrous name
 Let all His saints agree :
 My *pray'r* he never turn'd *from Him*,
 Nor turn'd *His grace from me*.

PSALM LXVII.

LET the *Christian Church* in *faith* join this prayer of the *Church of Old*,
for the universal extension of the *REDEEMER'S* Kingdom, till all nations
submit to His authority; adore His name; and rejoice in His blessings.*

PART THE FIRST.

ALMIGHTY GOD, with beams of grace,
To bless Thy *Church* incline:
And let the *glories of Thy face*
In all her temples shine.

Thy *ways of mercy*, far and near,
'Thro' all the earth proclaim,
Till distant regions, as they hear,
Adore the *SAVIOUR'S* name.

To THEE, thro' all the nations round,
Let men one chorus raise;
Till *all mankind* Thy name resound,
With shouts of gen'ral praise!

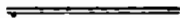
Proclaim, proclaim the joyful strain,
Earth with the triumph ring;
JESUS in *righteousness* shall reign,
The universal *KING*!

* Plerique de adventu MESSIÆ accipiunt et de regno ipsius, quod salutem omnibus gentibus allaturum esset; de qua felicitate toti orbi gratulatur, et optat quam primum voto suo satisfieri.—*Poli Syn. Crit.*

To THEE, thro' all the nations round,
 Let men one chorus raise ;
 Till *all mankind* Thy name resound,
 With shouts of gen'ral praise !

Then fertile fields, with vast increase,
 Thy influence shall confess ;
 And GOD, *our* GOD, with endless peace,
 His num'rous *Church* shall bless.^b

Our GOD His blessing shall extend,
 Diffus'd from shore to shore,
 Till all, to earth's remotest end,
 The *SAVIOUR'S* name adore !



PSALM LXVII.—VERSION II.

O GOD, to earth incline,
 With *mercies* from above ;
 And let Thy *presence* round us shine,
 With beams of love :
 Thro' all the earth below,
 Thy *ways of grace* proclaim,
 Till distant nations hear and know
 The *SAVIOUR'S* name.

^b Verse 6.—Universæ Gentes ad Deum convertentur.—Bosseau, *apud* Horne in loc.

PSALM LXVIII.

THIS Psalm, most probably composed at the removal of the *Ark* to Mount *Zion*, and sung on that occasion, celebrates the glory of *JEHOVAH*, and His care of His Church. To this "*mountain of the house of the LORD*" all others must submit, because of the ascended *SAVIOUR*. From the typical circumstance the Psalmist is led to describe, in animated language, the glory and benefits of the *REDEEMER's* ascension; calls His Church to celebrate it in their songs of praise; and to rejoice in the prospect, that soon all the heathen shall submit to His authority and dominion. It is appointed by the Church for *Whit-Sunday*, on which day these gifts were first poured out in rich abundance on His *New Testament Church*.

PART THE FIRST.

LET GOD arise,^a His foes repel,
And scatter all the *pow'rs of hell* :
While from His face, in deep dismay,
The men who hate Him flee away.

As *smoke* that's scatter'd in the air,
Thy breath shall drive Thy foes afar :
And sinners at Thy sight expire,
As *melting wax* before the fire.

^a Verse 1.—"By GOD here is meant CHRIST our LORD; for of Him is this Psalm interpreted by the Apostle (Eph. iv. 9, 10). This entrance is taken from *Moses* (Numb. x. 35), where, when the host of *Israel* rose up from Mount *Sinai* to journey towards *Canaan*, 'the ark of the covenant of the LORD went before them three days journey, to search out a resting place for them.'—And, when the *Ark* went forward, *Moses* said, 'Rise up, JEHOVAH, and let Thine enemies be scattered.' Where *Moses* respected not only the *Ark*, the figure of CHRIST, but the promise of GOD (Ex. xxiii. 20, 21); 'behold I send an ANGEL before thee,' &c. This was the ANGEL of the Covenant (Mal. iii. 1), the ANGEL of GOD's face or presence, who saved the people (Is. lxiii. 9), even CHRIST. (Compare 1 Cor. x. 9; 2 Cor. v. 19; Rom. ix. 5.)"—*Ainsworth in loc.*

But let the *just*, who know His grace,
His works with sacred rapture trace ;
O'er all that holy joy should rise,
Our *all-sufficient* GOD supplies.

Sing to our GOD, His praise proclaim,
By JAH, JEHOVAH, matchless name !
O'er Heaven He rides in solemn state,^b
Ye saints, with joy His presence wait.

In Him the *fatherless* shall find
A *FATHER* bountiful and kind !
The *widow*, suppliant at His feet,
In GOD shall her *PROTECTOR* meet !

He bids the *desolate* abound,
And spread their num'rous households round :
He breaks the *pris'ner's* galling chain,
But *rebels* in distress remain.

PART THE SECOND.

When, Mighty GOD ! before Thy bands,
From *Egypt's* coasts, thro' desert lands,
Thy *cloud* and *glory* led the way,
Earth's centre shook—it fear'd—and fled ;
The heav'ns their show'rs dissolving shed ;
On *Sinai* stood the grand display !
She trembled all the load to bear,
For GOD, for *Israel's* GOD was there !

^b Verse 4.—בערבית, would perhaps better be translated, “who rideth
“through the desert,” alluding to His presence with *Israel* in the wilder-
derness.—See Ainsworth.—Parkhurst. Sept. ἐν ὁσμῶν. It may then be
rendered thus—

Who o'er the desert rides in state,
With holy joy His presence wait.

O GOD, o'er all the thirsty plain,
 Thy grace diffus'd its gen'rous rain ;
 The heav'nly bread around them fell :^c
 Thy fainting hosts, with sweet surprise,
 Reviving, taste Thy rich supplies,
 And 'midst Thy lib'ral bounty dwell :
 Thou gracious GOD ! Thy boundless store,
 Spreads its provision for Thy poor.
 Then, urg'd to conquest, at Thy word,
 Thy marshall'd hosts unsheath'd the sword,
 Lo ! prophets publish Thy decree !^d
 Hark ! how their num'rous bands proclaim ;
 " Kings with their vanquish'd hosts, in shame,"
 " Before Thy conq'ring armies flee ;
 " And she who in her tents abides,
 " The spoils of victory divides.
 " Tho', in a dark and gloomy state,
 " Like abject slaves condemn'd to wait,
 " Obscur'd amidst the pots ye lay,^e
 " Yet like the *dove* ye soon shall fly,
 " Who spreads her *silver wings* on high,
 " Mingled with *gold*, (a rich display !)"

^c Verse 10.—Heb. As to Thy food, they dwelt in the midst of it.—Ex. xvi. 13.; Numb. xi. 31.—See *Horne*.

^d Verse 11.—The LORD gave the word, (i. e.) at His command they engaged their enemies, and under His conduct and blessing they obtained the victory.—Then *Moses, Aaron, Miriam, &c. &c.* sang triumphant songs, on occasion of those temporal, but figurative conquests. This may be applied to CHRIST and the Gospel,—See *Horne*.

^e Verse 12.—Numb. xxxi. 8.

^f Verse 13.—Lying among the pots, or the rows of stone on which the pots were placed over the fire, the usual place of slaves, denoting the most abject slavery ; such was the state of *Israel*, in *Egypt*.—(*Parkhurst* on פֶּסֶל) *Ainsworth*.

When GOD th' *ALMIGHTY* crush'd her foes,
Then *Zion* shone, like *Salmon's* snows.^g

Can *Bashan's* craggy rock compare
With *Zion*? Lo! the LORD is *there*!
Can *Bashan's* height His presence claim?
Why leap, ye *hills*, in mystic dance?
Why downward cast the envious glance?^h
On *Zion* GOD records His name!
There, (mountain of *JEHOVAH's* love!)
He dwells—nor will His feet remove.

PART THE THIRD.

Thousand chariots GOD attending,
Countless thousandsⁱ press His throne,
As on *Sinai's* top descending,
There *JEHOVAH* shines alone;
So with *glory*
In the *CHERUBIM*^k HE shone!

^g Verse 14.—“*White as snow*,” all was brightness, joy, and festivity.—See *Horne*. *Salmon* was dark and shady; but with *snow* upon it was made lightsome; so to be *snow white* in *Salmon* is to have light in darkness.—*Ainsworth*.

^h Verse 16.—רָצַר, Why look askance with envy?—*Parkhurst*. However proudly and disdainfully ye lift your heads above it, *Zion* is more honoured by *JEHOVAH's* presence.

ⁱ Verse 17.—The word *Angels* is not in the Hebrew. The word מַלְאָכִים, so rendered, signifies *iteratio*, repeated over and over again.

^k “As in *Sinai* in the *Holy Place*,” how could *Sinai* be said to be in the *Holy Place*? May there not be here a two-fold allusion both to the presence of GOD in *Sinai*, and in the *Holy of Holies* in the *CHERUBIM*, and then it may be rendered—As in *Sinai*, and as in the *Holy Place*. This clears the difficulty which has appeared to rest upon the passage, and gives the sense expressed in the present version.

Lo ! His enemies subduing,
 CHRIST the LORD ascends on high !¹
 Heav'nly hosts, the triumph viewing,
 Hail Him rising thro' the sky !
 See the *CONQ'OR*
Captive leads captivity !

JESUS, Thou, the *gifts* receiving,
 Dost Thy *gifts* on *man* bestow ;
Rebels from their guilt relieving ;
Rebels now Thy *Mercy* know :
 GOD, *all-gracious*,
 Dwells again with man below.

Bless our GOD, His grace confessing,
 Whom His *Church* above adores ;
 Who, with daily loads of blessing,
 From on high His *SPIRIT* pours :
 GOD our *SAVIOUR*
 For His *Church* salvation stores !

Him, in whom as GOD we glory,
 GOD *our SAVIOUR* we proclaim ;
Life and *death*, O LORD, adore Thee,^m
 Yielding at Thy awful name :
 Thou shalt triumph,
 And th' eternal vict'ry claim !

¹ Verse 18.—Eph. iv. 8—16. See *Horne*.

^m Verse 20.—Rev. i. 18 ; Deut. xxxii. 39.

At His feet, while prostrate falling,"
 Jesus breaks the *serpent's* head ;
 He, for mighty vengeance calling,
 On His stoutest foe shall tread :
 Thou, the *CONQ'ROUR*,
 Shalt Thy *Church* to vict'ry lead.

As of old, from *Bashan* guiding,
 So their *SAVIOUR* leads their way,
 His high arm, the waves dividing,
 Still conducts them thro' the *sea* ;
 More than conq'rors,
 All our foes Thy word obey !

PART III. repeated in Long Measure.

Around our GOD, in solemn state,
 Ten thousand thousand chariots wait ;
 On *Sinai* thus JEHOVAH shone,
 Or made the *CHERUBIM* His throne.

Lo ! while His armies fill the sky,
 JESUS the LORD ascends on high !
 Thine arm *captivity has led*
Thy captive ;—marching at their head.

ⁿ Verse 21.—A literal version from this verse to the end would have been of little use in the worship of the *Christian Church*, but the true spiritual meaning is here, it is hoped, preserved, according to the allowed analogy of the *Jewish and Christian Dispensations*. So former deliverances are applied.—Is. xi. 11—16; li. 10, 11.

Thy hands receiv'd, and still bestow
 The *gifts* of GOD on man below :
 In Thee for *rebels* grace is stor'd,
 And earth again beholds its LORD.

JESUS, Thy *Church* proclaims Thee blest,
 While daily blessings round them rest ;
 How vast the load ! how rich the stores !
 His *SPIRIT* from JEHOVAH pours !

In Thee, the MIGHTY GOD ! alone,
 Our *SAVIOUR* and our GOD we own ;
Death yields its conquests at Thy word,
 And *life* is *Thine*, Eternal LORD !

JESUS shall crush the *serpent's* head,
 And o'er His foes triumphant tread ;
 His hand the rebel shall subdue,
 Who dares the guilty path pursue.

“ I'll bring,” He cries, “ My *ransom'd* hosts,
 “ As *Israel* once from *Bashan's* coasts :
 “ Again My arm shall lead their way,
 “ Thro' the *deep channels of the sea*.”

“ In *Me* their vict'ries are complete,
 “ *Sin*, *Death*, and *Hell*, beneath their feet :
 “ Their pow'r despis'd, in triumph led,
 “ O'er all their foes My saints shall tread.”

PART III. repeated as Common Measure.

Myriads of chariots, near our GOD,
 Surround th' eternal throne ;
 So *Sinai* blaz'd ; so once abroad
 In *CHERUBIM* He shone !

Ascending high, our *CONQ'RING HEAD*
 His glorious vict'ry shows :
Captivity as captive led,
 He triumphs o'er His foes.

JESUS, Thy hands receiv'd the grace,
 And *gifts* on men bestow :
 And *rebels* view again Thy face,
 Thou gracious GOD, below !

Bless ye the LORD, He loads our heart
 With *mercy's* boundless stores :
 Our GOD, *salvation* to impart,
 From Heav'n His *SPIRIT* pours.

Blest *SAVIOUR*, (Thee our GOD we own)
 On Thee our souls recline ;
Death yields its conquests at Thy throne,
 And *endless life* is *Thine*.

JESUS His vict'ry shall maintain,
 And crush the *Serpent's* head :
 And sinners who in guilt remain,
 Beneath His footstool tread.

“ Again,” He cries, “ from *Bashan's* coasts
 “ My arm shall lead the way :
 “ I'll guide My *Church*, as *Israel's* hosts,
 “ Safe thro' the yielding *sea*.

“ My saints their vict’ries shall complete,
 “ And holy joys recall ;
 “ Till *death* and *hell* beneath their feet
 “ In endless ruin fall.”

PART THE FOURTH.

LORD, Thy *Church* hath seen Thee rise,
 To Thy Temple in the skies :
 GOD my SAVIOUR! GOD my KING!
 While Thy *ransom’d* round Thee sing.

Noblest harmony of sounds,
 Heav’nly KING, Thy throne surrounds,
 Sweeter than the *choral bands*,
 Or the *harp* in *virgin* hands.

Ye, who your high birth can trace,
 From the *Fount of Israel’s race*,^a
 ’Midst the *Church* His name confess,
 Bless our GOD, JEHOVAH bless.

Round His throne let *Princes* throng,
 Join the harmony of song :
 Ye, who *wisdom’s* depths explore,
 Bow to JESUS and adore.^b

^a Verse 26.—*From the fountain of Israel, &c.*—Ye who are sprung from the stock of *Israel*.

^b Verse 27.—*Benjamin and Judah* were the *princely* tribes ; *Zebulun and Naphtali* were eminent for *learning and knowledge*. It has been thought better in the above Version to refer to these circumstances, than to retain the names.

In His *Church* the *SAVIOUR* stands,
 He thy *GOD* thy strength commands :
 Hear us, and from Heav'n, Thy seat,
 All Thy works of grace complete.

When, in glories all divine,
 Thro' the earth Thy *Church* shall shine,
 Kings in pray'r and praise shall wait,
 Bending at Thy Temple's gate.

PART THE FIFTH.

JESUS, Thy mighty arm display,
 Rebuke the foe ; the *Dragon* slay ;
 Tho' like the beast whose terror spreads
 Over the *Nile's* vast reedy beds.^a

In pity view a fallen race,
 Whose arms their *idol-gods* embrace,
 Whose feet, that dance the mystic round,
 With *tinkling ornaments* resound.

See the vain race ; alas ! how blind !
 What folly holds the human mind ?
 Let grace renew, or scatter far
 The people that delight in war.

^a Verse 30.—Heb. *Rebuke the wild Beast of the reed* (the *Hippopotamus*, or *Crocodile*, emblem of the *King of Egypt*), *the multitude of the Mighty among the Calves of the nations* (i. e.) among the objects of their worship, such as *Apis Osiris*, &c. *skipping or exulting with pieces of silver*, (i. e.) with tinkling ornaments, at their idolatrous feasts.—See *Lowth, Prælec.* 6vo. 3d edit. pa. 78, note. Also *Horne*.

“ *Fastidiosè incedentes, seu terram superbo incessu suo conculcantes, ornatos vestibibus argento tessellatis, seu particulis argenti intertextis, &c.* ”
 —*Bishop Hare*.

Let *Egypt's* sons Thy glory own,
 Her Princes bending at Thy throne :
 Thy grace let *Ethiopia* see,
 And stretch her willing hands to Thee.

PART THE SIXTH.

Proclaim, proclaim, IMMANUEL's praise,
 Ye various realms your voices raise,
 Thro' the whole earth exalt Him high,
 Who rides in glory o'er the sky !

The Heav'n of Heav'ns His state maintains,
 From all eternity He reigns !
 He sends His voice, His voice alone,
 Almighty, shall support His throne !

Yield to JEHOVAH strength divine !
 O'er *Israel* all His glories shine ;
 High in the Heav'ns His pow'r abides,
 All *nature* and the *Church* He guides.

JESUS, Thy glories pour'd abroad,
 Bid all the world confess Thee GOD !
 Thy awful arm, from Heav'n display'd,
 Shall strike—and make Thy foes afraid,

But *Israel's* GOD, enthron'd on high,
 Shall to His *Israel* strength supply :
 Then let IMMANUEL's name resound,
 With endless blessings pour'd around !

PSALM LXIX.

THIS Psalm corresponds with the Twenty-second. It describes the *sufferings of CHRIST*, and adds to the prophetic circumstances attending His crucifixion. It is therefore appointed by the Church for *Good-Friday*. It foretels, also, the destruction of all His enemies, and His exaltation to His throne, for the benefit of the *meek and humble*, the poor, the despised, and the oppressed. They also, through His exaltation, shall be preserved and exalted to His kingdom.

PART THE FIRST.

“ PRESERVE Me, O My God,
 “ The *mighty waters* roll ;
 “ They rush resistless all abroad,
 “ And burst upon My soul.

 “ In the deep *clay* My feet
 “ No resting-place have found ;
 “ I sink—the *waves* of trouble meet,
 “ And *floods* My head surround.”

While thus the *SAVIOUR* cries,
 His weary *lips* grow pale,
 His *throat* with burning anguish dries,
 His *eyes* with waiting fail.

Then *death* its gloom prepares,
 While foes around Him spread,
 More num’rous than the countless hairs
 Which clothe and shade the head.

Th' indignant sons of might
 Their causeless hate employ ;
 And *earth* and *hell* their arts unite,
 Malignant to destroy.

Yet let my soul adore—
 When sinking to the grave,
 The *Cross*, the *curse*, the *pains* He bore,
 Shall all His ransom'd save !

PART THE SECOND.

Thy *Cross*, my *SAVIOUR*, has restor'd
 The injur'd honours of the LORD ;
 Paid the *vast debt of guilt* unknown,
 Which *willing mercy made Thine own*.*

On Thee, my *Surety's* sacred breast,
 Did all *my guilt* and *folly* rest :
 There did my GOD that *guilt* pursue,
 And *justice* vindicate its due !

But, 'midst His groans and deep complaints,
 His *pity* yet regards His saints :
 These—objects of His tend'rest care,
 Thus from His heart incite His pray'r.

“ JEHOVAH, GOD OF HOSTS Thy name !
 “ Put not Thy waiting saints to shame ;
 “ Nor let the men, who seek Thy face,
 “ Thro' *My* dishonour, meet disgrace.

* Verse 4.—Is. liii. 5—8 ; xlii. 21.

" Since, for Thy sake, reproaches spread
 " Their venom'd shafts around My head ;
 " O *Israel's* GOD. My soul sustain,
 " Or *Israel's* pray'r shall rise in vain."

The LORD my *SAVIOUR's* cry attends,
 There all my *hope*, my *life*, depends :
 Then, since our *guilt* and *griefs* He bare,
 Our *ransom'd* souls, JEHOVAH, spare.

PART THE THIRD.

A *stranger* 'midst His native race,
 Nor *earth* nor *Heav'n* afford
 One pitying look, one smile of grace,
 To cheer th' *INCARNATE LORD* !

Thy *house* profan'd, what *love* and *zeal*
 His holy breast inflame !^b
 While men around reproaches deal,
 The men who hate Thy name.

He *weeps* !—our *sorrows* urg'd the tears,
 Yet men those tears despise ;
 He *fasts* !—our *chastisements* He bears,
 Yet sinners scorn His sighs.

While humbly in *our nature* drest,
 Around th' ungodly crowd :
 His lowly state their impious *jest*,
 The *proverb* of the *proud*.

^b Verse 8.—John ii. 17.

The *scorn of Princes* in the gate ;
 The senseless *drunkard's song* ;
 Yet at His *Cross* in faith I'll wait,
 And bid my hopes be strong.

PART THE FOURTH.

Hark ! my soul, those groans attend,
 Listen to the *SAVIOUR'S* cries ;
 From the *Cross* His pray'rs ascend,
 Thence *for us* accepted rise :
 " *GOD of boundless mercy*, hear,
 " Bid Thy *SON salvation* know ;
 " Let Thy faithfulness appear ;
 " Raise Me from these depths of woe.
 " Sorrows, like the *miry clay*,
 " Round My sinking feet are bound ;
 " Friends neglect, forsake, betray,
 " While the floods of guilt surround :
 " Tho' th' *imputed guilt* I bear,
 " From th' o'erwhelming vengeance save ;
 " Nor resign My soul, Thy care,
 " Pris'ner to an endless grave.
 " Hear, O hear My suppliant cry,
 " Pleading thro' Thy boundless love ;
 " Tho' *for men* accurs'd I die,
 " Still Thy *loving-kindness* prove :
 " O return ; nor hide Thy face,
 " As beneath the *Cross* I bend ;
 " Since Thy everlasting grace
 " Knows no number ! finds no end !

“ Swift to aid, *My* GOD, appear,
 “ Bid My foes reluctant flee”——
 Lo! HE *comes*—JĒHOVAH near,
 Crowns His *Cross* with *victory* :
 JESUS o’er th’ *infernal pow’rs*
 Triumphs with an arm divine !
 LORD, *Thy* victory is *ours* ;
 And on Thee our souls recline.

PART THE FIFTH.

Again, my soul, the scene renew ;
 Again the *dying SAVIOUR* view ;
 And hear His mournful cry :
 “ To Thee, My GOD, My *shame* is known,
 “ The deep *dishonour* round Me thrown,
 “ While on the *Cross* I die.

 “ Surrounded by the *pow’rs of hell*,
 “ All known to Thee—to Thee I’ll tell
 “ The sorrows of My breast :
 “ While, bitt’rer anguish to impart,
 “ *Reproaches* rend My *stricken heart*,
 “ By *earth* and *hell* opprest.

 “ Then, whelm’d in grief, My lab’ring breath
 “ Pants in the *heaviness of death* ;
 “ My *dying eyes* look’d round :
 “ They look’d—whence *pity* might descend,
 “ But, ah !—no gen’rous pity’ng *Friend*,
 “ No kind *consoler* found !

“ Their hands for food the *gall* prepare ;
 “ The pungent *vinegar* they bear,^c
 “ To mock My dying thirst :”—
 Thy love, my *SAVIOUR*, I adore,
 Which on the *Cross my sorrows* bore,
 Beneath *my guilt* accurst !

PART THE SIXTH.

LORD, Thy hand with vengeance stor'd,
 Turns to snares their festal board :
 All their vows, for *peace*^d design'd,
 Shall perplex their doubtful mind.

Darkness (they the light despise)
 Veils their heart, and blinds their eyes:
 On their tott'ring loins shall lie
 Sorrow's bitt' rest agony.

Thou shalt bind their weight of woes,
 'Tis Thy hand the vengeance throws ;
 Wrath pursues their doubtful ways,
 Wrath the fugitives shall seize.

Desolate at Thy command
 Shall their splendid palace stand,
 Nor their *tents*, which void remain,
 See th' inhabitant again.

^c Verse 21.—Matt. xxvii. 34; John xix. 28.

^d Verse 22.—לשׁלמים, *Their peace offerings shall become a trap.* “After
 “ CHRIST'S sufferings and exaltation, to continue under the law became
 “ not only unprofitable, but destructive, &c.”—See *Horne*.

For, with envy's murd'rous view,
 They Thy *Smitten One** pursue ;
 Pierce with bitter words still more
 Those Thy shafts have pierc'd before.

Sin to sin shall onward lead,
 Guilt to further guilt proceed ;
 Never, LORD, the rebel race
 Will *Thy righteousness* embrace.

From Thy *book of Life* above,
 Register of endless love,
 Thou their hated name shalt blot ;
 Never 'midst the righteous wrote.

PART THE SEVENTH.

Deep from His heart the accents pour,
 " My God, the *Man of Sorrows* own :"
 He hears Him in the mournful hour,
 And sends *salvation* from His throne !

Lo ! *rising* from the *conquer'd* grave,
 'Tis JESUS leads the thankful song :
 Let those, who feel His pow'r to save,
 The triumph join ; the strain prolong.

The LORD beholds His *Cross* and *Crown* ;
 He views, thro' Him, our pray'rs arise ;
 And looks with sweeter pleasure down,
 Than on thè *slaughter'd sacrifice*.

* Verse 26.—*Smitten One*, &c. the suffering MESSIAH, and afterward His Disciples.—Horne.

Then check your sorrows as they flow,
 Ye humble sinners—bless His grace :
 JESUS will endless life bestow
 On *all* who seek JEHOVAH's face.

PART THE EIGHTH.

When the humble poor complaining
 Raise to Heav'n their suppliant cry,
 Then, o'er all JEHOVAH reigning,
 Never will His aid deny ;
 Nor the *pris'ner's* chains despise,
 Plaintive groans, or broken sighs.

Heav'n and *earth* aloud adore Him ;
 Roaring billows of the *seas* ;
 All *creation* fall before Him,
 And thro' earth pronounce His praise :
 Ye, His *providence* who prove,
 Speak His universal love.

But, for *Zion* is His nation,
Zion's His *peculiar* care :
 For His *Church*, His *great salvation*
 Will the Heav'nly LORD prepare :
City where He loves to rest,
 By His saints on earth possess.

There, surrounded with His favour,
 Shall the *seed of Israel* dwell ;
 All who love Thy name, my *SAVIOUR*,
 There secur'd Thy glories tell :
 Till, establish'd in the skies,
 Where Thy *Heav'nly cities* rise,

PSALM LXX.

THIS Psalm is a repetition of the concluding part of the Fortieth Psalm, which represents the *victory* and *triumph* of the REDEEMER, after His *sufferings*. Let the Believer adopt the same triumphant language, and confidently follow the footsteps of his REDEEMER, through sufferings to glory.

[For another Version of this Psalm, see Psalm xl. 13—17.]

HASTE, haste, O my GOD, to my aid,
 My sins and my sorrows control ;
 Let those be dismay'd and afraid,
 Who wait but to ruin my soul :
 Command, and my foes shall retreat,
 And turn with confusion away ;
 Thine arm shall their malice defeat,
 Thy hand shall deliver the prey.

What malice my foes can inflame,
 Who long my destruction to prove ?
 Oh ! backward return them with shame,
 But let me rejoice in Thy love :
 From *earth* and from *hell* they are nigh,
 And vaunt with the voice of disdain,
 But speak, and my foes shall all fly,
 And their glory and boast shall be vain.

Let all in Thy favour rejoice,
 Who seek Thee with diligent pray'r ;
 Thy servants shall lift the glad voice,
 And anthems of triumph prepare :
 Let those who the *SAVIOUR* adore,
 Who love His *salvation*, still cry ;
 " Exalt ye His grace and His pow'r,
 " Let God be exalted on high !"

But I am *afflicted* and *poor*,
 With *sin* and with *sorrow* opprest,
 Then haste, O *my* God, and secure
 My *REFUGE*—and shelter my breast :
 THOU, THOU art my *HELPER* alone,
 O THOU, *my DELIV'ER*, be near :
 JEHOVAH, oh ! bow from Thy throne,
 And quick for *salvation* appear.



PSALM LXXI.

THE language of this Psalm is peculiarly suited to the *wants and desires* of the Believer, under *oppression*, in *temptation*, or labouring under the *debility of old age*. He, who, in such circumstances, trusting only in the LORD, presents before His throne the petitions here recorded, shall in the end have reason to join the Psalmists song of praise to the *truth of GOD*, and to unite with him in celebrating His *faithfulness* to His *promise*.

PART THE FIRST.

IN Thee, Thou gracious LORD,
 My confidence I place,
 Then let Thy hand its aid afford,
 Nor sink me in disgrace.
 Thy *righteousness* prepare,
 And set my spirit free,
 Oh save ! indulgent to my pray'r,
 And bow Thine ear to me.
 Be Thou my *STRONG ABODE*,
 Where I may safety find :
 To THEE I'll fly, Almighty GOD !
 And rest my troubled mind.
 Has not Thy faithful *Word*
 Made my *salvation* sure ?
 And Thou, my *ROCK*, my *FORTRESS*, LORD,
 My *REFUGE* shalt secure.
 Deliv'rance now command,
 For *Thee my GOD* I claim ;
 From *pow'rs of hell*, who round me stand,
 And snares destructive frame.

PART THE SECOND.

Thou art my only hope,
 JEHOVAH, GOD *MOST HIGH* !
 Thou from *my youth* hast held me up,
 On Thee I *still* rely.

Since from the *womb* I came,
 Thy arm embrac'd me round ;
 Thy hand educ'd my *infant* frame :
 Thy praises I'll resound !

The many wond'ring see
 My state *distress'd* and *poor* ;
 But Thou shalt still my *REFUGE* be,
 Almighty and secure !

So shall my lips display
 In fullest notes Thy praise,
 And to Thy honour, all the day,
 My songs of triumph raise.

Then, LORD, when *age* appears,
 Deny me not Thy care ;
 Nor fail me, when *declining years*
 My tott'ring strength impair.

PART THE THIRD.

My foes with envious hate,
 Enrag'd against me speak,
 While watching for my soul they wait,
 And murd'rous counsels take.

“ His GOD withdraws (they cry)
 “ None can his soul defend,
 “ Pursue—o’ertake—oppress—destroy,
 “ Deliv’rance none shall send.”

O GOD, my constant pray’r
 To Thee, *my* GOD, is made ;
 Then leave me not, nor stand afar,
 But haste with present aid.

Then shall my foes retire,
 Thy pow’r shall all confound ;
 And they, who still my hurt conspire,
 With shame be cover’d round.

But my unchanging hope
 On Thee, *my* GOD, relies ;
 My praises still ascending up,
 Increasing as they rise.

PART THE FOURTH.

Now, while hope sustains my frame,
 Praises shall increasing flow ;
 I’ll Thy *righteousness* proclaim,
 All Thy *truth* and *mercy* show :
 Thy *salvation* thro’ the day
 On my thankful tongue shall dwell,
 Who can all its grace display !
Heights, or depths, or numbers, tell !

O JEHOVAH, GOD *MOST JUST* !
 In Thy *strength* I'll still pursue,
 In Thy *promis'd grace* I trust,
 While Thy *righteousness* I view :
 This shall fill my grateful song,
 LORD, Thy *righteousness* divine !
 Never shall my thankful tongue
 Boast a *righteousness* but *Thine* !^a

Thou, O GOD, with tend'rest care,
 Didst instruct my growing youth,
 Yet Thy wonders I declare,
 Works of *mercy* and of *truth* ;
 Now, when *hoary hairs* depend,
Silv'ring o'er my *furrow'd brow*,
 Still my *tott'ring steps* befriend,
 As with *weight of years* I bow.

Till Thy *strength*, Eternal GOD !
Pow'r and *glory*, I proclaim,
 And, from age to age, abroad
 Celebrate Thy *wondrous NAME* :
 O my GOD, Thy *righteousness*
 Rising over all we see !
 Great Thy works ! and great Thy grace !
 Who, O GOD, compares with Thee !

^a " He, who goeth to the battle against his spiritual enemies, should
 " go, confiding not in *his own strength*, but in that of the LORD GOD, not
 " in *his own righteousness*, but in that of his REDEEMER. Such an one
 " engageth with *Omnipotence* on his side, and cannot but be victorious."—
Horne.

PART THE FIFTH.

Deep with *sin* and *sorrow* stricken,
 Troubles overwhelm my heart ;
 But Thy grace my soul can quicken,
 And again sweet *peace* impart :
 Thou to honour canst restore me,
 Tho' amidst the dust I lie ;
 Thou canst raise to *life* and *glory*,
 Comforts all around supply.

Now, with instruments combining,
 I'll the grateful tribute raise ;
 With the *choir* in concert joining,
 'Tis Thy *Truth*, my *GOD*, I praise :
 Sweetest sounds in concord framing,
 To Thy *NAME* my gifts I'll bring ;
 Thee, my *SAVIOUR*, Thee proclaiming,
Israel's HOLY ONE, and *KING* !

Sacred joys, my heart inspiring,
 Bid my lips in triumph move ;
 All my soul with rapture firing,
Ransom'd by Thy boundless love !
 Thro' the day, Thy *Truth* enjoying,
 I'll Thy *righteousness* declare ;
 While Thy arm, my foes destroying,
 Makes my soul Thy triumphs share.

PSALM LXXII.

SOLOMON was only a type of Him who is here celebrated: The *KING* and the *KING's SON*! *GOD* and the *SON of GOD*! His kingdom secures the blessedness of His *poor* and *needy* subjects; is gracious and benign in its benefits, as *showers upon the grass*; shall increase as long as the *Sun* and *Moon* endureth; and flourish eternally beyond the reach of time. All nations shall at length rejoice in His *government*, and *bless Him* in the *enjoyment of His blessings*. In the fulfilment of these events the *prayers of all His people*, as well as of *David*, the *son of Jesse*, are consummated.

PART THE FIRST.

JESUS is *KING*, GREAT GOD afford
Thy *judgments* to support His throne;
And let Thy *justice*, MIGHTY LORD!
Direct the Kingdom of the *SON*.

All nations shall His rule obey,
Bless'd in His *truth* and *righteousness*;
The *poor* beneath His gentle sway
His *equity* and *grace* confess.

Peace shall adorn His endless reign,
As dews from lofty mountains shed;
And *plenty*, with its cheerful train,
O'er the high hills in verdure spread.

The *poor* in Him their *GUARDIAN* find,
The *sons of need* His grace enjoy;
His arm th' oppressor's rage shall bind,
And *sin* and *Satan's* pow'r destroy.

PART THE SECOND.

JESUS o'er all the earth shall reign,
 His honours lasting as the *Sun* ;
 Long as the *Moon* shall *wax* or *wane*,
 Or ages in succession run.

His *grace* shall spread sweet influence round,
 As o'er the *new-mown grass* the *rains* :
 As the *soft show'rs* which bless the ground,
 And drop in life o'er all the plains.*

The *righteous* shall His favour know,
 And rise to honours in His sight ;
 And *peace* in rich abundance flow,
 Long as the *Moon* directs the night.

JESUS, Thy pow'r, from *sea to sea*,
 Shall govern to the utmost shore ;
Euphrates' sons shall bow to Thee,
 And earth's remotest ends adore.

The heathen lands Thy grace shall view,
 And fill Thy courts, and crowd Thy seat :
 But vengeance shall Thy foes subdue,
 Prostrate in dust beneath Thy feet.

* Verse 6.—See 2 Sam. xxiii. 4 ; Is. xlv. 3 ; lv. 10 ; Hos. xiv. 5 ; Heb. vi. 7.

PART THE THIRD.

Far as the *Isles*^b extend,
 To the vast *Ocean*'s bound,
 Let Kings to *JESUS* bend,
 And pour their off'rings round :

Arabia raise || And *Afric* join,
 The song divine, || T' exalt His praise.

All Princes shall adore,
 And gifts and honours bring,
 To hail the *SAVIOUR*'s pow'r,
 To crown *IMMANUEL KING*:

The distant lands || And earth obey
 Shall homage pay, || His high commands.

He bows His throne on high,
 Whene'er His *Church* complains ;
 The needy suppliant's cry
 His richest grace obtains :

The *poor*, consign'd || Whom none will know,
 To helpless woe, || His *help* shall find.

His eye with *pity* spares
 Th' *afflicted* and th' *opprest* ;
 The *humble sinner* shares
 His *Mercy*'s sweetest rest :

He from on high || Their soul defends,
Salvation sends, || And hears their cry.

^b Verse 10.—*Tarsish*.—See Psalm xlviii. 7, note ^a, page 238; Is. xlix. and lx.; Rev. xxi. 24.

'Twas He their *ransom* gave,
 And still redeems their soul ;
 From all deceit He'll save,
 And *Satan's* pow'r control :
 Dear is their blood, || *Their guilt* t' atone,
 For which *His own*, || Abundant flow'd.

PART THE FOURTH.

JESUS the *KING* shall *live*,
 Shall reign for evermore ;
 To Him her gold shall *Sheba* give,
 Her *treasures* pour :
 His glory all their care,
 To Him His saints shall raise
 The tribute of their humble *pray'r*,^c
 And ceaseless *praise* !

As seed on mountains shed,
 His rising *Church* shall grow ;
 Like trees on *Lebanon's* high head,
 Its harvest's show :
 Her son's, a num'rous train,
 In *Zion's* gates shall spread,
 As grass that fills the verdant plain,
 And clothes the mead.

^c Verse 15.—For him, כִּי, or בְּ for עַד His continuance ;—after Him, or to Him.—“ For the increase of His kingdom.”—Horne.

JESUS the SAVIOUR'S name
 For ever shall endure,^d
 Long as the Sun His matchless fame
 Shall stand secure :
 Thro' earth Man's gen'ral race
 His glory shall confess,
 And, bless'd with all His richest grace,
 His name shall bless.

JEHOVAH, GOD MOST HIGH !
 We spread Thy praise abroad ;
 Thro' the whole world Thy fame shall fly,
 THOU Israel's GOD !
 Wonders of *grace* and *pow'r*
 To Thee alone belong ;
 Those wonders shall Thy Church adore,
 In endless song !

O *Israel* bless Him still,
 His name with glory raise ;
 Let the whole earth His glory fill,
 'Midst songs of praise :
Amen our lips repeat,
Amen we shout again :
 Here all our wishes are complete,^e
 Let JESUS reign !

^d Verse 17.—*Shall be continued, יְיָ, shall be filiated.* “As a son continueth a father's name, so is CHRIST's name continued in us who believe “in Him, called *Christians*.”—*Ainsworth*.—*Quære*, Shall become the SON?

^e Verse 20.—The prayers of *David*, the son of *Jesse*, are ended ; rather, in these events, they are completed ; (*i. e.*) in the glory and confirmation of the REDEEMER's kingdom, they receive their full completion.—Significat hic summam contineri earum rerum quas *David* expetebat.—Cum venerit MESSIAS et hæc contigerint, quæ hoc carmine prædicuntur, enim vero tunc implebuntur orationes seu vota *Davidis*, &c.—1 Pet. i. 10, 11. See *Poli Syn. Crit.*

PSALM LXXIII.

THE prosperity of the wicked is oftentimes an encouragement to their *pride*, and the source of *unbelieving fears* to the *Church*. But, in the sanctuary of GOD, their dangerous situation and awful end are discovered, so as to satisfy the inquiring mind, and clear up the doubts of *ignorance* and *unbelief*. There, also, the Believer discovers that the LORD is his guide through life; will be his support in death; and his eternal portion beyond.

PART THE FIRST.

NOW have I known—*experience* proves,
 The LORD is *good* ; and *Israel* loves ;
 He loves the *heart sincere* ;
 But I—alas ! my faithless mind !
 How nearly had my feet declin'd !
 The fatal brink how near !

I saw the foolish sinner rise,
 I gaz'd—I view'd with envious eyes
 The *wicked* rise to pow'r :
 No pangs the sinner's death await,
 No silent griefs their strength abate,
 Till life at once is o'er.

Untroubled is their peaceful head,
 No clouds of sorrow o'er them spread,
 Nor plagues which others wound :
 From thence their pride, like glitt'ring chains,
 Wreath'd round their stately neck remains,
 And outrage clothes them round.

With bloated flesh, their starting eyes,
 Thrust forth, in pamper'd lux'ry rise,
 Desire can ask no more :
 With wealth beyond their wishes crown'd,
 Corrupt in heart, their words resound
 With all the pride of pow'r.

Their *blasphemies* around them pour'd,
 Aim'd at the Heav'ns, insult the LORD,
 Thro' earth their slanders fly :
 While, toss'd about with *griefs* and *fears*,
 His people fill their *cup* with *tears*,
 Wrung from their weeping eye.^a

"Doth GOD," the bold blasphemers say,
 "Who dwells on high, the earth survey,
 " And know the things below ?"
 Yet these—th' ungodly and profane,
 The world's high prosp'rous summit gain,
 And rich and pow'rful grow !

Then sure 'tis *vain*, 'tis *vain*, I cried,
 I place Thy purity my guide,
 With heart and hands sincere ;
 Plagu'd and chastis'd from morn to morn :
 But shall my heart thus faithless scorn
 Those hopes Thy *children* cheer?^b

^a Verse 10.—*Therefore His people return hither ; and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.* The people of GOD, by seeing and revolving these things, are sore grieved, and enforced to shed tears in abundance.—*Horne in loc.*—Instead of מֵלֶחֶם, *Bishop Hare* would read מֵרָם, (i. e.) of a bitter cup.

^b Verse 15.—Acting as if I thought that GOD had no care for them ; or,

PART THE SECOND.

I sought the *ways of* God to know,
 The *paths of providence* below,
 But *griefs* the search attend :
 Dark were the *doubts* !—the *pain* how great !
 Till in Thy courts I view'd their state,
 And saw the sinners' end.

High on a slipp'ry summit plac'd,
 Thy hands their sure destruction haste,
 Swift flies their fleeting breath :
 A *moment*—and their glory's gone !
 Consum'd by terrors from Thy throne,
 In everlasting death !

As the vain shadow of a dream,
 Scatter'd before the morning's beam,
 Their empty triumph dies :
 Yet griev'd, perplex'd, my heart dismay'd
 Its foolish ignorance betray'd,
 Like the brute *beast* unwise.

PART THE THIRD.

While men in vanity delight,
 I dwell for ever in Thy sight,
 My hand by *Thine* upheld :
 Thou, LORD, shalt guide my doubtful way,
 Thy *counsel*s lead me, lest I stray,
 Till *glory* be reveal'd.

as though, contrary to His own declaration, He hated those whom He afflicted; but Prov. iii. 11, 12; Heb. xii. 6.—See *Poli Syn. Crit.*

Who, who, throughout the worlds above,
So well deserves my highest love ?

Who, LORD, in Heav'n, but THEE ?
What beaut'ous forms on earth can claim
My heart's desire—affection's flame,
Or so enrapture me ?

When *heart* and *flesh* with sorrow break,
And *life's* exhausted springs forsake ;
When *spirits* faint and fly ;
Then shall my GOD His *strength* impart,
His *presence* cheer my sinking heart,
My *portion* still on high !

Lo ! they who wander from Thy way,
Whose hearts to *idol-follies* stray,
Shall Thy just judgments share :
But 'tis my bliss, Thou *gracious* LORD !
T' approach Thy throne, to trust Thy *Word*,
And all Thy works declare.

PART III. repeated as Common Measure.

While men in vanity delight,
Thy glories round me shine :
I dwell for ever in Thy sight,
My *hand* upheld by *Thine*.

THOU, LORD, my footsteps shalt befriend,
Thy *counsels* lead my way,
Till, crown'd with *glory*, I ascend
To realms of endless day.

Who, who, throughout the worlds above,
 'Midst those around Thy throne,
 So well deserves my highest love
 As THOU, my GOD, alone ?

What beauteous forms on earth can claim
 My heart's desire like THEE ?
 What creatures thus my love inflame,
 Or so enrapture me ?

When my *frail flesh* with anguish breaks,
 And yields its lab'ring breath,
 My *heart* grows faint, and *life* forsakes,
 And *spirits* fail in death ;

Then shall *my* GOD His *strength* impart,
 An undiminish'd store !
 Shall still uphold my sinking heart,
 My *portion* evermore !

Lo ! they who wander from Thy way
 Shall 'midst Thy *Judgments* stand ;
 And sinners, who in folly stray,
 Sink down beneath Thy hand.

But 'tis *my* glory, *gracious* LORD !
 Before Thy throne t' appear ;
 There will I wait, and trust Thy *Word*,
 And all Thy *works* declare !

PSALM LXXIV.

THE *Church* complains in the midst of desolating judgments, but pleads with God for His interposition, and for her own deliverance, on account of His former wonders; the reproaches of the enemy; and His own *covenant* relation and promises.

PART THE FIRST.

WHY does Thy *Church*, thus cast afar,
Mourn, Gracious LORD, Thy absent care?
Why should Thy ceaseless anger spread,
Against the *flock* Thy *pastures* fed?

Remember still th' *eternal* grace,
Which *purchas'd* once Thy chosen race!
Th' *Almighty* Pow'r! the *blood* *divine*!
And claim th' *inheritance* as *Thine*.

No more Thy *ransom'd* *Church* deny
The *kind* *protection* of Thine eye;
Nor let Thy *Zion* be o'erthrown,
Where once Thy *dwelling-place* was known

Lift up Thy feet,^a and march around;
Destruction wastes the sacred ground!
See, where the foe his ruin spreads,
And o'er Thy fallen Temples treads.

^a Verse 3.—*Lift up Thy feet*, (i.e.) return, or march back, to view the desolations, &c.

Thine enemies tumultuous roar,
 And round Thy congregations pour
 Their hosts in arms :—their *standards* rise,
 Sad emblems of their victories !

PART THE SECOND.

Once the wise, with skilful hand,^b
 Where the trees thick shading stand,
 O'er the boughs the axe inclin'd,
 For the Temple's use design'd.

But, alas ! with impious stroke,
 Now its beauteous frame is broke ;
 Torn from off its sacred walls,
 Carv'd with art, its glory falls.

Hurl'd on high the fires consume,
 Spreading o'er the sacred dome ;
 While, defil'd, Thy Temples round
 Fall in ruins to the ground.

“ Come,” they cry, (oh ! impious joy !)
 “ Let us all the race destroy ;”
 Thus our *churches* thro' the land
 Burn beneath the waster's hand.

^b Verse 5.—*A man was famous*, rather, Heb. יָדָע, a *knowing man* ; a knowing skilful person lifted up the axe formerly in the thick wood, (*i. e.*) to prepare for building the temple, &c. ; so now men set themselves to demolish its ornaments, &c.—*Horne in loc.*

Now no more our *signs* appear,
 Tokens of Thy presence near :^c
 From the *priest* we ask in vain
 When Thy grace shall turn again.

Oh! how long! O GOD, how long!
 Shall Thy foes' insulting tongue
 Slander and reproach Thy name,
 And Thy righteousness blaspheme?

Shall Thy hand withdrawn, at rest,
 Sleep regardless in Thy breast?
 Pluck it forth—exalt it high,
 Nor Thy *Church* Thy aid deny.

PART THE THIRD.

GOD is our *KING*, from days of old
 His wonders did His *Church* behold;
 Thro' all the earth His saints shall know
 His arm *salvation* can bestow.

Once did His strength the *sea* divide,
 As *Israel's KING*, as *Israel's GUIDE*;
 He brake the *Dragon's* raging pow'r,
 Plung'd in the deep, to rise no more.

^c Verse 9.—*We see not our signs, (i. e.) the tokens of God's presence. Sacrifices, and other sacred ceremonies, were thus tokens to the Israelites.—* Gen. xvii. 11; Ex. xii. 13, and xxxi. 13. *Sacraments, &c.* are such to the *Christian Church*.

Stern as *Leviathan*,^d His stroke
 Th' *Egyptian haughty tyrant* broke ;
 Whilst o'er his pride, with cheerful voice,
 His tribes in desert lands rejoice.

He clave the *rock*, the *fountains* rise !
 The *flood* the *wilderness* supplies :
 Or mighty streams His word obey,
 Retire, and make His people way.

His is the *day* and His the *night* :
 He *spake*—and instant beams of light
 Spread o'er the earth !—His *Sun* combines
 Its rays, and thro' its circuit shines.

In Thee we trust, whose pow'rful hand
 Divides its bounds to ev'ry land :
 Who bids the *summer's ardour* glow,
 Or clothes the *wintry fields* with *snow*.

PART THE FOURTH.

Hear, MIGHTY GOD, our deep complaints,
 See how Thy foes reproach Thy saints,
 And fools in mad'ning rage blaspheme,
 And vent their malice on Thy name.

^d Verse 14.—*Leviathan*, (i. e.) *Pharaoh*, King of *Egypt*.—Is. li. 9—11.

Save, save the object of Thy love,
 Thine unprotected *Turtle Dove*^c
 Forget not ;—lest, with impious joy,
 The world th' *afflicted Church* destroy.

Regard, O GOD, Thy *cov'nant grace*,
 Earth is a dark and cruel place,
 Where saints can find nor joy nor rest,
 By all the *pow'rs of hell* oppress.

O save Thy *mourning Church* from shame,
 Then shall the *humble* praise Thy name ;
 Plead Thine own cause ; O GOD, arise,
 Tho' fools Thy *pow'r* and *grace* despise.

While men with threat'ning malice rage,
 Let Thy own *Church* Thy care engage ;
 The tumults of Thy foes increase,
 But Thou canst still the storm to peace.

^c Verse 19.—“The *turtle dove*, the *Church*, so called, for their danger to
 “ be preyed upon by the wicked ; being of themselves weak, mournful,
 “ and timorous ; also for their faith and loyalty towards GOD, and their
 “ innocency of life.—Hos. xi. 11 ; Ez. vii. 16 ; Is. xxxviii. 14, lix. 11 ;
 “ Song iv. 1, vi. 9 ; Matt. x. 16.”—*Ainsworth*.



PSALM LXXV.

THE justice and security of the Government of KING MESSIAH are here shadowed forth by that of *David*; in which the wicked shall be destroyed, and the righteous triumph.

Applied to *DAVID'S SON*, the KING MESSIAH.

TO Thee, Eternal GOD, we raise
The tribute of repeated praise :
My lips Thy wonders shall proclaim,^a
And spread The glories of Thy *NAME* !

JESUS, IMMANUEL, *DAVID'S SON*,^b
Is seated on His FATHER's throne !
To His own care His *Church* consign'd,
His *justice* and His *truth* shall find.

Earth trembles to its utmost bound,
And guilt dissolves the nations round :
His arm alone, His people's hope,
Bears the world's mighty pillars up !

Let not the fool His pow'r defy,
Nor sinners lift their horn on high,
Against His just dominion speak,
With lofty and unbending neck.

^a Verse 1.—Sept. *Διηγέσσομαι*, *I will tell Thy wondrous works*.—Is. xxx. 27.—For the term *NAME*, see *Bishop Horne in loc.*

^b Verse 2.—“ These seem to be the words of *David*, in the person of CHRIST, (as appears more plainly, verse 9, 10) to whom the kingdom of *Israel* was appointed in due time; of whom *David* was a figure, in taking and administering the kingdom, when it was distracted with troubles.”—See *Ainsworth in loc.*

'Tis not from chance that honours flow,
 Nor *East*, nor *West*, nor *South* bestow,
 GOD is the *JUDGE*;—His pow'r alone
 Can humble or exalt the throne.

To vindicate His high command,
 See in the LORD's avenging hand
 The cup, full-charg'd with wrath divine,
 Like mixture of the red'ning wine.

He pours the flaming torrent wide,
 And spreads His wrath on ev'ry side ;
 Sinners the bitter dregs shall drain,
 And drink them out in endless pain.

But JESUS, *Zion's KING* alone,
 Shall triumph on His Heav'nly throne,
 Shall break the *rebel horn of pow'r*,
 While saints on high His grace adore !



PSALM LXXVI.

THE wonderful works GOD has displayed, for the preservation and defence of His *Church*, are here proposed as an encouragement still to expect the same interpositions, which shall turn even the *wrath of man* to fulfil His own purposes, and promote His glory.

PART THE FIRST.

IN *Judah* GOD was known,
 Of old His antient seat ;
 His *NAME* let *Israel* own,
 For there His *NAME* was great :
 His tents He chose || In *Zion* found
 On *Salem's* ground, || His Temple rose.

'Twas there the darts He brake,
 The *bow*, the *sword*, the *shield* ;
 To *Israel's* cause awake,
 He bade the battle yield :
 His *Church* below, || Shall glorious rise
 Tho' pow'r despise, || O'er ev'ry foe !

Behold the mighty spoil'd,
 To endless sleep consign'd :
 Her foes, their counsels foil'd,
 No more their hands shall find :
 O GOD, Thy pow'r || The *horse*, the *car*,
 Shall bid the *war*, || Awake no more !

PART THE SECOND.

Thy glories, MIGHTY GOD !

Alone our rev'rence claim :

Thy terrors spread abroad,

How awful is Thy name !

Thine anger shown, || Who dares appear
Thy judgments near, || Before Thy throne ?

Thou vengeance didst command,
From Heav'n the voice was heard :
See earth in silence stand,
For all the nations fear'd :

When GOD arose || Hear their complaints,
To save His saints, || And crush His foes.

Let *man* His anger raise,
With persecuting rage,
His wrath shall work Thy praise,
The rest Thy hands assuage :

Then still obey || Your off'rings bring ;
Th' Eternal KING ; || And vows repay.

Let all, who round His throne
With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their off'rings down,
JEHOVAH claims their fear :

Before His word, || And Princes know
The world shall bow, || Thy terrors, LORD !

PSALM LXXVII.

IN great distress and despondency, the Psalmist represents the depths of his sorrows, and the various doubts which agitated his mind ; and for a long season prevented his receiving any consolation. At length, by the consideration of the *former works and wonders of God*, he is convinced that the whole arose from *his own infirmity*, and resolves to cherish the recollection, and dismiss his unbelieving fears.

Let the *Church*, when in afflictions and trials, adopt his supplications, and imitate his faith.

PART THE FIRST.

TO GOD I cried aloud,
 To GOD I pour'd my sighs,
 From Heav'n His gracious ear He bow'd,
 And listen'd to my cries.

Thro' all the mournful days,
 When troubles round me spread,
 I sought the LORD ; I ask'd His grace ;
 To Him for *Refuge* fled.

By night I sunk in grief,
 Nor did my groanings cease ;
 I stretch'd my hands^a to seek relief,
 Still indispos'd to peace.

I fix'd my thoughts on GOD,
 Yet fears disturb'd my breast ;
 The waves of trouble o'er me flow'd,
 Nor could my spirit rest.

^a Verse 2.—*My sore ran in the night*, Heb. *My hand was stretched out in the night*, &c.

Thou bid'st my sleep depart,
 And hold'st my waking eyes :
 Nor can my lips their words impart,
 So quick my sorrows rise.

Then I recall'd Thy ways
 Of old, in antient years :
 I bade my heart review Thy grace,
 And check its growing fears.

I call'd the songs to mind,
 Which cheer'd my nights of woe :
 I view'd my heart, some guilt to find,
 And search'd my spirit thro'.

“ Will God,” I mourning cried,
 “ For ever cast away ?
 “ His favour, still, alas ! denied,
 “ Will He no more display ?

“ Are all His mercies gone ?
 “ Those mercies so divine !
 “ Say, shall His promise fail, whereon
 “ My hopes alone recline ?

“ Will God no more renew
 “ The mem'ry of His grace ?
 “ No more His *tender mercies* shew ?
 “ But hide in frowns His face ?”

No—'tis a faithless thought,
 My own *infirmity*!
 But I'll recall the *changes*^b wrought
 By Thee, O GOD *MOST HIGH*!

Thy works, Eternal LORD!
 Shall dwell upon my heart,
 And, while Thy mercies I record,
 I'll bid my fears depart.

I'll think Thy *wonders* o'er,
 Thy *pow'r* and *love* proclaim;
 So shall my soul Thy *truth* adore,
 And rest upon Thy name.

~ PART THE SECOND.

In all Thy ways of *pow'r* or *grace*,
 Great GOD! Thy *holiness* we trace;
 Who can compare his state with THEE?
 Thou GOD, for *mighty wonders* known,
 Oft to Thy *Church* Thy strength *hast* shown,
 And made th' astonish'd nations see.

Once did Thine arm, with *pow'r* supreme,
 The sons of *Jacob's* race redeem,
 When *mighty waters* saw their GOD:
 The *mighty waters* saw Thee near,
 The *depths* precipitate in fear,
 Fled in confusion at Thy nod!

^b Verse 10.—*I will remember the years*; or, Heb. *רַמַּשׁ*, the changes of the right-hand of the *MOST HIGH*.—See Bishop Horne in loc.

Clouds pour'd in torrents from on high,
 The noisy *tempests* fill'd the sky,
 Thy flaming *arrows* fled around ;
 O'er Heav'n Thy voice in *thunder* rolls,
 The *light'nings* blaze around the poles,
 And tremblings shake the solid ground !

Thro' the *deep channels* of the sea,
 Thine arm prepares Thy *Israel's* way,
 Thy steps pursue the *path unknown* :
 So still, thro' *dark* and *searchless deeps*,*
 Thy *providence* its tenor keeps,
 Unveil'd but to Thyself alone.

Thus, as Thy *flock*, to *Canaan's* land,
 By *Moses'* and by *Aaron's* hand,
 Thy pow'r of old Thy people led ;
 So now Thy *Church* Thy wonders know,
 While to their *heav'nly rest* they go,
 Secure, with *JESUS* at their head !

* Verse 19.—Ex. xiv. 21—27; Rom. xi. 33; 2 Cor. v. 7.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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